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THE ANGLO-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP.

ONE of the weightiest passages in Washington's Farewell Address is that in which he warns the American people as to "permanent inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others." The loss of an unreasoning prejudice is always a distinct gain, especially to a nation whose politics are governed by public opinion. We may therefore count the disappearance of the old blind Anglophobia, and the vanishing of the trade of the demagogue who would demonstrate his superior patriotism by merely "twisting the British lion's tail," as one of the decidedly good results of our Spanish war. The American people are now getting into a state of mind which will enable them to consider their relations with Great Britain with candid discernment, without doing injustice to the feelings they formerly entertained.

There have always been many Americans, indeed, who cherished a very warm sympathy for the mother country, partly owing to family sentiment, partly to the belief that England is among the nations of the Old World the most consistent representative of those principles of civil liberty of which this republic claims to be the completest embodiment; that, whatever criticism her conduct may in many respects have deserved, no nation has done more to carry light into the dark places of the world, and to supplant barbarism with order and progress; and that if, in doing this, she served her own interests, — sometimes

with rough disregard of the feelings and claims of others, — on the whole, she served also the general interest of mankind. But the traditional education of the masses in America still kept most prominently before the popular mind the memories of the Revolutionary war and of the war of 1812, in which Great Britain appeared mainly as the oppressor of the colonies and the ruthless tyrant of the seas, and as the only really malevolent and dangerous enemy the Americans had ever had to fight. These memories were aggravated by the impression produced upon the American mind by the attitude of Great Britain during our civil conflict; and this impression was so strong that some of the men who until then had been among the warmest admirers and friends of England were much shaken in their attachment.

It is not unnatural, therefore, that a large number of Americans should have continued to think of Great Britain as "the hereditary enemy," who would still be capable of any mischief if opportunity offered, and that the politician in quest of cheap popularity should have found in vociferous denunciation of that enemy a device sure to draw applause. But this was no excuse for the persons in important public position who, having ample facilities for information at their disposal, knew better, or at least should have known better, but who pretended to see perfidious Albion lurking behind every bush, dagger in hand, watching for a propitious moment to strike us to the

heart, or to rob us of our valuables, — Senators who would insist that if we lost a moment in taking the Hawaiian Islands, Great Britain would surely snatch them from us; or that it was altogether owing to diabolical British intrigues if we did not get on with the Nicaragua canal; or that we must punish Great Britain with tariff discriminations for maliciously maintaining the single gold standard, and thus preventing the establishment of universal bimetallism which we needed so much; or that we must not have an arbitration treaty with Great Britain that amounted to anything, because Great Britain would surely derive the only advantage from it at our expense. Indeed, we may congratulate ourselves that the jingoes of that extreme school did not succeed in making a serious quarrel out of some slight matter of difference, which they sometimes seemed morbidly anxious to do. Not to believe in British hostility constantly at work against us was to them a proof of a lack of American patriotism, and there was real danger that this sinister influence — was it infatuation or demagoguery? — would sometime get this republic into grave trouble with a power which, whatever its disposition may have been at other periods, certainly did not now wish to quarrel with us.

Then came the Spanish war and the demonstrative display of British sympathy with the United States. Even the most inveterate Anglophobist was bound to admit that if Great Britain had been watching for an opportunity to hurt this republic, her time to take advantage of its embarrassment had come, and that if, under such circumstances, she proved herself not only not hostile, but positively friendly, the old cries could not be sustained. The employment of the old-style anti-British jingo is evidently gone; and the American people will do well to remember the untrustworthiness of those public men whose unsound judgment or lack of good faith so long insisted upon

it that an offensive attitude toward Great Britain was a test of American statesmanship. Such statesmen should henceforth command no more confidence than in so important a matter they have shown themselves to deserve.

As to the sincerity of the British friendship for us, Mr. James Bryce, whose wide knowledge of men and affairs, whose high character, and whose well-known friendly feeling for this country and its people are entitled to the highest respect, told us, in a recent article in *The Atlantic Monthly*, that even during our civil war, when the attitude of Great Britain was so much complained of, "the masses of the people [in England] hoped for the victory of the North, because they felt that the North stood for human rights and freedom;" that, indeed, "the bulk of the wealthier classes of England, and the newspapers written for those classes, did in those days say many offensive things regarding the United States, and sometimes conveyed the impression — erroneous though that impression was — that England as a whole had ranged herself on the side" of the Southern Confederacy; that those wealthier classes erred so grievously "partly from ignorance, partly from their own political proclivities, which were not generally for freedom;" that "since 1863 Britain has passed through great political changes;" that "parliamentary suffrage has been so extended as now to include the immense majority of the working classes;" that now "the masses" which during our civil war were friendly to the Union, while "their sentiment told very little on the wealthy and the newspapers which the wealthy read," have "become politically predominant, and public opinion has adapted itself to the new conditions;" in other words, that Britain at large has become friendly to the United States because it has become more democratic.

All this is undoubtedly true; but more is to be said. Before the period of our

civil war this republic was looked upon by many of the ruling class in England as an experiment of uncertain result. They had no confidence in the self-sustaining power of democratic government, and they expected that some time, most likely owing to the troubles bred by the slavery question, the Union would be broken to pieces. They were not quite sure whether the interests of Great Britain might not on the whole be best served by a disruption of the Union, for the reason that if the union remained unbroken it might in various ways become a dangerous rival and competitor of the mother country. In this state of mind, they were rather disposed to welcome the Southern Confederacy as the means for dividing the United States into several comparatively harmless fragments. But when the Union issued from that crisis stronger than ever, they promptly recognized the fact that this republic was bound to be a permanent institution and a very great power, apt to become exceedingly useful as a friend, and exceedingly uncomfortable as an enemy. From that time it came to be the first precept of British statesmanship — even with most of those who would have shed no tears had the Union been disrupted — to remain on good terms with the United States at almost any cost. Witness the sacrifice of British pride in the Alabama arbitration as well as in the Venezuela case. Mr. Bryce himself approaches a recognition of this fact in the article above mentioned, when, after having spoken of the political isolation of Great Britain, he says: "In this state of facts, England has been forced to look round and consider with which of the four other world powers she has most natural affinity, and with which of them there is the least likelihood of any clash of interests. That one is unquestionably the United States."

It does not detract from the claim to sincerity of the British friendship, or from its value, that there is this consideration of interest in it. On the contrary, if the

interest is a mutual and a well-understood one, so much the better. It will make the friendship all the more natural and durable. Neither do I think that the exchange of complimentary phrases which has become customary, about kinship, common origin, common love of liberty, common language, common literature, about blood being thicker than water and so on, is mere worthless stage claptrap and flummery. There is enough truth and sincerity in it to create and keep alive a real sentiment; and while those are mistaken who think international relations may be wholly governed by mere sentiment, those are equally mistaken who think that sentiment is no force at all in international relations. As is everything that promotes peace and good will among nations, so this sentiment of kinship between the American nation and the British is well worth cultivating. It may do very good service in facilitating the coöperation of the two nations where their interests or objects are in accord, as well as in preventing serious quarrels between them about differences which are not vital.

The question is how the friendly relations which came about in so natural a way can be made to endure, and to yield the best possible fruit to the parties concerned and to mankind at large. An English statesman of high standing, who may be regarded as a sincere friend of this republic, is credited with saying in effect that if the Anglo-American friendship were to result substantially in a coöperation of the American jingoes with the British jingoes, it would be a curse rather than a blessing. I accept this without reserve, and add that such a friendship would not endure. If the United States and Great Britain, believing their combined strength to be superior to that of any probable combination against them, were to set out to conquer and divide the earth, or at least the largest possible part thereof, they would inevitably soon fall out among themselves about the

distribution of the spoil. No league of two such powers, formed in that spirit and for such purposes, could possibly last long. Nor would the common origin, and the common language and literature, and the common principles of civil liberty, and all the other elements of kinship serve to hold it together. It is a well-known fact that a family feud about property is apt to be more bitter and relentless than any other kind of quarrel, and that a friendship formed after long dissension, and then broken again, is among the most difficult to mend. I should say, therefore, that if the United States and Great Britain are to remain friends, they must carefully avoid common enterprises in which their ambitions are likely to clash. If they do not, they will be in danger of drifting into enmities far more virulent and far more calamitous than any that have existed between them hitherto.

For the same reason they should keep clear of any arrangements calculated to make them dependent upon each other as to the maintenance, respectively, of their interests or their position in the family of nations. A consciousness of such dependence would be apt to engender just that kind of suspicion, of misgiving, which is most dangerous to international friendship. I can best illustrate my meaning by inviting attention to something that is now going on. Many Englishmen are assiduously encouraging the American people to launch out on what is currently called an "imperial policy," and to this end to keep in their possession the territories conquered from Spain, especially the Philippine Islands. It is quite evident that if this republic undertakes to hold such possessions, it becomes at once entangled in the jealousies and quarrels of European powers, of which colonial acquisition in that part of the world is the principal object. It is equally evident that while, with our vast resources, we are capable of creating and maintaining military

and naval armaments strong enough to enable this republic to hold its own in these complications, single-handed and alone, our present armaments are not at all sufficient for that purpose. Nor is it certain that a majority of the American people, upon sober consideration of the matter, would wish to set and keep on foot armaments so extensive and costly. Now some of our British friends substantially tell us: "Never mind that. You just start in the imperial business, and take and keep the Philippines and whatever else. We have plenty of ships, and if you get into trouble we will see you through."

This sounds well. But Englishmen who sincerely desire a lasting friendship between the United States and Great Britain will not give us such seductive advice, if they are wise; and it should be observed that Mr. Bryce, who knows the American people, does not join in it. Neither should the American people obey such advice, if aside from other reasons against the imperial policy they have only the preservation of the friendship with Great Britain in view. While duly thankful for the kind offer, they should remember that, under any circumstances, they should be careful not to put themselves into situations the requirements of which would oblige them to depend upon foreign aid, especially when such dependence involves obligations in return the extent of which it would be difficult to measure in advance. True, the dependence and the obligations might be made mutual. An agreement between the two nations, binding Great Britain to protect the United States in the possession of the Philippines, and the United States to aid Great Britain in carrying certain points in Asia, might seem fair in the abstract, but prove otherwise in reality. Any occasion for comparing the value of the services due and the services rendered, respectively, is dangerous to the cordiality of international relations, especially when one of the nations con-

cerned is a democracy, which will always be disposed to measure much more closely services which are asked for as due, than services which it voluntarily renders.

On the whole, if we wish to keep our friendship with Great Britain on a proper and durable basis, we should constantly remember that it is a very good thing to have, but that we ought not to be in a situation to need it. The more spontaneous and unconstrained our relations are, the more will the friendship be likely to last.

It is equally desirable that those who have at heart the cultivation of the friendship between the two nations should be careful to abstain from exciting expectations as to its practical results which are not likely to be realized, and might therefore produce chilling disappointments. There are some things about which we are apt to delude ourselves, when in a state of sentimental emotion; and without the slightest desire to depreciate or discourage the feelings entertained here as well as in England at the present moment, it may be said that we are in such a state of sentimental emotion now.

An example of the outcome of that state of mind is furnished by the resolutions adopted by the Anglo-American League recently formed in London. The recital in those resolutions that the peoples of the United States and of England are akin in language, literature, and principles of government is very proper; but when the resolutions go on to say that the two nations are drawn together "by common interests in many parts of the world," and ought therefore constantly to "coöperate," they touch doubtful ground. What are those "common interests in many parts of the world," to protect and promote which the two nations should constantly "coöperate"? Any attempt to specify will meet with difficulty. It might be said in a general way that we have a common interest in

furthering the progress of civilization wherever there is an opportunity for such furtherance. But this is so vague a proposition — a proposition open to so great a variety of interpretations and including so many different subjects — that no definite plan of coöperation can be based upon it. Its active application would have to depend upon special agreement in each separate emergency.

We are told that it is the common interest of the two nations to open the markets of the world to their commerce, and, by implication, to prevent, wherever possible, the entire or partial closing of any of them. This will be true as soon as both nations agree in regarding free trade as their common interest. But as things now stand, consistent "coöperation" between them would require, at the outset, that our own ports should be relieved of those high tariff duties which to a great extent have hurt the trade of Great Britain herself, and which, if we should get any colonial possessions while our protective policy lasts, would to the same extent shut in Great Britain's face our colonial ports, too; for, whatever arrangements we may make at present by way of exceptional war measures, there will hardly be a way in time of peace to get around the constitutional mandate that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States;" nor would the influences which now uphold the protective system with us permit it. Thus it appears that in this respect identity of interests between the two nations depends upon identity of commercial policy. Without this identity of commercial policy the relations between Great Britain and the United States, in this regard, will not differ materially from the relations between Great Britain and any other country, inasmuch as it is the interest of every country, whatever it may do with its own ports, that every foreign port should be wide open to its goods, and

therefore that Great Britain should hold open to the whole world all the ports which she controls.

The American people will indeed consider it in their interest, and be much gratified, if Great Britain holds all her ports open, and also if Great Britain, rather than any less liberal power, gets the largest possible number of ports to hold open. But so long as our high protective policy prevails, the United States will not be in a position to reciprocate in kind; and it is doubtful, to say the least, whether, if Great Britain were for some reason attacked in any of the vast and complicated territorial possessions in which some of those open ports are situated, or if she should consider it proper to extend the policy of the "open door" by further conquests, the United States would find it in their interest to join her with their own armed forces. (I do not mean to say that they should or that they should not. In any event, they should not be in a situation obliging them to do so.)

I mention these things to emphasize the point that, however ardently we may wish for a fruitful coöperation between this republic and Great Britain as to the furtherance of the open door policy, as well as in other directions, those who value the preservation and development of the cordial feeling at present existing between the two nations should abstain from encouraging presumptions and hopes that may not be justified, and the disappointment of which may have an effect all the more chilling, the more confidently they have been entertained. It is much wiser frankly to recognize the fact that while the Americans and the English are of kin in many important respects, and while they can and should do much in harmonious concurrence for the advancement of human civilization, their spheres of action are not the same.

We are in the habit of speaking of the Americans and the English as of

two branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock. Considering the mixtures of popular elements that have occurred first in England, and then, on a much larger scale, in America, this view must be taken with a grain of allowance. However, for the sake of convenience, we may accept the term Anglo-Saxon as covering that mixed race in which the Germanic blood is the prevailing strain, and apply it to all that the English and American peoples may have in common. But however much they may have in common in origin, in temperament, in tradition, in language and literature, it does not follow that these two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock must, therefore, necessarily be engaged in the same pursuits; that they have exactly the same kind of work to do in and for the world; that in order to fulfill her duty, the American republic must imitate the example of England as to the means to be employed and the immediate objects to be reached; and that, for instance, as England is a great sea power and the founder of many colonies, the United States must also be a great sea power and found or acquire colonies. The difference in their territorial conditions naturally determined the difference in their respective methods of achieving greatness.

The English people, originally confined to a comparatively small island, had to be a great sea power in order to be a power at all. Even now, if they permitted any other power to command the waters around that island they would enable such a power to starve them in a short space of time. Their independence, their very existence, therefore, hangs upon the superiority of their fleets. To "rule the waves" is with them not a mere matter of policy or of pride, but of necessity.

As the population of their island increased it began to press against its narrow boundaries; and as those boundaries were formed by the sea, the English

people had to cross the sea in order to find elbow room for their energies. It was not alone the Anglo-Saxon temperament, the spirit of adventurous enterprise, but also the exigencies of their situation that impelled them to wander across the waters and to spread over the globe. The founding of colonies and the establishment of governments over subject populations was with them a perfectly natural evolution.

The condition of the American people is essentially different. They are one of the resulting creations of that transplanting process. They were placed, not upon a small isle, but upon an immense wild continent, which they had to subjugate to civilized life. They had to explore the vast resources of the great country assigned to them, and to begin and continue their development. They had to receive among themselves large numbers of people of different nationalities, who came to share with them the new opportunities for the pursuit of happiness. They had to assimilate those elements of population, and to undertake with them the solution of the problem of democracy on the largest scale. In the development of those resources and in the solution of the great democratic experiment the American people are engaged to-day. Their population is still small in proportion to the vastness of their country. The resources of that country are still, to a very large extent, not only undeveloped, but even unexplored. They still offer, and for a long period of time will offer, ample and fruitful employment for the national energies. Neither is the great problem of democratic government, based upon equal rights and universal suffrage in the nation, in the states, and in the municipalities, so near a successful solution that the American people may consider themselves discharged of this their greatest responsibility, and seek other missions to fulfill without regard to it.

The difference in the conditions of the peoples of England and of America, or

— to use the favorite phrase of the day — of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock, is evident. The Americans need not become a great conquering sea power in order to be a power at all, for they are a great power in the vast population and the immense resources of their continental country, — and they would be a great power even if they were not in any large measure a sea power. In fact, considering that in their continental situation they are essentially unassailable, the only weak points they have consist in such outlying possessions as the Hawaiian Islands, which demand that the republic should be a great sea power. To such weak points, which it ought not to have, it is under no necessity of adding. The Americans do not, like the English, crowd against narrow boundaries, nor need they go abroad to gratify their ambition of activity or of missionary work, for that ambition finds an almost unlimited field at home. Indeed, within a computable period of time the United States may expect to have within their great continental home a population as numerous as the British Empire has in England and all its colonial possessions together; a population, too, far more civilized and far happier than a majority of those that are ruled by the British sceptre, — an expectation the fulfillment of which will depend upon the fidelity of the American people in maintaining the character and developing the blessings of democratic government in the magnificent domain which has fallen to their care. It may well be asked whether any effort they may make to plant their power outside of its boundaries will not be so much energy reprehensibly withdrawn from their most imperative task, and an increase of the difficulties standing in the way of the performance of their true mission.

As to the furtherance of civilization and human happiness, therefore, the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock

may very effectively work for the same object without working on the same field of action. There are even many reasons for thinking it best for themselves as well as for mankind that they should, as little as possible, meet as active agents where their coöperation might turn into rivalry and their ambitions might come into conflict. Those of our English friends who are at present so extremely impatient to see this republic become a colonizing power, and thus put itself under the necessity of building up and maintaining great armaments on land and sea, would do well soberly to consider whether they are really rendering a service to the cause of that international friendship from which so much good may be expected if it be kept on a proper footing. Aside from the fact that the excessive urgency of their advice might produce the effect of impugning its disinterestedness, — which would be regrettable, — they should most seriously ask themselves whether they are not trying to divert the minds of the American people from the problem the solution of which is most vital to them and, if successfully accomplished, will be most beneficial to mankind; and to lure this republic upon a ground which is foreign to its natural tendencies, and on which that very international friendship aimed at would be exposed to incalculable hazards.

One point of exceedingly great value is already gained. The old distrust between the United States and Great Britain has disappeared as a power of mischief. Whatever either of the nations may do, the other will readily believe it to be prompted by good faith and friendly intention as to the relations between them. And whenever either gets into

trouble, the presumption will be that the other, if disposed actively to interfere at all, will interfere on its side, or, if by its own interests compelled to remain neutral, will maintain a thoroughly sympathetic neutrality. This may eventually open the way to further understandings; but it is in itself a result of such importance that, I repeat, the mutual confidence necessary for its maintenance should not be jeopardized by precipitate attempts at arrangements by which either of the two nations would lose the mastery of its own destinies.

As to the manner in which the friendly feeling now existing can be given a tangible expression, Mr. Bryce has made some valuable suggestions. The first thing to be accomplished is the conclusion of an arbitration treaty covering all kinds of differences, and thus recognizing that no quarrels can possibly arise between the two nations which would not be capable of amicable composition, and that under no circumstances will any less pacific method of settlement be desired on either side. In fact, the amendments disfiguring beyond recognition the arbitration treaty which two years ago was before the Senate, and its final defeat, were the last effective stroke of the old anti-British jingoism, for which amends should now be made by a prompt resumption of negotiations for the accomplishment of that great object. In this way the Anglo-American friendship will signalize itself to the world by an act that will not only benefit the two countries immediately concerned, but set an example to other nations which, if generally followed, will do more for the peace and happiness of mankind and the progress of civilization than anything that can be effected by armies and navies.

Carl Schurz.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

A YEAR has passed since I delivered a public lecture advocating the institution of a common citizenship for the whole English people. The proposal fell flat. It was inopportune. It excited no attention in England, though it brought me a few friendly letters from the United States. But the tone of my correspondents was not encouraging. An eminent professor sent me a pamphlet in which he asked the question, "Why do not Americans love England?" and answered the inquiry truthfully enough, I dare say, but in a way not calculated to flatter the self-love or win the affection of Englishmen.

To-day everything is changed. All the world is talking of the close ties which bind together all divisions of the English people. Our Queen's birthday, I am told, has been kept in many parts of the United States. English and American officers meet to exchange courtesies. A short time ago I was present at a banquet where English and American guests drank first the health of the Queen, and then the health of the President; where they sang God Save the Queen, and tried to sing The Star-Spangled Banner. All these things are trifles, but they are the straws which show the way the wind blows. They are merely signs of an *entente cordiale* between the United Kingdom and the United States which already exists, and has already produced its effect in the world of politics. England stands neutral in the war between Spain and America, but as regards the United States, her neutrality is of the most friendly character. It has made any coalition of the Continental powers in behalf of Spain an impossibility; and what is more, no one can doubt that the action of the British government commands the full support of the British people. The opposition has brought many

charges, true or false, against Lord Salisbury's government, but there is not a single leading member of Parliament who has blamed his lordship for friendliness to the United States. The wish comes to me occasionally that I had deferred my proposal for a common citizenship till this year. It is still, in my judgment, a perfectly sound and reasonable suggestion, and in 1898 it would have commanded an attention, and possibly an applause, which did not fall to it in 1897. Meanwhile, the changed state of public opinion naturally sets one a-thinking. It raises at least two inquiries which are worth making and answering.

What are the meaning and the worth of the friendship between England and the United States?

The reply lies ready to hand that it is nothing more than a phase of popular caprice, and is as unmeaning, and therefore as worthless, as the hostility and indifference of yesterday. As regards England at any rate, and for England alone do I venture to speak, this suggestion has much more plausibility than truth. There is nothing surprising or sudden in the current of popular feeling. For nearly thirty years every English statesman worthy of that name — Gladstone, Bright, Disraeli, Salisbury, Chamberlain, not to mention many others — has been studious to promote good will between Englishmen and Americans, and has been fully supported in this matter by the nation. In England, we long ago perceived that friendship between us and the United States would be a benefit to our own country, and, as we believe, an equal gain to America. The plain truth is that harmony between the two countries doubles the force of each, and the history of this generation has made two things apparent to any one who looks in the face the most obvious facts of the day.

The first fact is that community of race, of language, and of institutions has produced in England and America a community of ideals. We have infinitely more in common with each other than either of us has with any other nation. We are both devoted to industrial progress. We are both naval rather than military powers. We have both reason to look with hopefulness toward the future. We perceive that the English-speaking peoples are destined in a century or two to become the dominant power throughout the civilized world. Their future supremacy is as nearly certain as any future event can be. The only risk to which it is exposed is the possibility of a quarrel between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon people. We are aware that at this moment England and America, if allied, or even if on terms of equal friendship, without actual alliance, can control the course of the world's history. Together we may be masters of the sea; and to have control of the sea means absolute security against foreign attack.

It is the vision of this splendid future which has at last fired the imagination of Englishmen, and led them to resolve to maintain at all costs friendship between the different branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, and thus safeguard the inheritance of the whole English people. This is a fact patent to every observer.

The second fact, of equal importance, is the difficulty of maintaining a permanent alliance between England and any Continental power.

Things have changed greatly since the beginning of the century. England is now little interested in Continental politics. Unless one of the great military governments should threaten invasion, it is hardly conceivable that, as things now stand, England should equip an army to take part in a European war. But the very circumstances which withdraw England from Continental alliances may conceivably suggest combinations of Continental powers for the destruction

of England. Her empire excites their envy; they believe (erroneously enough) that her commercial success is the result of a Machiavelian policy of selfish isolation, and they see that parts of the British Empire are open to attack. Englishmen, on their side, know that a great empire can be guarded only at the price of maintaining large forces for its protection. It is not for nothing that England every year increases the strength of her fleet. It is perfectly natural, therefore, that friendship with America should be suggested by the most obvious considerations of statesmanlike foresight. The point which needs to be pressed home upon American readers is that the attitude of England toward the United States is not the result of any sudden ebullition of sentiment. It represents a set purpose pursued by English statesmen of all parties for the whole of a generation.

Of American sentiment I have said nothing. The true condition of opinion in the United States must be much better known to Americans than it can be to any Englishman. At the present moment, however, it is reasonable to assume that friendliness toward England prevails throughout the United States. This sentiment, though its expression may appear to Englishmen a little sudden, is clearly the result of definitely assignable causes, some of which have long been in operation. There is every sign that the United States are entering on a policy which, whether for good or for bad, will involve a much closer connection than has hitherto existed between their fortunes and the complications of European politics. If this be so, the United States will need allies for the first time since they became an independent nation, and no ally will be at once so valuable and so little dangerous as England. The hour is opportune for promoting friendliness between two countries, neither of which can have any adequate ground for hostility, and each of which may need the other's aid.

How can this opportunity be best turned to account?

Whoever wishes to answer this question must be on his guard against one or two popular delusions. Let no one, for instance, suppose that far-reaching policies can be grounded upon the sentimental emotion of the moment. Gratitude, affection, and love are feelings proper to individuals. They have nothing to do with the relations between states. This assertion has in it no touch of cynicism. It is the simple statement of the plain fact that personal feelings belong to persons, not to nations. Half, at least, of the errors of popular politics arise from the fallacy of personification. We talk of England and America as if they were two women, each of whom could love or hate the other; and we forget that England and America, when not used as the names of geographical divisions, are simply terms for designating millions of men and women living on opposite sides of the Atlantic, and personally unknown to one another. Such millions cannot, if they would, be actuated by gratitude or love. The suggestions of reason are amply confirmed by the experience of history. At the beginning of the century, English blood and English treasure were lavishly poured out to maintain the national independence of Spain; yet even during the Peninsular war Spaniards had no fervent love for England, and the name of Great Britain is now as much detested at Madrid as is the name of the United States. Not forty years have passed since France delivered Lombardy from the Austrians; yet at this moment Italians dread, and therefore dislike, France far more than they fear or dislike Austria. Nations are not ruled by sentimentality, and no man of common sense will dream of making sentiment the basis of international policy.

Let us again be well on our guard against the delusion that the interests of England and America will always obviously coincide. It is indeed true

that, on the whole and in the long run, the real interests of both nations are identical. To maintain peace at sea, to subject naval warfare to the rules which best promote the development of commerce, to foster trade, to avoid as far as possible the burden of standing armies, — these are objects which the two great industrial states of the modern world can pursue in common. These are matters in which no conflict of interests ought to arise. But to make this assertion is a very different thing from imagining that at no given moment can there be an apparent opposition between the wishes and the interests of the two nations. If, indeed, England and America are ever to be united by the bonds of what may be called a moral alliance, it is absolutely certain that when one ally requires the support of the other, there will need to be a certain immediate sacrifice made by whichever party is called upon for help. It is vain to suppose that the permanent relations of two states can be based on the untenable assumption of an unvarying coincidence of interests.

Let us also be watchful against the errors of hastiness. The idea prevails, for example, that it is possible at once to constitute some kind of formal alliance between Great Britain and the United States. It would be the greatest satisfaction to thousands of Englishmen to believe that this notion is well founded; but to any one who reflects upon the state of the world, it must appear extremely doubtful whether, at this time, it would be possible for England and the United States to enter into a treaty for the purpose of mutual defense. What would be the precise terms of such an agreement? Is it conceivable that the republic would guarantee England against attack, say, by France, Germany, or Russia on any part of the British Empire? Would England undertake to make every dispute of the United States with any one of the great European powers her own quarrel? No one who thinks

the matter over dare answer these or similar inquiries in the affirmative. Every tie is a bond; a contract limits the freedom of the contracting parties. We may gravely doubt if either England or America is prepared to curtail her own liberty of action. Then, again, there are technical difficulties which, however, in case of urgent necessity might be overcome, in the way of constructing a defensive alliance. The conventions of English political life do not absolutely forbid entering into elaborate and private compacts with a foreign state, but they certainly render it difficult. A writer in one of our reviews, who professes to be versed in the mysteries of diplomacy, hints that Great Britain and the United States have already established some sort of secret contract or understanding. It would be satisfactory to believe in the reality of such a transaction; but a lawyer would find it somewhat difficult to explain by what steps such a treaty can have been made in conformity with the Constitution of the United States. The truth is, that neither the constitutional conventions of England nor the definite provisions of the American Constitution lend themselves easily to the exigencies of elaborate and private diplomatic arrangements. One may hope that lasting friendliness may ultimately produce an open and permanent alliance, and any statesman deserves applause who declares openly that the formation of such an alliance would be a blessing both to England and to America. But to believe that a treaty for mutual defense has been entered into, or can at this moment be entered into, by Great Britain and the United States, is to confound hopes with realities. There is, at any rate, some danger that the premature attempt to bring about a closer unity of action than is now possible may prevent our turning to account the advantages offered to us by the circumstances of the time.

What, then, if we avoid all delusions,

are the steps by which it is possible to promote active good will between England and America?

The first and most obvious step is to put an end to every existing grievance.

On this matter, the government of Lord Salisbury, as indeed any ministry which could hold office in England, may be trusted to do its best. We may reasonably hope that before many months are past every cause of misunderstanding will have been removed.

A second, and equally obvious measure, is to carry through an arbitration treaty.

Dissensions between nations cannot always be removed by arbitration, it is true; but for all this, it is most expedient that England and the United States institute a method for determining disputes by reference to a court. The points of difference likely to arise are of the kind to which arbitration is applicable. Englishmen and Americans, moreover, are profoundly influenced by the spirit of legalism. They are better prepared than Frenchmen or Germans to acquiesce in the judgment of a properly constituted tribunal: this, indeed, is the main point on which the Anglo-Saxon race has reached a stage of civilization to which other nations have hardly attained. Add to all this that the very existence of an agreement to arbitrate fosters the conviction that an armed conflict between kindred people is in itself an enormity, which partakes of the horror and the moral criminality attaching to civil war.

But after all, thinkers who are firmly convinced that the prosperity not only of the whole English people, but also of the civilized world, depends on the maintenance of cordial friendship between the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race, must feel on reflection that more is to be achieved by statesmanship than by direct treaties of any kind whatever. The object which ought to be pursued by the leading men of each country is to produce a perma-

nent entente cordiale. If it were once understood that war between Great Britain and the United States had become a moral impossibility, the power for good of each country would be doubled. If it were seen that each nation habitually supported throughout the world the just claims of the other, few are the powers which would care to come into conflict with either state. If it were known that England would in no case abet or tolerate any coalition between the Continental powers for interference with the United States throughout the American continent; if, in short, the Monroe Doctrine were extended and accepted by Englishmen and Americans alike as protecting from the interference of the great military states every part of the American continent and the islands belonging thereto, the Continental powers would never dream of any interference with countries protected by the two greatest maritime powers. If, lastly, it were certain that any coalition for the invasion of the United Kingdom would sooner or later arouse the active hostility of the United States, Englishmen and foreigners alike would feel that the difficulties, great as they already are, of striking a fatal blow at the prosperity of England, had become practically insuperable.

Yet, be it added, there is no reason

why thoughtful patriots, whether Frenchmen, Germans, or Russians, should look with jealousy on a moral alliance between the two branches of the English people. Its great merit is that it must in substance be a union for defense, not for defiance. Neither Englishmen nor Americans are tempted to support one another in a purely aggressive war. If they act together, they must in the long run act in favor of the maintenance of peace, and also in favor of that system of free trade which has tended to facilitate the expansion of the British Empire. In short, the power of America and of England for good would be indefinitely increased by maintaining a condition of mutual friendliness. The modes by which expression should be given to this good will must necessarily depend on the circumstances of the time. A formal alliance for purposes of defense cannot be hurried on. But it might well be the crowning result of a moral alliance.

It is unlikely that the present generation will ever witness the reunion of the whole English people, but it is impossible to forego the dream, or the hope, or, if we look to the distant future, the expectation that a growing sense of essential unity may ultimately give birth to some scheme of common citizenship.

A. V. Dicey.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARLYLE.

II.

AFTER several visits in Scotland during the summer of 1838, Carlyle went home again to Scotsbrig. On his return thence, he spent a few days in Manchester with Mrs. Hanning. "He had been put to sleep in an old bed, which he remembered in his father's house." "I was just closing my senses in sweet oblivion,"

wrote he, "when the watchman, with a voice like the deepest groan of the Highland bagpipe, or what an ostrich corneraik might utter, groaned out Groo-o-o close under me, and set me all in a gallop again. Groo-o-o-o; for there was no articulate announcement at all in it, that I could gather. Groo-o-o-o, repeated again and again at various distances, dying out and then growing loud again,

for an hour or more. I grew impatient, bolted out of bed, flung up the window. Groo-o-o-o. There he was advancing, lantern in hand, a few yards off me. 'Can't you give up that noise?' I hastily addressed him. 'You are keeping a person awake. What good is it to go howling and groaning all night, and deprive people of their sleep?' He ceased from that time — at least I heard no more of him. No watchman, I think, has been more astonished for some time back. At five in the morning all was as still as sleep and darkness. At half past five all went off like an enormous mill-race or ocean-tide. The Boom-m-m, far and wide. It was the mills that were all starting then, and creishy drudges by the million taking post there. I have heard few sounds more impressive to me in the mood I was in."

The following letter belongs to the time between the Hannings' departure from Manchester and Mr. Hanning's sailing for America. Kirtlebridge, where they were now living, is a few miles southeast of Ecclefechan. "The little 'trader,'" the "bit creature," was probably Mrs. Hanning's first child, Margaret Aitken Carlyle, who was not yet two years old. The reference to the new penny post marks an era.

XI. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, KIRTLEBRIDGE.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, LONDON,
7 Feb. 1840.

DEAR JENNY, — Had I known definitely how to address a word to you, I might surely have done so long before this. We have heard in general that you are stationed somewhere in the Village of Kirtlebridge or near it, and we fancy in general that your husband is struggling along with his old impetuosity. From yourself we have no tidings. Pray, now that the Postage is so cheap, send us a pennyworth some day. I address this through Alick, fancying such may be the best way.

I enclose my last letter from the Doc-

tor. I wrote to him the day before yesterday to his final destination. I calculate he may have got my letter to-day, — that is two days after his arrival. By that note all seems to be going well with him; — we are all well here, as well as our wont is, and fighting along with printers, proof sheets &c. &c. Jane cannot regularly get out; so horribly tempestuous, wet and uncertain is the weather, which keeps her still sickly, but she never breaks actually down. How is the little "trader," as Jean or some of them call her? I remember the "bit creature" very distinctly.

This is the worst year or among the worst for working people ever seen in man's memory. Robert must not take this as a measure of his future success, but toil away steadfastly in sure hope of *better* times. It is well anyway that you are out of Manchester; nothing there but hunger, contention and despair — added to the reek and dirt! Be diligent and fear nothing.

Do you often run over to see our dear Mother in her Upper Room yonder? It will be a great comfort to her that she has you so near. Pray explain to me what part of the Village it is that you live in. I thought I knew it all, but I do not know Firpark Nook. Give my best wishes to your Goodman. Accept my thanks for your written remembrance, from one who always silently remembers you in his heart.

On April 23 of this year Carlyle wrote in his journal, "Miscellanies out, and Chartism second thousand." A month later he relieved his mother's anxiety about the last of his lectures on Heroes and Hero-Worship: "I contrived to tell them something about poor Cromwell, and I think to convince them that he was a great and true man, the valiant soldier in England of what John Knox had preached in Scotland. In a word, the people seemed agreed that it was my best course of lectures, this." Certainly

his last course of lectures, this. He never spoke from a platform again till twenty-six years later, when, as Lord Rector, he addressed the students of Edinburgh University. He detested the "mixture of prophecy and play-acting." In the midst of his own work of making ready these final lectures for publication, Carlyle found time to push the London Library along. He thought England, as regarded its provision of books for the poor, in "a condition worthier of Dahomey than of England."

Yet, in spite of this good and successful work for the library, Carlyle was of a mind to write, on July 3: "Alas! I get so dyspeptical, melancholic, half mad in the London summer: all courage to do anything but hold my peace fades away; I dwindle into the pusillanimity of the ninth part of a tailor, feel as if I had nothing I could do but 'die in my hole like a poisoned rat.'" He was apparently brought to the pitch of applying to himself this most terrible word of Swift's by the necessity of serving on a special jury. Let us set over against it what he said — never to be too often quoted — about a friend whom he found sitting smoking in the garden one evening, with Mrs. Carlyle: "A fine, large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-coloured, shaggy-headed man is Alfred; dusty, smoky, free and easy, who swims outwardly and inwardly with great composure in an inarticulate element of tranquil chaos and tobacco smoke. Great now and then when he does emerge, — a most restful, brotherly, solid-hearted man." Taken together with what Tennyson himself called "the dirty monk" portrait, this probably gives a better picture of him than most of us could have made for ourselves with the eye of the flesh. Other, less welcome visitors came to Carlyle that summer, — among them a young woman from Boston, whom he called "a diseased rosebud." But America sent money as well as flowers, and the summer, according to Froude,

brought the net result up to four hundred pounds.

By August, the lecture-writing now two thirds done, Carlyle, having so far taken no holiday, made a week's riding-tour in Sussex on the back of the gift-horse, Citoyenne. "Mrs. Carlyle described to us, some years after," says "the skilful biographer," "in her husband's presence, his setting out on this expedition; she drew him in her finest style of mockery, — his cloak, his knapsack, his broad-brimmed hat, his preparation of pipes, etc., — comparing him to Dr. Syntax. He laughed as loud as any of us, — it was impossible not to laugh; but it struck me, even then, that the wit, however brilliant, was rather untender."

On the eve of riding forth, Carlyle wrote to his mother. The Bullers, mentioned in the letter which follows, were the family of Charles Buller, to whom he had been tutor. Buller died eight years afterward, in the midst of a brilliant parliamentary career. The "clergyman" was probably the Rev. Julius Hare. I find no record of a visit to Erskine until three years later. Carlyle had written to his brother John, in the winter of 1838: "Did you ever see Thomas Erskine, the Scotch saint? I have seen him several times lately, and like him as one would do a draught of sweet rustic mead, served in cut glasses and a silver tray; one of the gentlest, kindest, best bred of men. He talks greatly about 'Symbols,' and other Teufelsdröckhiana; seems not disinclined to let the Christian religion pass for a kind of mythus, provided men can retain the spirit of it. . . . On the whole I take up with my old love for the Saints." And from that time Carlyle held much salutary communion with "St. Thomas," as Mrs. Carlyle used playfully to call him.

XII. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.

CHELSEA, 1st August, 1840.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — Before setting out on my long-talked-of excursion I

must send you a word. I am to go to the Bullers' place to-morrow, a place near Epsom (the great race course) some eighteen miles off. I am to ride out with a Macintosh before my saddle and a small round *trunk* the size of a quartern loaf fastened behind, and no clothes upon me that bad weather will spoil. I shall be one of the most original figures! I mean to stay a day or two about Bul-ler's, riding to and fro to see the fine green country. I have written to a clergyman, an acquaintance of mine on the South coast some 40 miles farther off: if he repeat the invitation he once gave me, perhaps I shall ride to him and see the place where William the Conqueror fought &c. and have one dip in the sea. I mean to be out in all about a week. The weather has grown suddenly bright. I calculate the sight of the green earth spotted yellow with ripe corn will do me good. After that I am to part with my horse: the expense of it is a thing I cannot but continually grudge. I think it will suit better henceforth to get rolled out on a railway some 20 miles, clear of all bricks and reek, to *walk* then for half a day, now and then, and so come home at night again. The expense of a horse every day here is nearer four than three shillings, far too heavy for a little fellow like me, whom even *it* does not make altogether healthy. I have offered to give the beast to Mr. Marshall (son of the original donor), who kept her for me last winter. I hope he will accept on my return. It will be much the handsomest way of ending the concern. If he refuses I think I shall sell. I meditated long on riding all the way up to Carlisle and you! But in the humor I am in, I had not heart for it. These Southern coasts too are a still newer part of England for me. I give up the *riding* Northward, but not the *coming* Northward yet, as you shall hear.

My Fourth Lecture was finished three days ago. On returning *strong*, as I hope to do a week hence, I will attack

my *two* remaining lectures and dash them off speedily. The Town will be empty — none to disturb me. About the end of August I may hope to have my hands quite free, and then! Thomas Erskine invites me to Dundee &c. There are steamers, steam coaches, — I shall surely see you.

Alick's good letter gave me welcome tidings of you. I had read your own dear little epistle before. Heaven be praised for your welfare. I am glad to hear of "the peat-shed" and figure to myself the *cauldron* singing under your windows. I have written to-day to Jack. There had come a letter from Miss Elliott for him from the Isle of Wight: he once talked of settling there. I know not whether that is still in the wind again. He will have to decide about the Pellipar affair in three weeks or less.

To-day I enclose a little half sovereign. You must accept it merely to buy gooseberries: they are really very wholesome. I am to go into the City to send off some money for the Bank at Dumfries. I am in great haste. I will write again directly on my return if not sooner.

Alick's letter, tell him, was the pleasantest he has sent for many a day. I thank him much for it and will answer soon. I still owe Jamie a letter too: he is very patient, but shall be paid. Did you ever go near the sea again? This is beautiful weather for it now. It would do you and little Tom good, I think.

Jane still likes the warmth and salutes you all. Wish me a good journey! It is like to be a very brief and smooth one. Adieu, dear Mother.

Carlyle was disappointed in his hope of going home. He did not visit Scotsbrig again for another year.

So long before as January, 1839, Carlyle had written to his brother: "I have my face turned partly towards Oliver Cromwell and the Covenant time in England and Scotland." He continued

to read and think much on the subject ; and in the autumn of 1840 he wrote to Mr. Erskine : " I have got lately, not till very lately, to fancy that I see in Cromwell one of the greatest tragic souls we have ever had in this kindred of ours." But in this letter to his sister, as in so many another, there is no mention save of the close family kindred of the Carlyles : —

XIII. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, KIRTLEBRIDGE.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA, 7 October, 1840.

DEAR JENNY, — Will you take a word from me to-day in place of many hundreds which I wish I had the means of sending you? My time is very limited indeed, but the sight of my handwriting may be a kind of enlivener to your kind thoughts about me. My dear Mother tells me you are afraid sometimes I may have forgotten you. Believe that never, my dear little sister, it will forever be an error if you do! The whirl I am kept in here is a thing you can form no notion of, nor how natural or indeed inevitable it is for me to give up writing letters at all except when I am bound and obliged to do it. You have no lack of *news* from me; to my Mother at least I send abundant details. Did I not *answer* your letter too? I surely meant and ought to have done it. If at any time you wanted the smallest thing that I could do for you, and wrote about, I should be busier than I have ever yet been, if I did not answer. — In short, dear Jenny, whatever sins I may have, whatever *more* I may seem to have, try to think handsomely of them, to forgive them. And above all things, consider that whether I write many letters or few, my affection for you is a thing that will never leave me.

My Mother tells me frequently how good you are to her; what a satisfaction it is that you are so near her. I thank you a hundred times for your

goodness to her; but I know you do not need my thanks or encouragement — and to me it is a real comfort to reflect that you, with your true heart and helpful hand, are always so near. Surely it is a duty for us all, and a blessing in the doing of it, to take care of our Mother, and promote her comfort by all means possible to us! I will love you better and better for this.

You would see by my Mother's last letter, where the Doctor is at present. I have heard nothing since I had a Newspaper from Dumfries, the other day, no letters. I mentioned that the box for Scotsbrig was to be sent off; it *went* accordingly and is now on the way to Liverpool, likely to be with you soon. There is a small parcel in it for you. We rejoice to hear that Robert prospers in his business: it is difficult to prosper in any business at present. A man of industry, sobriety, and steadiness of purpose; such a man has a chance if anybody have. Jane is certainly in better health this year than I have seen her for a good while. We wait to see what she will say to the *cold weather*! I myself am as well as usual; no great shakes of a *wellness* at any time. I expect to be busy, *very busy* this winter, which is the best consolation for all things. How I should like to hear of Jamie's harvest being all *thatched*! My love to my Mother, to Alick and all the rest. Jane unites with me in special remembrances to Robert and the *glegg* little lassie.

Yours, dear Jenny, in great haste, in all truth,

T. CARLYLE.

Late in November, Carlyle, "greatly against wont," went out to dinner. Among the people he met were "Pickwick" and old Rogers, "still brisk, courteous, kindly affectionate — a good old man, pathetic to look upon." Carlyle's acquaintances did not always grow in his favor, and six years later he said of Rogers: "I do not remember any

old man (he is now eighty-three) whose manner of living gave me less satisfaction." In this winter of 1840-41, his dissatisfaction with things in general made him think at times of so desperate a move as retreating again to Craigenputtock. Still he kept on with the reading of "needful books." "He has had it in his head for a good while," said Mrs. Carlyle to a correspondent, on the 8th of January, 1841, "to write a 'life of Cromwell,' and has been sitting for months back in a mess of great dingy folios, the very look of which is like to give me locked-jaw."

Mrs. Hanning's second child, Mary, was born December 24, 1840.

XIV. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, KIRTLEBRIDGE.

CHELSEA, 15th January, 1841.

DEAR JENNY, — We have heard very frequently from Alick of late about you, for which punctuality we are greatly obliged to him. You have had a bad turn, poor little Jenny, and we were all anxious enough to hear from day to day, as you may believe, how it went with you. Alick reports of late, yesterday in particular, that you are now considered out of danger, steadily getting better. We will hope and believe it so, till we hear otherwise. You must take good care of yourself. This weather is good for no creature, and must be worst of all for one in your situation. Do not venture from the fire at all, till the horrible slush of snow be off the ground.

And what becomes of our good Mother all this time? She could not be at rest of course if she were not beside you, watching over you herself. Alick struggles to report favourably of her, but we have our own apprehensions. What can I do but again and again urge her to take all possible precautions about herself (which however she will not do!) and trust that she may escape without serious mischief. If you were once up again I will fancy *you* taking care of

her. It must be a great comfort to have you so near her — within walking distance in the good season.

We have never had here so ugly a winter: first violent frost, snow &c., then still nastier times of the thawing sort: for a week past there has been nothing but sleet, rime and slobber, the streets half an inch deep with slush and yet a cake of slippery ice lying below that; so in spite of daily and hourly sweeping and scraping, they constantly continue. I, with some few others, go daily out, whatever wind blow. I am covered to the throat in warm wool of various textures and can get into heat in spite of fate. Jane too holds out wonderfully, ventures forth when there is a bright blink once in a week; sits quiet as a mouse when the winds are piping abroad. We understand you are far deeper in snow than we. I believe there is now a good thick quilt of it lying over the entire surface of the Island.

The Doctor was here till Tuesday morning. We saw him daily with much speech and satisfaction. A letter yesterday announced that they were fairly settled in Wight again. He looked as well as need be.

I have sent by Alick a bit half-sovereign to buy the poor new bairn a new pock. You must take it without grumbling. Tell my dear Mother that she *must* take care of herself, that I will write to her before many days go. Better health to us all. Our kind wishes to Robert. Good be with you every one.

Your affectionate brother,

T. CARLYLE.

Here is another and a more highly elaborated bit of London weather from an undated fragment in Mrs. Hanning's possession at the time of her death: —

"Our weather is grown decidedly good for the last three days; very brisk, clear and dry. Before that it was as bad as weather at any time need be: long continued plunges of wet, then

clammy, glarry days on days of *half* wet (a kind of weather peculiar to London, and fully uglier than *whole* wet) : — a world of black sunless pluister, very unpleasant to move about in ! The incessant travel makes everything mud here, in spite of all that clats and besoms can do ; a kind of mud, too, which is as fine as paint, and actually almost sticks like a kind of paint ! I took, at last, into the country, with old clothes and trousers folded up ; there the mud was *natural* mud, and far less of it, indeed, *little* of it in comparison with other country. We dry again in a single day of brisk wind."

Early in 1841 Carlyle arranged with Fraser for the publication of *Heroes and Hero-Worship*. "The *Miscellanies*, *Sartor*, and the other books," says Froude, "were selling well, and fresh editions were wanted."

XV. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.

CHELSEA, Saturday [*February*, 1841].

MY DEAR GOOD MOTHER, — Take *half* a word from me to-day since I have no time for more. I had forgotten that it was Saturday till after breakfast I learnt it, and ever since there has been business on business !

We received your good little letter one evening and sent it on to John. Thanks to you for it. I had a letter too from Grahame about his *Miscellanies*, for which he seems amazingly thankful, poor fellow. We will not tell him about the Ecclefechan Library — let well be !

John also sends word of himself — all right enough, the "probability" that he will be here again before long.

Jane and I are well, rejoicing in the improved weather, not the *best* of weather yet, but immensely better than it was. Some days have been sunny and bright, a pleasant prophecy of spring.

I have *bargained* with Fraser for my lectures. They are now at press, that kept me so very busy. He would give me only £75, the dog, but then he un-

dertakes a new edition of *Sartor*, too, (the former being sold) and gives me another £75 for that too. It is not so bad, £150 of ready money — at least money without risk. I did not calculate on getting anything at *present* for *Teufelsdröckh*. You see we are rather rising than falling, "mall in shaft," at any rate. That is always a great point. Poor *Teufelsdröckh*, it seems very curious money should lie even in him. They trampled him into the gutters at his first appearance, but he rises up again, — finds money bid for him.

On the whole I expect not to be obliged to lecture this year, which will be an immense relief to me : I shall not be broken in pieces, I shall have strength for perhaps some better things than lecturing.

You spoke of going to Dumfries : I am always afraid of your getting hurt on those expeditions, but I suppose you will not be able to rest without going. I wish Jean and you both were through it.

By the bye, did I ever sufficiently tell Isabella that her butter continues excellent, none better. I owe Jamie a letter too. Alick ought to have been apprised how good his bacon was — *was*, for alas, I myself eat the most part of it and it is done : some weeks ago his tobacco ran out ; I never told this either — I forgot everything !

Well, dear Mother, this is all I can say in my hurry. I will write again soon, but with two Books at the printer's with &c., &c., what can a poor man do ? Be good bairns, one and all of you.

Your ever affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

When the proofs of *Hero-Worship* were finished, visits to Richard Monckton Milnes (afterward Lord Houghton), and to the James Marshalls at Headingley, gave Carlyle what seem to have been his first glimpses of life in great country houses. On the 17th of April, 1841, he communicated his impressions

to his wife: "I never lived before in such an element of 'much ado about almost Nothing'; life occupied altogether in getting itself lived; . . . and such champagning, claretting, and witty conversationing. *Ach Gott!* I would sooner be a ditcher than spend *all* my days so. However, we got rather tolerably through it for these ten days." Visits to his mother, Miss Martineau, the Speddings, and a month in lodgings at Newby — where he probably did not think of Redgauntlet — disposed of most of the remaining holiday, and brought Carlyle back to Cheyne Row in September. The book would not yet begin itself. "Ought I to write now of Oliver Cromwell? *Gott weiss*; I cannot yet see clearly." Toward the close of this year, Carlyle was asked to let himself be nominated to the new History Chair in Edinburgh University. He declined, with noble thanks.

"Our brother," whom Carlyle writes of to Mrs. Hanning, was their half-brother, already referred to, who had emigrated to Canada in 1837, and died there in 1872.

XVI. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, DUMFRIES.
CHELSEA, 24 Nov'r, 1841.

DEAR JENNY, — Here is the American letter you spoke of. It arrived yesterday, and to-day, after showing it to John, I send it to you. I do not exactly know what part of Canada it is dated from, but the place lies some hundreds of miles north-west of where your husband is likely to be. Our brother seems to be going on in a very prosperous way there.

On Sunday last the Doctor showed me a letter he had written for you. It appeared to be full of rational advice, in all of which I agree. You must pluck up a spirit, my good little Jenny, and see clearly how many things you yourself, independent of all other persons, can still do. *You*, then, can either act like a wise, courageous person or like a

fool, between which two ways of it there lies still all the difference in the world for you. . . . I assert, and believe always, that no person whatever can be ruined except *by his own consent, by his own act*, in this world. Your little bairn will get to walk, then you will have more time to sit to some kind of employment. This will be your first consolation.

I know not whether our Mother is still with you, but suppose yes. I wrote to her a very hurried scrawl last week. Pray take good care of her from the damp and cold. I will write to her again before long. By Alick's letter of yesterday I learn that the Doctor's Book for her is safely come to Ecclefechan. You can tell her farther that I have now settled finally about her *Luther* and it is *hers*. The cost was only some 26 shillings instead of 28.

Jane has again over-hauled the drawers which you had such work with; the best plan was found to be to clip the leg off altogether and put in four new inches *above the knee!* Good be with you, dear Jenny, with you, and them all.

It is evident from one letter and another that, after the removal to Dumfries and Mr. Hanning's departure for Canada, Mrs. Hanning spent more time at the Gill than in Dumfries. "Poor Helen" was Helen Mitchell from Kirkcaldy, an entertaining as well as a faithful servant. She came to Cheyne Row toward the end of 1837, was reclaimed from drink by Mrs. Carlyle, but fell hopelessly into it again after eleven years of service. "Her end was sad, and like a thing of fate."

XVII. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.
CHELSEA, 8th January, 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — You have been wandering so about of late times, and there has been such confused trouble going on, that I have not got you regularly written to. It seems to me a long

while since we had any right communication together. To-day I will scribble you a word before going out. Alick says you are for moving over to Gill again to bear Jenny company till the day lengthens. If you be already gone they will send this after you.

The great trouble there has been at Scotsbrig must have been distressing to every person there, from the poor father and mother downwards. You, in particular, could not escape. The weather also is sorely inclement and not wholesome for those that cannot take violent exercise; yet Alick assures me you are "as well as usual." Nay, he adds that you mean soon to write to me. I pray you take care, dear Mother, in your shifting to the Gill and during your stay there in the stranger house; it is bitter weather and looks as if it would continue long frosty. Tell me especially how you are, what clothes you wear, whether you get good fires. A warm bottle is indispensable in the bed at night. You have books to read, daily little bits of work to do; you must crouch quiet till the sun comes out again.

A considerable noise has been going on about that little Review-Article of mine which I sent you. The last page of the *Divine Right of Squires* has been circulating widely through the Newspapers with various commentary and so forth. This I by no means grudge: as the thing is true, it may circulate as widely as it likes. It can do nothing but *good* (whether pleasant or painful *good*) being *true*, — let it circulate where it will. If a word of mine can help to relieve the world from an insupportable oppression, surely it shall be very welcome to do so! The man has paid me for this "article" (£24) but I think I shall not soon trouble the world again with reviewing. I mean something *else* than that if I could get at it. On the whole, what with Edinburgh Professorships, what with *Covenanter* Articles, we have had rather a noisy time of it in

the newspapers for a while back. It is not unpleasant, but except for aiding the sale of one's books, perhaps it is apt to be unprofitable. Fame? Reputation? &c, as old Tom White said of the whiskey, "*Keep your whiskey to yourself! deevil o' ever I'se better than when there's no a drop on't i' my wame?*" which is a literal *truth*, — both as to fame and whiskey.

My new book, I may tell you now, is to be something about that same *Civil war in England* which Baillie was in the midst of; I think mainly or almost exclusively about *Oliver Cromwell*. I am struggling sore to get some hold of it, but the business will be dreadfully difficult, far worse than any *French Revolution*, if I am to do it *right*: — and if I do not do it *right* what is the use of doing it at all? For some time I tried actual writing at it lately, but found it was too *soon* yet. I must wrestle and tumble about with it, indeed at bottom I do not know yet whether *ever* I shall be able to make a Book out of it! All that I can do is to *try*, till I ascertain either Yes or No. For the rest I am grown too old and cunning now to plunge right on and attempt conquering the thing by sheer *force*. I lie back, *canny, canny*, and whenever I find my sleep beginning to suffer, I lay down the tools for a while. By Heaven's great blessing I am not now urged on by direct need of money. We have arranged ourselves here in what to London people is an inconceivable state of *thrift*, and in our small way are not now tormented with any fear of want whatever, for the present. To myself my poverty is really quite a suitable, almost comfortable, arrangement. I often think what should I do if I *were* wealthy! I am perhaps among the freest men in the British Empire at this moment. No King or Pontiff has any power over me, gets any revenue from me, except what he may *deserve* at my hands. There is nothing but my Maker whom I call Master un-

der this sky. What would I be at? George Fox was hardly freer in his *suit of leather* than I here: if to be sure not carrying it quite so far as the *leather*. Jane, too, is quite of my way of thinking in this respect. Truly we have been mercifully dealt with, and much that looked like evil has turned to be good. One thing I must tell you as a small adventure which befell, the day before yesterday. On going out for walking along one of these streets an elderly, innocent, intelligent-looking gentleman accosted me with "Apologies for introducing himself to Mr. Carlyle whose works &c, &c. He was *the Parish clergyman*," rector of the Parish of St. Luke's, Chelsea! I replied of course with all civility to the worthy man (though shocked to admit that after seven years of parishionership I did not know the face of him). We walked together as far as our roads would coincide, then parted with low bows. I mean to ask about the man (whose *name* I do not even know yet!) and, if the accounts be good, to invite a nearer approximation.

Jack will be with us to-morrow evening, we expect; oftenest we see him only that once in the course of a week. He is healthy, cheery and as full of talk and activity as I ever saw him. His Patient and he walk daily, or drive, or ride several hours, which is a good encourager of health. He seems likelier than ever to stay a good while in this present situation, to realize a good purse perhaps, — and then retire as a half-pay. Jane sticks close in the house ever since the frost began, for near a week now; she is in very tolerable health. Poor Helen, our servant, heard the other night of the death of a poor sick (asthmatic) sister at Edinburgh, which grieved her to the ground for a while and still greatly afflicts her; we are sorry for the poor creature.

Alick's long letter, you can tell him, shall be answered by and by. I had also a letter from Jean not many days

ago. I have extremely little time for writing letters. You must all be patient with me. Commend me to poor Isabella, whose affliction we deeply sympathize with.

Yours affectionately.

On February 26th Mrs. Welsh died at Templand, in Nithsdale, where she had lived since her daughter's marriage. Carlyle had now to pass two months and more at Templand in the settlement of affairs. By the death of her mother Mrs. Carlyle regained possession of Craigenputtock, the rent of which, £200 a year, she had settled on Mrs. Welsh. "Thus, from this date onward," notes Carlyle in the *Reminiscences*, "we were a little richer, easier in circumstances; and the *pinch* of Poverty, which had been relaxing latterly, *changed itself* into a gentle *pressure*, or into a *limit* and little more. We did not change our habits in any point, but the grim collar round my neck was sensibly slackened. Slackened, not removed at all, — for almost twenty years yet. . . . I do not think my literary income was above £200 a year in those decades, — in spite of my continual diligence day by day."

The "cheery little cousin" was Miss Jeannie Welsh, daughter to John Welsh of Liverpool, before mentioned, and mentioned again in the last paragraph of the following letter.

XVIII. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.
CHELSEA, Friday, 4th June, 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — A letter from Jenny came in the beginning of the week; then last night another from her for Jack, which seemed to have been written at the same time, which also I opened as it passed, — forwarding them both thereupon to Jack. Jack's address is 3 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park. Tell Jenny to copy this, and then she will know it henceforth. You must also thank her very kindly for the word she sends me about you and about the rest. I find

your eyes are still sore, and I doubt this hot weather will do them no good. Perhaps keeping out of the light as much as possible might be useful. I would also recommend to *abstain from rubbing* as much as you can. If Jack know any likely eye water, I will make him send a receipt for it. This is a very troublesome kind of thing:—but surely we ought to be thankful that it is not a worse thing too!

Jack was away in the country last week, but is come home again. He was down here on Wednesday night to tea, as fresh and hearty as ever. They are to be in London mainly, I believe, all summer. He will contrive plenty of “jaunts” &c., I suppose. It is, as formerly, an idle trade, but a very well paid one. It was precisely on that Wednesday that the Queen had been shot at. These are bad times for Kings and Queens. This young blackguard, it seems, is *not* mad at all; was in great want, and so forth; it is said they will hang him. Such facts indicate that even among the lowest classes of the people, Queenship and Kingship are fast growing out of date.

My poor wife is still very disconsolate, silent, pale, broken-down, and very weak. I urge her out as much as possible; her cheery little cousin, too, does what she can. Alas, it is a very sore affliction; we have but one mother to lose. I speak to her seriously sometimes, but speaking cannot heal grief; only Time and Heaven's mercy can.

As for me, I sleep tolerably well, and also have now begun to work a little, which is still better! I shall have a terrible heap of reading, of meditating, sorting, struggling of every kind. But why should I not do it, if it be a good work? I feel as if there did lie something in it. I will grudge no toil to bring it out. I go often all day to the Museum Library and search innumerable old pamphlets, &c. It is a nasty place, five miles off, and full of heat and bad air, but it con-

tains great quantities of information. I refuse all *dinners* whatsoever, or very nearly all. I say, “Well, if you do take offence at me, how can I help it? In the whole world there is only one true blessing for me,—that of working an honest work. If you would give me the Bank of England, and all set to worship me with bended knees,—alas, *that* would do nothing for me at all. It is not *you* that can help me or hinder me; it is I, even I.” Pray that I persist in this good course.

Poor Isabella does not seem to profit by the warm weather. I would recommend the shower bath to her. I take it daily here. Tell Jenny that there is no hurry about the shirts. She can go on with all leisure. Did Jamie ever learn from me that in the drawer of *their* washstand, if he will pull it out, there lies for him a little piece of new stuff for rubbing on his razor strop? I always forgot to mention it. Our weather here is excellent, threatening to be too hot by and by, which, however, I shall not grudge so much this year. Broiling weather to me will be the basis of a plentiful year for all. There is much need of it!

But I must end, dear Mother. I write hardly *any* letters except to you, so you will accept this as the best I can do at present. The subscription for Burns's sister is doing well, in Liverpool at least (under John Welsh). My affection to Alick and all of them. You will get this when you go to the Preaching.

My blessings on you, dear Mother, and all love.

Your son,

TOM.

XIX. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.

CHELSEA, Monday Morning,
4th July, 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—Before setting to my work, let me expend a penny and a scrap of paper on you, merely to say that we are well, and to send a bit of

ugly and curious public news that you cannot yet have heard of. On Saturday night it was publicly made known that Francis, the man who last shot at the Queen, was not to be hanged, but to be sent to Botany Bay, or some such punishment. Well, yesterday about noon, as the Queen went to St. James' Chapel, a third individual presented his pistol at the Majesty of England, but was struck down and seized before he could fire it; he and another who seemed to be in concert with him are both laid up. There is no doubt of the fact. The two are both "young" men; we have yet heard nothing more of them than that. The person who struck down the pistol (and with it the man, so vehement was he) is said to be a gentleman's flunkey; but I do not know that for certain and have seen no newspaper yet. . . . Are not these strange times? The people are sick of their misgovernment, and the blackguards among them shoot at the poor Queen: as a man that wanted the steeple pulled down might at least fling a stone at the gilt weathercock. The poor little Queen has a horrid business of it, — cannot take a drive in *HER clutch* without risk of being shot! *Our clutch* is much safer. All men are becoming alarmed at the state of the country, — as I think they well may.

Jane and her cousin have this morning been got off to Windsor by the Sterlings. The jaunt in the open air will do the poor Wife good.

John is very well. I parted with him last night near his own house rather after 10 o'clock.

Adieu, dear Mother. Here is a foolish Yankee letter of adoration to me. Burn it!

Your affectionate,
T. CARLYLE.

The picture of Sartor measuring himself for shirts to be made at long range, as it were, is memorable even in the annals of Cheyne Row.

XX. CARLYLE TO MRS. HANNING, THE GILL.
CHELSEA, 21 July, 1842.

MY DEAR JENNY, — I am glad to hear of your well being, and that you have got done with the shirts, which is a sign of your industry. They will be well off your hands, and I have no doubt will be found very suitable when they arrive here. In the meanwhile I do not want them sent off yet till there are some more things to go with them. I am in no want of them yet, and shall not, I think, be so till it will be about time for the meal to be sent from Scotsbrig. At all events, you may look to that (for the present) as the way of sending them, and therefore keep them beside you till some chance of delivering them safe to my Mother or another Scotsbrig party turn up. There is no haste about them; the meal *cannot* be ready, I suppose, till the end of September, if then.

In the meanwhile I want you to make me some flannel things, too, — three flannel shirts especially: you can get the flannel from Alick, if he have any that he can well recommend. You can readily have them made before the other shirts go off: I have taken the measure to-day, and now send you the dimensions, together with a measuring strap which I bought some weeks ago (at one penny) for the purpose! *You are to be careful to scour the flannel first*, after which process the dimensions are these. *Width* (when the shirt is laid on its back) $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches, *extent from wrist button to wrist button* 61 inches,¹ *length in the back* 35 inches, *length in the front* $25\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Do you understand all that? I dare say you will make it out, and this measuring band will enable you to be exact enough. Only you must observe that at the beginning of it. . . . Hoity-Toity! I find that it is I myself that have made a mistake there, and that you have only to measure fair with the line and all will be right; the dimensions as above, $22\frac{1}{2}$, 61, 35, $25\frac{1}{2}$.

¹ So that each sleeve is $19\frac{1}{4}$ inches long.

If you could make me two pairs of flannel drawers, I should like very well too, but that I am afraid will be too hard for you. This is all the express work I have for you at present. Neither is there any news of much moment that I could send you. Jane continues still weak, but seems to gather strength, too. I keep very quiet and very busy, and stand the summer fully better than is usual with me here. John still continues in town, and does not speak of going yet. We meet every Sunday here at Dinner.

Our good Mother, you perhaps know, has got over to Jean for some sea bathing about Arbigland. We hope they are all well about Gill, and that a good crop is on its feet for them. Give our kind regards and continual good wishes both to Mary and Jamie, and accept them for yourself. Next time you write you had better tell me how your money stands out; and if at any time, my dear little Sister, I can help you in anything, be sure do not neglect to write *then*. Our love and best wishes to you, dear Jenny.

Your affectionate brother,

T. CARLYLE.

In May, on his way back from Temp-land, Carlyle had stopped to visit Dr. Arnold at Rugby, and in August he went to Belgium with Mr. Stephen Spring Rice and his younger brother. Of this trip Carlyle wrote an extraordinarily vivid account under the title of *The Shortest Tour on Record*. The picture of the poor lace-maker and her habitation, at Ghent, makes one think, by a queer, austere contrary, of an earlier traveler and his adventures.

In August, also, Mrs. Carlyle had gone to the Bulls', in Suffolk. Twenty capital pages of Letters and Memorials make her visit live again.

XXI. CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER, SCOTSBRIG.

CAMBRIDGE, 7th Sep., 1842.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I am sitting here in the "Hoop Inn" of Cambridge,

in a spacious apartment, blazing with gaslight and nearly solitary. It strikes me I may as well employ the hour before bedtime in writing a word for my good Mother, — to explain to her how I am, and above all what in the world I am doing here! There is a magnificent thunderstorm just going on, or rather beginning to pass off in copious floods of rain, and there is no other sound audible in this room; one single fellow-traveler lies reading the Times Newspaper on the sofa opposite, and the rain quenches even the sound of his breath.

Well, dear Mother, you heard that Jane was gone into Suffolk to Mrs. Buller's, and perhaps you understand or guess that she continues still there; nay, perhaps Jack may have informed you that on Thursday last (a week ago all but a day) I, after long higgling, set out to bring her home. Home, however, she was not to go quite so fast. Mrs. Buller, rather lively up in that region, wanted her to stay a little longer, wanted me also, I suppose, to go flaunting about, calling on Lady this and Sir Henry that, and *lionizing* and amusing myself as I best might in her neighbourhood. She is very kind indeed, — more hospitable and good than I have almost ever seen her to anybody. The place Norton is a quiet, sleek, green place, so intersected with green, wide lanes (loanings) all overgrown with trees that you can hardly find your way in it, — like walking in some coal-mine in paths underground; it or any green country whatever, as you know, is likely to be welcome to me. One day I walked off to a place called Thetford in Norfolk, about 8 miles from us. It was the morrow after my arrival, and I did not know the nature of the lanes then. I lost my way both going and coming, and made the distance 12 or 13 each way, but got home in time to dinner, and was all the better for my walk. Afterwards I never ventured out of sight of Norton Church-tower without first *drawing for myself*

a little map of my route from a big map that hangs in the lobby. With my little map in my waistcoat pocket I feared nothing, and indeed in three days knew all the outs and ins of the country; — for Mrs. Buller in that interval had contrived to *borrow me a farmer's horse* to go about on. Was not that a friendly office to a man like me?

But to hasten to the point! Mrs. Buller's, I knew beforehand, was but some 30 miles to the east of Cromwell's country; his birthplace, the farm he had first, and the farm he had second, all lie adjoining on the Westward, either in the next County, which is this (Cambridgeshire), or in Huntingdonshire, the one Westward of this. Accordingly, having talked a long enough time about jaunts and pilgrimages, — about it and about it, — I decided at last (the women threatening to laugh at me if I did not go) on actually setting off, and accordingly here I am, with my face already homewards, the main part of my little errand successfully accomplished; and a "riding tour" through the country parts of England, which I have been talking of these dozen years or more, has actually taken effect on the small scale, — a very *small* scale indeed. I have ridden but two days, and on the morrow evening I shall be at Norton again, or near it. My conveyance being the farmer's horse above mentioned, my fatigue has been great; — for it is the roughest and dourest beast nearly that I ever rode, and to-day in the morning, to mend matters, it took to the trick they call "scouring," — in a sullen, windless ninny niawing. — Many a time I thought of Alick and Jamie in these Cambridge Fens, and wished one or both of them had been near me. But I let the creature take time (for it *would* have it), and it gradually recruited again, though not brilliant at the best; and indeed I shall be very willing to wish it good-bye tomorrow evening, were I at Norton again. Poor brute, it cannot help being supple and riding as with

stilky-clogs at its feet! It has eaten four and a half feeds of corn to-day, or I think it would altogether have failed.

But at any rate I have *seen* the Cromwell country, got an image of it in my mind for all time henceforth. I was last night at Ely, the Bishop's City of this district. I walked in and about the Cathedral for two good hours. Thought vividly of Cromwell stepping up these floors, with his sword by his side, bidding the Priest (who would not obey his *first* order, but continued reading his liturgies), "Cease your fooling and come out, Sir." — One can fancy with what a *gollie* in the voice of him. I found the very house he had lived in. I sat and smoked a pipe about nine o'clock under the stars on the very "Horse-block" (*harping-on stone*) which Oliver had often mounted from, two hundred years ago. It was all full of interest, and though I could get but very little sleep at night, I did not grudge that price. To-day I rode still farther Westward to a place called St. Ives, where Oliver first took to farming. The house they showed as his I did not believe in, but the fields that he tilled and reaped are veritably there. I sat down under the shade of one of his hedges and kindled a cigar, not without reflections! I have also seen his native town Huntingdon, with many other things to-day, and am here now on my way homeward, as I said, and will not trouble my dear good Mother with one other word of babblement on the subject at present. No country *in itself* can well be uglier; it is all a drained immensity of fen (or soft peat moss), and bears a considerable resemblance to the trench at Dumfries, — if that were some 30 or 40 miles square, with Parish churches innumerable, all built on dry knolls of chalky earth that rise up like islands. You can tell Jamie that it bears *heavy* crops! oats, beans, wheat, which they are just concluding the leading in of at present; the rest of the country being done a week or two ago.

Dear Mother, was there ever such a clatter of a letter written? And not one word of news, not one word even of the many hundred I could use in inquiring! We return to Chelsea, I expect, about Monday *first*. Saturday was to be proposed, but will not stand I believe. Jack is already gone, on Saturday last, to Cheltenham, and then for North Wales. Right glad am I for him and for you that he is to come into Annandale for a little while. Poor fellow, it is long since he has been there, and he too has his own feelings and straits which he does not speak about often. My dear Mother, I will bid you all good-night. I send you my heart's best blessing o'er all the hills and rivers that lie between us to-night. The thunder is gone, and the rain. I will send you a little word when we get to Chelsea; perhaps there is something from yourself for me already forwarded to Norton. I doubt it. Good-night, my dear true Mother.

Ever your affect^d

T. CARLYLE.

I know not whether Alick has now any communication with the Whitehaven Tobacconist? A quarter of a stone might be ventured upon along with the Harvest meal, or by the Doctor or some other conveyance. It keeps in the winter; it could not be *worse* than my London tobacco all this year. Tell Alick about it; he rejoices always to help me whenever he can.

Carlyle's pilgrimage to Huntingdon, St. Ives, and thereabouts is not to be confounded with his former Cromwell journey — to Naseby — undertaken a few months before, with Dr. Arnold. Froude's account of Carlyle's investigation of the battlefield was (necessarily) so incomplete that I venture to quote here two highly interesting letters from a long afterward published book, — Letters of Edward Fitzgerald. Says Fitzgerald, in a memorandum on the subject: —

"As I happened to know the Field well, — the greater part of it then belonging to my Family, — I knew that Carlyle and Arnold had been mistaken — misled in part by an Obelisk which my Father had set up as on the highest Ground of the Field, but which they mistook for the centre-ground of the Battle. This I told Carlyle, who was very reluctant to believe that he and Arnold could have been deceived — that he could accept no hearsay Tradition or 'Theory against the Evidence of his own Eyes, etc. However, as I was just then going down to Naseby, I might enquire further into the matter.

"On arriving at Naseby, I had spade and mattock taken to a hill near half a mile across from the 'Blockhead Obelisk,' and pitted with several hollows, overgrown with rank Vegetation, which Tradition had always pointed to as the Graves of the Slain. One of these I had opened; and there, sure enough, were the remains of skeletons closely packed together — chiefly teeth — but some remains of Shin-bone, and marks of Skull in the Clay. Some of these, together with some sketches of the Place, I sent to Carlyle."

Fitzgerald, in a letter which has apparently not been preserved, sent the results of this first investigation to Carlyle. He wrote also from Naseby the following letter to Bernard Barton: —

[NASEBY], *Sept.* 22, /42.

MY DEAR BARTON, — The pictures are left all ready packed up in Portland Place, and shall come down with me, whenever that desirable event takes place. In the meanwhile here I am as before; but having received a long and interesting letter from Carlyle asking information about this Battle field, I have trotted about rather more to ascertain names of places, positions, etc. After all, he will make a mad book. I have just seen some of the bones of a dragoon and his horse who were found

foundered in a morass in the field — poor dragoon, much dismembered by time : his less worthy members, having been left in the owner's summer-house for the last twenty years, have disappeared one by one, but his skull is kept safe in the hall : not a bad skull neither ; and in it some teeth yet holding, and a bit of the iron heel of his boot, put into the skull by way of convenience. This is what Sir Thomas Browne calls "making a man act his Antipodes."¹ I have got a fellow to dig at one of the great general graves in the field ; and he tells me to-night that he has come to bones ; to-morrow I will select a neat specimen or two. In the meantime let the full harvest moon wonder at them as they lie turned up after lying hid 2400 revolutions of hers. Think of that warm 14th of June when the Battle was fought, and they fell pell-mell : and then the country people came and buried them so shallow that the stench was terrible, and the putrid matter oozed over the ground for several yards ; so that the cattle were observed to eat those places very close for some years after. Every one to his taste, as one might well say to any woman who kissed the cow that pastured there.

Friday, 23rd. We have dug at a place, as I said, and made such a trench as would hold a dozen fellows, whose remains positively make up the mould. The bones nearly all rotted away, except the teeth, which are quite good. At the bottom lay the form of a perfect skeleton : most of the bones gone, but the pressure distinct in the clay ; the thigh and leg bones yet extant ; the skull a little pushed forward, as if there were scanty room. We also tried some other reputed graves, but found nothing ; indeed, it is not easy to distinguish what are graves from old marlpits, etc. I don't care for all this bone-rummaging

¹ Referring to a passage in the Garden of Cyrus, near the end : "To keep our eyes open longer, were but to act our antipodes. The

myself ; but the identification of the graves identifies also where the greatest heat of the battle was. Do you wish for a tooth ?

As I began this antiquarian account in a letter to you, so I have finished it, that you may mention it to my Papa, who perhaps will be amused at it. Two farmers insisted on going out exploring with me all day : one a very solid fellow, who talks like the justices in Shakespeare, but who certainly was inspired in finding out this grave ; the other a Scotchman, full of intelligence, who proposed the flesh-soil for manure for turnips. The old Vicar, whose age reaches halfway back to the day of the Battle, stood tottering over the verge of the trench. Carlyle has shewn great sagacity in guessing at the localities from the vague descriptions of contemporaries ; and his short *pasticcio* of the battle is the best I have seen. But he will spoil all by making a demigod of Cromwell, who certainly was so far from wise that he brought about the very thing he fought to prevent, — the restoration of an unrestricted monarchy.

The substance of this letter was of course communicated by Fitzgerald to Carlyle, who promptly and gratefully replied.

CHELSEA, Saturday, 25 [24] *Sept.* 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — You will do me and the Genius of History a real favour, if you persist in these examinations and excavations to the utmost length possible for you ! It is long since I read a letter so interesting as yours of yesterday. Clearly enough you are upon the very battle-ground ; — and I, it is also clear, have only looked up towards it from the slope of Mill Hill. Were not the weather so wet, were not, etc., etc., so many etceteras, I could almost think

huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia."

of running up to join you still! But that is evidently *unfeasible* at present.

The opening of that burial-heap blazes strangely in my thoughts: these are the very jawbones that were clenched together in deadly rage, on this very ground, 197 years ago! It brings the matter home to one, with a strange veracity, — as if for the first time one saw it to be no fable and theory, but a dire fact. I will beg for a tooth and a bullet; authenticated by your own eyes and word of honour! Our Scotch friend, too, making turnip manure of it, — he is part of the Picture. I understand almost all the Netherlands battlefields have already given up their bones to British husbandry; why not the old English next? Honour to thrift. If of 5000 wasted men you can make a few usable turnips, why, do it!

The more sketches and details you can contrive to send me, the better. I want to know, for one thing, whether there is any *house* on Cloisterwell; what house that was that I saw from the slope of Naseby height (Mill-hill, I suppose), and fancied to be Dust Hill Farm? It must lie about North by West from Naseby Church, perhaps near a mile off.

You say, one cannot see Dust Hill at all, much less any farm house of Dust Hill, from that Naseby Height?

But why does the Obelisk stand there? It might as well stand at Charing Cross; the blockhead that it is! I again wish I had wings; alas, I wish many things; that the gods would but annihilate Time and Space, which would include all things!

In great haste, Yours most truly,
T. CARLYLE.

Both Carlyle's letter to Fitzgerald and that to his mother from Cambridge are notable illustrations of the insatiable hunger of the eye which went far to make him the great writer he was. The print of those teeth on his mind is shown in *Cromwell*, where we read: "A friend of mine has in his cabinet two ancient grinder-teeth, dug lately from that ground, — and waits for an opportunity to rebury them there. Sound, effectual grinders, one of them very large; which ate their breakfast on the fourteenth morning of June, two hundred years ago, and, except to be clenched once in grim battle, had never work to do more in this world!"

Charles Townsend Copeland.

BOTCHING SHAKESPEARE.

"They aim at it
And botch the words up fit to their own
thoughts."

Hamlet, IV. v. 9, 10.

THE ascendancy which much of our English literature holds over us is too largely one of opinion. There is a certain range of the great books of it which we take on faith; if we do come to read them for ourselves, our enjoyment of them is derived too often from a consciousness that enjoyment is the right thing to feel under the circumstances.

But our reading is perfunctory, task-work, a lesson in culture. We pass along the beaten way, with its fingerposts of annotation and criticism, like pilgrims going to a shrine. There comes a time, too, when we cease even to make these perfunctory pilgrimages, and content ourselves with the serene recollection of past achievement. There is thus a sense in which we do not possess a great part of our literature, though we dwell, as it were, in the midst of it, like people who live in show places which they themselves

never see with other eyes than those of villagers.

Early in life we learn to style Chaucer "the Father of our English Poetry," and, conscious of our birthright, dutifully set ourselves to work getting acquainted with the Prologue and at least one of the Canterbury Tales. These we painfully read into monstrous English, sometimes catching a little of the beauty of Chaucer's rhythm where time has not played havoc with it, and often faintly discerning the play of Chaucer's humor through the veil of unfamiliar phraseology. But we do not really read Chaucer. We put that word in the vocabulary along with this word in the text, we fit that note in the back of the book to this difficult passage in the front, we ignore the sound of the language, we twist its inflection to suit a preconceived notion of its rhythm, and the net result is a jargon that Chaucer could not understand and a modern would not use. Our sole dependence for what little intelligence of Chaucer's meaning we get is upon a particular set of notes and a special glossary. When we come to read Chaucer later in life, and all the words and notes are forgotten, how tedious it all is! "Is it *Aprile* or *April-e*?" "What does *soote* mean?" (We pronounce it to rhyme with *boot*, but by calling the word at the end of the next line *root* matters are set right again.) "How is a *flower engendered of virtue*?" And so on. It does not take much of this sort of thing to tire out the best of resolves. We can find enough to justify all that has been said about Chaucer; but as to reading his poetry, we will leave that to somebody who has more time and energy for it than we have.

We fare little better with Spenser, though Spenser's speech is nearer ours than Chaucer's is. Two books of the Faerie Queene are prescribed (one is almost tempted to say "proscribed") for college reading in English literature; how many of us have read more than

the academic stint of it? How many of us have gone on and learned to know the sonnets, the purity of their thought, the sweetness of their mellifluous wording? To how many persons is Spenser more than a name?

Yet if called upon to give an account of our great poetry, we invariably start the list, in a burst of enthusiasm, with Chaucer and Spenser, although Chaucer and Spenser actually play a less part in the reading of most of us than Rudyard Kipling does. And what is true of Chaucer and Spenser is true of a deal of our literature: we read about it, listen to lectures about it, talk about it, without having read it for ourselves; nay, sometimes lecture about it, like the professor of English literature whose lectures contained an account of a short dramatic poem by Browning called Pippa Pass-és. Some of us do make a praiseworthy effort to keep up with our best literature, and we flatter ourselves that our effort is successful. But the very making the effort smacks of the artificial, and the success of it too often sows the seeds of distinctions which soon grow up to choke with self-conceit and priggishness the little plants of culture we nurse so carefully.

There is a certain cant about the criticism of literature, too, growing out of this artificial way of treating it, that exasperates the more sensible of us. We recognize certain recurring phrases in all criticism, if we read much of it. We see Shakespeare so often sitting, finger on brow and pen in hand, gazing into the abysses of human despair and evolving a Hamlet as to grow tired of the picture. When we are told that "as a piece of psychological development Hamlet lacks the lucidity of classical art;" that "the hero's soul has all the untransparency and complexity of a real soul;" that "one generation after another has deposited in Hamlet's soul the sum of its experience," many of us cannot help feeling that such criticism is pretty close to nonsense. We recognize the cant

of a cultus, — a cultus that grows further and further from the interests of our every-day life. Again, a great deal of criticism is far from being critical. Its judgments, uttered with impressive conviction, are too often the result of mere personal opinion. No evidence is given; frequently, indeed, in the very nature of the case, none is obtainable. We are asked to accept a self-constituted authority. Having to do with practical affairs, having to distrust emotional opinion, having to ask searching questions of ourselves and others, it is hard to lull ourselves into a condition where we can take so much on trust. Rebellion is not worth the time and trouble; and we are not sure that rebellion would be successful. Controversy in these matters is so apt to become personal. We therefore take the easiest way out, and remove ourselves from the critic's jurisdiction.

Thus, as we grow older, we cease to be "literary." The people who leave these things more and more to others are not Philistines, either, as Matthew Arnold called them. You find them in Oxford common-rooms as well as in American homes. Nor has the age grown careless of the things of culture. That is an easy charge to make, but as groundless as such charges usually are. If one will only take the trouble to look for it, more culture can be found in a Western inland town nowadays than many of our large cities could boast of when culture was spelled with a capital C, and had Matthew Arnold for its apostle.

Why is it, then, that so many of us who have had the advantages of university training, who have passed, satisfactorily at least, various courses of literary instruction, who have been at times enthusiastic members of reading clubs, who can speak and write reasonably good English, who have some knowledge of life and affairs, — why is it that we must read lamely and haltingly the supreme poets of our race? The answer

is simple, but one we shall be most of us loath to admit: we have not the necessary English education to read English literature easily. Our training has been Greek, not English. Logically, as far as literature goes, we are citizens of Athens in the time of Pericles, not Americans and Englishmen of to-day. And it is not uncommon for us to boast of the fact. As a people we possess only our contemporary literature; we include Chaucer and Spenser by courtesy, but we do not really possess them; indeed, we do not even possess Shakespeare in the full sense of possession, though we call him our Prince of Poets.

Let us put aside the question of Chaucer and Spenser, and examine the matter as it concerns Shakespeare. We do not possess Shakespeare to the full, because we do not understand Shakespeare. And I do not only mean that there are isolated words or isolated lines in Shakespeare which we do not understand, but I would maintain that we do not read Shakespeare understandingly.

In the first place, let me explain what I mean by "understandingly." As we go through life and continuously add to our experience, we add at the same time words which are native to our thinking and fitting to our experience. Most of these words are generic, and have their place in other minds just as they have in ours. They represent pretty much the same objects of thought and pretty much the same relations for all who think in the language we use. Some of them we use often, others are as rare as the experiences they connote; but all are there, ready to rise at the proper call. It is the power of literature to call them forth and set them in what order the poet (for in this sense all literature is poetry) may choose. He weaves them together, and our lives are caught in the tissue whether we wish it or no. He uses words that have been in our hearts at times when feeling was strong and deep; words

which bitter memories cling to ; words which lovers use ; words fast knit into childish prayer ; words of homely comfort when death's hand was heavy ; words bound up with duty, hope, love, faith, and the best things we have known or hope to know. As they pass through our minds they stir us again, revealing us to ourselves as they reveal the poet's thought to us, and our hearts burn within us. They are English words worn by ages of English use, — the oldest, simplest words of the language, and therefore the richest in association. They are the words of Home, Sweet Home, America, God Save the Queen, Pilgrim's Progress, the Bible (would that they were there given their modern English form, so that they might be more homely still !), — our English birthright.

Such words make our best literature, and always will, as long as human hearts beat in our breasts. We cannot escape them : they are part of ourselves, the ghosts of our good deeds and our bad deeds that must abide with us ; we cannot get rid of them. For us they need no notes, no interpretation ; they go straight to our understandings without need of introduction ; when the poet uses them, they are intelligible, and immediately intelligible, conveying without risk of mistake exactly the thought of the poet's mind, and no other. The process of apprehending them to the full is what might be called, with a little stretching of the term, reflex action. This is what I mean by understanding, and reading in this way is reading understandingly.

Now there is another mental process which we go through in reading that is simply one of judgment. We do not possess a word as part of our thinking vocabulary, and must make an inference from the context, or from its similarity to some word we do know, in order to get at the idea probably embodied in it. This has nothing to do with literature, and if there is very much of

this sort of thing in our reading, what we read for us is not literature. We do not understand it ; we simply guess as to the probable meaning.

This process is entirely distinct from the one of understanding, yet we are constantly confusing the two ; we make the mistake of confounding the natural implications which are or ought to be purely mechanical, and which are due to the fact that answering chords of our experience vibrate with the string the poet has struck, — we confound these with the inferences we are compelled to make on account of our imperfect understanding of language. That is, to apply this to our Shakespeare reading, certain words or arrangements of words in Shakespeare are not really part of our thinking experience at all, and there is nothing in our minds to respond to them ; we recognize these blanks immediately, and fill them in with words and phrases which do provoke associations, and which seem to be those the poet might have used under the circumstances, had he spoken the language we think with. We generously set down the imperfection — for we know it is an imperfection — to the natural inequality of poetic genius and the natural faultiness of a human machine, or we attribute it to the dullness of our literary apperceptions. But the fault lies neither with Shakespeare nor with our dullness of apperception : it lies simply and solely in our ignorance of English.

Now, if you will take down your Shakespeare and read consecutively for a few pages anywhere, without resort to the usual helps and explanations, and will try at the same time to throw yourself out of a "literary" attitude far enough to discern surely what you understand immediately from what you do not understand, but infer, you will see that the mediate and secondary processes are more numerous than you had thought. Suppose the passage you turn to is Hamlet, I. iii. 58, ff., in the middle

of Polonius's long-winded good-by to his son. It runs :—

"And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no
 tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. (60)
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption
 tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade.
 Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
 Bear 't, that the opposed may beware of
 thee.
 Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice :
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
 judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, (70)
 But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy :
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
 And they in France of the best rank and
 station
 Are of a most select and generous chief in
 that."

Recognizing the unfitness of the commonest sense of *character* (59) you think of *character* in the sense of "sign" or "letter," and by this inference arrive at the meaning of Shakespeare's word. "Character," however, in Elizabethan English (frequently accented "charac'ter" as here), is a common synonym of "write." The imperative *Look* followed by the subjunctive is now strange syntax, but its likeness to such an idiom as "See you do it well" makes it intelligible. *Proportioned* (60) in the sense of "made symmetrical" is still in literary use, though we usually put "well" in front of it, and will probably give you an inkling of Shakespeare's meaning. *His act*, however, can scarcely fail to suggest a personification; even if you remember enough of your Shakespeare training to recognize the pronoun as the genitive of *it*, the form is as unusual to your thinking as *its* was to Shakespeare's; *act*, too, in the sense of "execution" is as unfamiliar to you as *thought* in the sense of "intention" is. Polonius's advice to his boy, to keep his own counsel and mature his plans well,

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thus becomes to your mind the "literary" equivalent of "Don't be talkative and don't act foolishly." *Familiar* and *vulgar* (61) carry an ignominious sense which the words did not have to the ears of Shakespeare's audience: Polonius neither recommends familiarity to his son nor warns him against vulgarity. To *try an adoption* (62) leaves a gap in the thought that even "literary" interpretation fails to fill. *Grappling with hoops* and *dulling one's palm* (64, 65) are idioms quite strange to modern thinking; our *entertainment* like *entrance* (66) suggests but does not convey Polonius's meaning. *Comrade* (65) with the accent on the first syllable spoils the measure. *Bearing a quarrel* (67) is again an impossible thought in Modern English, and the only possible meaning of Modern English "bear," namely, "endure," which you can put with "quarrel" to patch out a "literary" sense is so obviously at variance with the rest of the verse that its absurdity is apparent even from a "literary" standpoint. You can perhaps still "give an ear" to a person (68), but you cannot "give him a voice." *Opposed* (67), which we do not now call "op-pos-ed," and should not use as a substantive, has an artificial sound that the word did not know in Shakespeare's time, when "oppose" still had its local meaning, "to place opposite." *Censure* (69) will betray you into thinking that Laertes is to be silent under criticism; very good advice, but not that his father gave him. *Expressed in fancy* (71) does not now convey the idea "displayed fantastically," though perhaps with the help of the context and generous inference such a meaning might be tortured out of the words. *Proclaims* (72), again, is not a figure of speech, which it seems to be in the modern reader's mind. *Are of a most select and generous chief in that* (74) is sheer nonsense. Numerous attempts have been made to doctor the passage into something like intelligibil-

ity. Taking it as it stands, it is likely that *chief* is a sophistication of *shef* (our *sheaf*). Spelling was not fixed in the sixteenth century as it is now, so that *ch* often represented the sound *sh*. For example, in Hamlet, I. ii. 82, *shapes* appears in the Quarto of 1604 as *chapes*. The spelling of the Folio *cheff* probably represents what is now *sheaf* (in Shakespeare's time it was called "sheif," rhyming nearly with our *safe*). That being the case, *sheaf* should be the word in our texts, and Staunton's citation of Ben Jonson's "It is found in noblemen and gentlemen of the best sheaf," and "I am so haunted . . . with your refined spirits that it makes me clean of another garb, another sheaf," sufficiently explains the passage. Shakespeare's *generous*, however, by no means corresponds to Modern English "generous."

So we might go on through Hamlet and through the rest of Shakespeare's plays, showing that modern reading of Shakespeare is largely botching the words up to fit the reader's thought. This is not a peculiarly difficult passage, and it is one of those oftenest read; it is perfectly fair, therefore, to assume its difficulties, both in number and in quality, as being fairly representative of those that would be met anywhere. Yet within the compass of these seventeen lines there are nineteen forms of expression which an average educated man would fail partially or wholly to understand in the sense in which "understanding" has been defined. Is it putting the matter too strongly, then, to say "we do not understand Shakespeare"? Suppose the mistakes we made were half the number: ought we not to blush when we declaim about our knowledge of Shakespeare and what we have done for Shakespeare? And it is not Homer or Virgil or Dante, but it is the supreme poet of our own race and our own language, that we are so ignorant of. What wonder? We devote most of our educational energy to studying foreign tongues and foreign

literature. We carry on the stupid prejudice of our ancestors against our vernacular, and study the language and literature of Greece and of Rome! When shall we shake ourselves free from the Renaissance, — the ball and chain of culture? Haven't we nearly served out our sentence? When shall we cease to educate ourselves as citizens of Athens, and learn to be American? How long shall we have to wait before there is a home made in our educational system for the intelligent study of our own language and its literature? How long shall we condemn our children to ignorance of that which they ought to know best of all? When shall we gain independence enough to point criticism to our own literature and say, "Go not to Athens, go not to Rome, seek not Italy or France or Germany, but weigh and consider this, and see if there be not here enough pure gold to furnish you forth with standards of worth?"

Most readers of Shakespeare sooner or later come to the conclusion that this vagueness, which they name the "literary" way of saying things, is one of the chief characteristics of Shakespeare. They call the same thing "quaintness" in Chaucer, where they are more often entirely out of their reckoning. It is really ignorance, — ignorance of English and lack of English culture. The danger of absolute mistake can be somewhat minimized, it is true, by constant resort to notes and commentaries; but the notes, many of which are historic absurdities, are written mostly by scholars who look upon Shakespeare as Modern English and are continually liable to misunderstandings just like those which beset the general reader; for too often, like him, they depend upon "literary instinct" rather than upon actual knowledge to guide them. But suppose the notes are in every case just what they ought to be, reading Shakespeare by their help is an artificial process: the knowledge the reader gets by it does not

abide by him ; it is discrete, unconnected, so that every time he reads a new play of Shakespeare's he has to wade through more notes. What wonder, then, that he should get tired of hobbling along on these crutches ! What wonder that, as in the case of Chaucer, he should leave Shakespeare to be read by those who have more knowledge and more time for it than he has. Is not Shakespeare in this way losing his hold on us ? As his language grows more dim to our sense, and we continue to be careless about learning it, will not the time come when Shakespeare will be little more than a great name in our literature ?

Now I would not say that we have already lost Shakespeare, or that we shall lose Shakespeare within the space of a generation. What I would say is that we can in this way lose Shakespeare, and more easily, too, than we think. We English-speaking people have already been advised to abandon Chaucer, — in a journal, it is true, whose advice is not usually worth the taking, but such straws show the way the current sets. Perhaps it will be some time before any one will boldly tell us to give up Shakespeare, and thus show that Shakespeare is already practically given up. But if it is true that we have lost Chaucer as popular literature, that we have lost Spenser as popular literature, that we are losing Milton as popular literature, how shall we ultimately escape losing Shakespeare ? Of course, we can selfishly say that Shakespeare will last our time, and the future can take care of itself ; or we can fall back on a narrow ideal of culture, and say that there will always be enough scholars among English-speaking people to keep the light burning before Shakespeare's shrine ; or we can ignore the facts, and grandiloquently say that Shakespeare is for all time. But the day may come when Shakespeare will be added to Chaucer, and we shall have in literature a Rachel weeping for her children, and not to be comforted.

For, in the first place, it is the general reader who makes a national literature. Now the chief characteristic of great literature, and the one that gives it the strongest hold on experience, is the pertinence of its appeal. The mind of him who reads recognizes something that concerns him, an experience which is identical with his, though the person who has it is widely separated from him in space and time ; thus a bond of sympathy is created, and the molecule of human experience gets hold of itself as part of humanity. In its last analysis, the bond is that clear, terse expression, that graphic picture, which reveals this outside experience to him not as words, but as life. The sharpness and clearness of this expression, while it is life, depends upon words. The words must be so aptly the right ones that they are recognized and understood by the mind without effort, because they are part of its own thinking machinery. But the words must be generic, also ; that is, they must convey the expression not to one man only, but to thousands. They must be the embodied thought of a race fixed in forms native to its thinking. In other words, they must be immediately intelligible to the general reader.

It follows as a corollary that while a foreign literature can be read and appreciated by a process through which native words rapidly and fittingly take the place of foreign ones, a nation's best and most vital literature must always be that which is written in its vernacular. It might be added as a further corollary that a people's strength is in direct proportion to the strength of their native literature, and that a nation which neglects its literature to follow after a foreign one is sowing the seeds of national decay.

For purposes of literature, therefore, no thought is understood unless it is understood perfectly, with that sort of understanding which we have already spoken of, — understanding that is im-

mediate perception. The shaft must go straight to the mark and stick in the gold. All great literature has this directness and simplicity. It is this that makes it great. We may easily humbug ourselves into thinking that other writing which has not this quality is great, that Mr. Gigadibs is our modern Shakespeare. This humbug may even become general enough to make Mr. Gigadibs's book occupy for a while a place beside Shakespeare on our library shelves; but there comes a time, and it comes swiftly, too, when Mr. Gigadibs's book goes to the lumber-room, with other discarded toys of his generation. It is one of the marvelous things of history how unerring, in the long run, the selection of time is. If we go back to the very beginning of our own literature and examine what has survived, comparing it with contemporary Germanic literature, we discover that what we possess of it must have been of the best produced; or if we run over the ground of Middle-English literature, we find that *Piers Plowman's Vision* and the *Canterbury Tales* are the pieces which were oftenest copied, and so ran the least risk of destruction in coming down to us. Now the basis of this historical selection is universal pertinence, simplicity, directness. In the long run people read what they can understand perfectly, and they make this literature. It is not the best of what has been thought and said in the world, but what has been thought and said the best. No other piece of English writing has taken such a hold on the English thinking race as Hamlet's soliloquy on suicide. Its matter is the veriest commonplace,—the theme of the college sophomore for generations; parodied, hackneyed, declaimed, misquoted, it still stands the most magnificent piece of writing in English. Why? Because this common thought of this common man is clothed in common words; because the words come straight from his own experience, without garnish or ornament other than

that the thought itself wore; because they go straight to the core of the commonest experience of humanity, without other help or assistance than that the understanding alone can furnish. Hamlet, and indeed all of Shakespeare, is an appeal to the general reader. In fact, not much of Shakespeare would have come down to us, had we had to depend on a purely literary public for its transmission to posterity.

Not only does the general reader thus make a national literature, he also keeps it alive. It is but an artificial life which literature lives in school and university textbooks, and among special students and scholars. When the people who, by their previous education and present surroundings, are in a position to draw help and strength from the great books in their own language abandon those books to read something else in their moments of leisure, their literature is practically dead. Their children may study it in school; they themselves may talk about it, and glibly, too; but if they do not read it because they want to read it, preferring to read criticism of it, or to read contemporary fiction, or to peruse the newspapers, for them what they are pleased to call their literature is but a figment of the imagination,—it has no reality. In short, a people's literature is what they read, not what they read about, or talk about, or would like to read. It makes no difference what the reason for the abandonment is; the result is the same. It may be for idleness, it might be because the books of it were unattainable; but anything which serves to keep a people away from their literature will eventually cause them to lose it.

In the case of Shakespeare the obstacle might easily be the lack of a clear understanding of Shakespeare's language. Inferential interpretation has a certain attraction for the scholar, and his apparent success in it gives him continual ground for gratification; but it worries

and wearies the general reader, who is discouraged and humiliated by his obvious failure in it. It becomes with him a question between spending an hour or more over fifty lines of Shakespeare in order to understand them thoroughly, and reading five times as many higgledy-piggledy to get the best sense he can. What wonder that in nine cases out of ten he chooses the easier course! His schoolboy days are over, and he does not like to think that he must take a schoolboy's attitude to Shakespeare; it is not hard for him, therefore, to persuade himself that he can read it well enough. It is so fatally easy for any one, scholar or general reader, to persuade himself that he understands what he knows nothing about! But the kind of reading he does takes little hold on him; it is not Shakespeare, though there is some Shakespeare in it,—in many cases enough to hold his attention and keep his enthusiasm for a time, and when all is said, enough to justify to him the place Shakespeare holds in our literature. It goes in at one ear and out at the other. It is a thing apart from his life. His brain, active all day in schemes to educate his sons and daughters, refuses the extra burden such reading puts upon it. So as he grows older he reads Shakespeare less and less. This man is one of a class the most numerous and the strongest in our American life; when he ceases to read Shakespeare, literature is already among us a decadent art. Have we not some reason to fear, then, that we may lose Shakespeare out of our national literature?

The loss would be one which for some time we might be quite unconscious of. We all know how easy it is for the individual to excuse his own neglect of duty by assuming that every one else is doing what he knows he ought to do, and that therefore his effort is unnecessary. That it is thus possible for nobody to do what everybody ought to do has become fixed in the proverb, "Every-

body's business is nobody's business,"—a proverb which might easily run, "What everybody reads, nobody reads." We all know that yearly a certain number of books are made and sold to be put "in every gentleman's library," but how many gentlemen read them? It is not necessary, then, to infer that good books are always read by the persons who buy them. We might lose Shakespeare from our national literature, and still go on talking about Shakespeare, and buying sumptuous editions of Shakespeare, and reading books of Shakespeare criticism; the danger is in forgetting to read Shakespeare.

And we shall lose this our richest literary possession if we do not take care. If we go on cajoling ourselves in the belief that, to read Shakespeare, all one needs is a knowledge of every-day English and a copiously annotated edition of Shakespeare's works; that it is not necessary to know the language of Shakespeare's time; that we have got along fairly well hitherto without much study of English, and things are good enough the way they are; that we can go on in our neglect with impunity,—we shall find one of these days that we have lost Shakespeare, that the kind of English literature Shakespeare represents really plays no more part in the lives of the mass of us than the Vedas do.

If we are going to keep Shakespeare, we must understand Shakespeare. Now, to understand Shakespeare, we do not need more notes on Shakespeare's text, more variorum editions of Shakespeare, more transcendental lectures on Shakespeare's life and work. Most of us will agree that in these respects abridgment with better quality is the thing we need. What we do want is a widespread understanding of Shakespeare's language,—nay, of English,—an understanding wide and broad enough to reach into the public schools and touch the masses; that for every child who can decline a Latin noun, there will be two

who know the rudiments of English historical grammar; for every boy who is reading Cæsar's Gallic Wars, there will be five reading Chaucer's Prologue; for every college student who can read Homer's archaic Greek and be unconscious of its archaic form, there will be ten who can read Beowulf without having to translate it into broken-backed, cumbrous, impossible New English compounds; for every critic who grows enthusiastic over the human and humanistic qualities of the Iliad, there will be a hundred who take these things and the knowledge of them for granted on every page of Shakespeare's plays.

Is such an end possible? Why should n't it be? Why should we be gaining a fresher knowledge and a deeper insight into the development of our political life, and remain ignorant of the development of our literature? Why should we be clever, shrewd, untiring, in the one field, and stand imbecile in the other? If we do not know these things, why can't we learn them? Is English such a perplexing subject that it can be understood only by the most scholarly professors in our best universities? The difficulty of attaining such a knowledge, granting that it is great, ought rather to be an invitation to energy than a temptation to despair; and when once it is attained, the task of presenting it ought to be easy; for English speech is the first thing we learn, and the last we forget. Let us grant for the nonce, though it is by no means true, that up to Shakespeare there is no literature in English, save a small part of Chaucer, that is worth the student's study. Let us admit all the poverty which people who cannot read it allege against our earliest literary efforts. If the study of it is going to teach us to understand Shakespeare, it is surely worth the wading through. Let your student who yearns after literary form try to get it from Greek and Latin if he wants to, but give your average student, who is going to turn into an American citizen before

long, some rudimentary knowledge of what the speech he uses is, how it has grown to be what it is, and how he can use it to the best advantage. Then bring him to the best literature in it, opening, perchance, a door that will never be closed all his life through. Make him read the great books of it intelligently, till they are instinct with life. Give him a knowledge of his language so that he can do this easily, unconsciously, so that the act of reading Shakespeare will be no guesswork, but a sure-footed progress to a distinct goal.

For it is the knowledge of Shakespeare's language as English, rich, vital English, that we want, not "notes and emendations." It is the knowledge of his speech as a living speech, to his purpose more pregnant than our speech is to ours, a familiarity with its sound and form such that there seems nothing unusual in it as we read, an acquaintance with its syntax so intimate that we could think Elizabethan syntax, if need were — in short, we want a knowledge of English that will enable us to read Shakespeare without translating it, to read Chaucer, too, without resorting to translation. For our translations of Shakespeare and Chaucer are always worse than those we make for Virgil and Horace, because we hold on to all the forms and words which have any resemblance to those we use now, and thus produce a sort of bastard-English that never existed in any English mind. And this sort of stuff we put into the mouths of Chaucer and Shakespeare! And we are English-speaking people, thinking with the language Chaucer and Shakespeare wrote! We prefer to go on in this way, reading some of our best literature lamely, haltingly, because in our educational system, planned out to suit mediæval conditions, no place is left for the proper study of our native language. We think we should be flying in the face of educational providence if we moved the study of a foreign lit-

erature far enough aside to make room for the intelligent study of our own. But no upheaval of our educational system is necessary: a few years of sound elementary teaching of English is all we want — just enough to let the student read Chaucer and Shakespeare (perhaps, too, Beowulf, though we do not need to add that yet), in the original, with a feeling of sureness and ease. If we are too timorous to do all this at once, let us start with Shakespeare and Elizabethan English. That will be good enough for a beginning. Let us set ourselves to teach our children to read Shakespeare in the original (that is, not in Modern English transcriptions), without notes and glossary except where they are necessary to explain passages that are obvious nonsense, or meaningless through ignorance of some contemporary conditions.

Now it is possible, and easily possible, to get in a short time a knowledge of Shakespeare's language such that the inferential process through which we arrive at an understanding of his words by substituting for them words of our own can largely be done away with for the average educated man who reads Shakespeare. Of course there will remain a number of passages in which careless transmission of Shakespeare's thought brings it to us in unintelligible form. But it is not too much to hope that common sense and a knowledge of English will do much to reduce the number. The knowledge that the form and content of English words are constantly changing, and that the ways of putting them together are likewise changing constantly, will be a thing that the student can start with. A familiarity with the sound and form of Elizabethan English presented in the light of its historical development ought to be easily obtainable by any one understanding the rudiments of English, from a year's study of a properly arranged textbook upon the subject, — a textbook which

could be used in elementary schools at a time when a student is usually initiated into the mysteries of Greek. For, like all grammatical study, this is elementary work, and ought to be finished before the student gets into the university. With these two things to start with, American common sense and American teaching ability might be left to wrestle with the problem alone without much concern as to the result.

We shall then be able to read Shakespeare without resorting to the subterfuge through which we excuse our lack of understanding on the ground that Shakespeare wrote in a "literary" way. We shall get the magnificent range and sweep of his words with a sure sympathy born of positive knowledge, not of literary affectation, and more of us will gain sureness and sweep in the use of our own.

Is not the effort worth our while? Is not Shakespeare's English worth more to us than Homer's Greek? Is not a scientific knowledge of the language that we think in, talk in, read in, buy and sell in, save and lose our immortal souls in, of more consequence to us than a superficial familiarity with the academic intricacies of Greek and Latin grammar? In Shakespeare we have a poet who has put into this language, as sensitive and tremulous under his touch as the strings of a harp, the deepest experience that we have yet known or are capable of, in terms of the life we live every day, and in words our mothers use to us all our lives through, — a poet who is rightly regarded, not as the supreme poet of our race and language only, but as the supreme poet of the whole world; and we devote a couple of years of dabbling, desultory, dilettante study to his work, and spend seven or eight on learning to read Virgil and Homer! If we have many and good courses in schools and colleges to teach us to understand Homer's Greek, ought we not to have more and better courses to teach us Shakespeare's English? We are told that we

go through this routine of classical study in order that we may better understand literature. But what good is such an understanding of literature to give us, if we cannot read intelligently and easily the language that the best of our own literature has been written in? What study of our literature will be of any avail that does not take into account its development and its continual relation to the life of the people that produced it? How long are we to listen to historians of our literature who cannot read it with perfect intelligence back of the eighteenth century? How long shall we remain deaf and blind to this our most vital interest?

Is not our duty, then, plain, to learn thoroughly this English we love, and to study deeply its literature in the light of our knowledge; to cease thinking of ourselves as a barbarian nation, and learn the language of the people? Is not our duty to our children equally plain, to hand on to them this language the better

for our having used it, this literature the clearer for our having taught it to them? This will require effort, strong and persistent; it means work for our educational system; it means courage in departing from ancient tradition and daring to make the future our own. But the gain! A people rich in the consciousness of their greatness, and strong in the power of their thought!

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam, purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate" — a period of darkness and barbarism.

Mark H. Liddell.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

VII.

To maintain such numbers of servants as were kept in our house would have been simply ruinous, if it had been necessary to buy all our provisions at Moscow; but in those times of serfdom things were managed very simply. When winter came, father sat at his table and wrote the following: —

"To the manager of my estate, Nikólskoye, situated in the government of Kalúga, district of Meschóvsk, on the river Sirena, from the Prince Alexéi Petróvich Kropótkin, Colonel and Commander of various orders.

"On receipt of this, and as soon as winter communication is established, thou

art ordered to send to my house, situated in the city of Moscow, twenty-five peasant-sledges, drawn by two horses each, one horse from each house, and one sledge and one man from each second house, and to load them with [so many] quarters of oats, [so many] of wheat, and [so many] of rye, as also with all the poultry and geese and ducks, well frozen, which have to be killed this winter, well packed and accompanied by a complete list, under the supervision of a well-chosen man;" and so it went on for a couple of pages, till the next full stop was reached. After this there followed an enumeration of the penalties which would be inflicted in case the provision should not reach the house situated in such a street, num-

ber so and so, in due time and in good condition. Some time before Christmas the twenty-five peasant-sledges really entered our gates, and covered the surface of the wide yard.

"Frol!" shouted my father, as soon as the report of this great event reached him. "Kiryúshka! Yegórka! Where are they? Everything will be stolen! Frol, go and receive the oats! Uliána, go and receive the poultry! Kiryúshka, call the princess!"

All the household was in commotion, the servants running wildly in every direction, from the hall to the yard, and from the yard to the hall, but chiefly to the maid servants' room, to communicate there the Nikólskoye news: "Pásha is going to marry after Christmas. Aunt Anna has surrendered her soul to God," and so on. Letters had also come from the country, and very soon one of the maids would steal upstairs into my room.

"Are you alone? The teacher is not in?"

"No, he is at the university."

"Well, then, be so good as to read me this letter from mother."

And I would read to her the naïve letter, which always began with the words, "Father and mother send you their blessings for ages not to be broken." After this came the news: "Aunt Eupraxie lies ill, all her bones aching; and your cousin is not yet married, but hopes to be after Easter." Following the news came the greetings, two pages of them: "Brother Paul sends you his greetings, and the sisters Mary and Dária send their greetings, and then uncle Dmítří sends his many greetings," and so on. However, notwithstanding the monotony of the enumeration, each name awakened some remarks: "Then she is still alive, poor soul, if she sends her greetings; it is nine years since she has lain motionless." Or, "Oh, he has not forgotten me; he must be back, then, for Christmas; such a nice boy. You will write me a letter, won't

you? and I must not forget him then." I promised, of course, and when the time came I wrote a letter in exactly the same style.

When the sledges had been unloaded, the hall filled with peasants. They had put on their best coats over their sheepskins, and waited until father should call them into his room to have a talk about the snow and the prospects of the next crops. They hardly dared to walk in their heavy boots on the polished floor. A few ventured to sit down on the edge of an oak bench; they emphatically refused to make use of chairs. So they waited for hours, looking with alarm upon every one who entered father's room or issued from it.

Some time later on, usually next morning, one of the servants would run slyly upstairs to the class-room.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

"Then go quickly to the hall. The peasants want to see you; something from your nurse."

When I went down to the hall, one of the peasants would give me a little bundle containing perhaps a few rye cakes, half a dozen hard-boiled eggs, and some apples, tied in a motley colored cotton kerchief. "Take that: it is your nurse, Vasilísa, who sends it to you. Look if the apples are not frozen. I hope not: I kept them all the journey on my breast. Such a fearful frost we had." And the broad, bearded face, covered with frost-bites, would smile radiantly, showing two rows of beautiful white teeth from beneath quite a forest of hair.

"And this is for your brother, from his nurse Anna," another peasant would say, handing me a similar bundle. "'Poor boy,' she says, 'he must never have enough at school.'"

Blushing and not knowing what to say, I would murmur at last, "Tell Vasilísa that I kiss her, and Anna too, for my brother." At which all faces would become still more radiant.

"Yes, I will, to be sure."

Then Kirila, who kept watch at father's door, would whisper suddenly, "Run quickly upstairs; your father may come out in a moment. Don't forget the kerchief; they want to take it back."

As I carefully folded the worn kerchief, I most passionately desired to send Vasilisa something. But I had nothing to send, not even a toy, and we never had pocket-money.

Our best time, of course, was in the country. As soon as Easter and Whitsuntide had passed, all our thoughts were directed toward Nikólskoye. However, time went on, — the lilacs must be through blooming at Nikólskoye, — and father had still thousands of affairs to keep him in town. At last, five or six peasant-carts entered our yard: they came to take all sorts of things which had to be sent to the country house. The great old coach and the other coaches in which we were going to make the journey were taken out and inspected once more. The boxes began to be packed. Our lessons made slow progress; at every moment we interrupted our teachers, asking whether this or that book should be taken with us, and long before all others we began packing our books, our slates, and our few toys.

Everything was ready: the peasant-carts stood heavily loaded with furniture for the country house, boxes containing the kitchen utensils, and almost countless empty glass jars which were to be brought back in the autumn filled with all kinds of preserves. The peasants waited every morning for hours in the hall; but the order for leaving did not come. Father continued to write all the morning in his room, and disappeared at night. Finally, our stepmother interfered, her maid having ventured to report that the peasants were very anxious to return, as hay-making was near.

Next afternoon, Frol, the major-domo, and Mikhael Aléeff, the first violin, were

called into father's room. A sack containing the "food money" — that is, a few coppers a day — for each of the forty or fifty souls who were to accompany the household to Nikólskoye, was handed to Frol, with a list. All were enumerated in that list: the band in full; then the cooks and the under-cooks, the laundresses, the under-laundress who was blessed with a family of six mites, "Polka Squinting," "Domna the Big One," "Domna the Small One," and the rest of them.

The first violin received an "order of march." I knew it well, because father, seeing that he never would be ready, had called me to copy it into the book, in which he used to copy all "outgoing papers:" —

"To my house servant, Mikhael Aléeff, from Prince Alexéi Petróvich Kroptókin, Colonel and Commander.

"Thou art ordered, on May 29th, at six A. M., to march out with my loads, from the city of Moscow, for my estate, situated in the government of Kalúga, district of Meschóvsk, on the river Siréna, representing a distance of one hundred and sixty miles from this house; to look after the good conduct of the men entrusted to thee, and if any one of them proves to be guilty of misconduct or of drunkenness or of insubordination, to bring the said man before the commander of the garrison detachment of the separate corps of the interior garrisons, with the inclosed circular letter, and to ask that he may be punished by flogging [the first violin knew who was meant], as an example to the others.

"Thou art ordered, moreover, to look especially after the integrity of the goods entrusted to thy care, and to march according to the following order: First day, stop at village So and So, to feed the horses; second day, spend the night at the town of Podolsk;" and so on for all the seven or eight days that the journey would last.

Next day, at ten instead of at six, —

punctuality is not a Russian virtue, — the carts left the house. The servants had to make the journey on foot; only the children were accommodated with a seat in a bath-tub or basket, on the top of a loaded cart, and some of the women might find an occasional resting-place on the rim of a cart. The others had to walk all the hundred and sixty miles. As long as they were marching through Moscow, discipline was maintained: it was peremptorily forbidden to wear top-boots or to pass a belt over the coat. But when they were on the road, and we overtook them a couple of days later, and especially when it was known that father would stay a few days longer at Moscow, the men and the women — dressed in all sorts of impossible coats, belted with cotton handkerchiefs, burned by the sun or dripping under the rain, and helping themselves along with sticks cut in the woods — certainly looked more like a wandering band of gypsies than the household of a wealthy landowner. Similar peregrinations were made by every household in those times, and when we saw a file of servants marching along one of our streets, we at once knew that the Apukhtins or the Pryanishnikoffs were migrating.

The carts were gone, yet the family did not move. All of us were sick of waiting; but father still continued to write interminable orders to the managers of his estates, and I copied them diligently into the big "outgoing book." At last the order to start was given. We were called downstairs. My father read aloud the order of march, addressed to "the Princess Kropótkin, wife of Prince Alexéi Petróvich Kropótkin, Colonel and Commander," in which the halting-places during the five days' journey were duly enumerated. True, the order was written for May 30, and the departure was fixed for nine A. M., though May was gone, and the departure took place in the afternoon: this upset all cal-

culations. But, as is usual in military marching-orders, this circumstance had been foreseen, and was provided for in the following paragraph: —

"If, however, contrary to expectation, the departure of your highness does not take place at the said day and hour, you are requested to act according to the best of your understanding, in order to bring the said journey to its best issue."

Then, all present, the family and the servants, sat down for a moment, signed themselves with the cross, and bade my father good-by. "I entreat you, Alexis, don't go to the club," our stepmother whispered to him. The great coach, drawn by four horses, with a postilion, stood at the door, with its little folding ladder to facilitate climbing in; the other coaches also were there. Our seats were enumerated in the marching-orders, but our stepmother had to exercise "the best of her understanding" even at that early stage of the proceedings, and we started to the great satisfaction of all.

The journey was an inexhaustible source of enjoyment for us children. The stages were short, and we stopped twice a day to feed the horses. As the ladies screamed at the slightest declivity of the road, it was found more convenient to alight each time the road went up or down hill, which it did continually, and we took advantage of this to have a peep into the woods by the roadside, or a run along some crystal brook. The beautifully kept highroad from Moscow to Warsaw, which we followed for some distance, was covered, moreover, with a variety of interesting objects: files of loaded carts, groups of pilgrims, and all sorts of people. Twice a day we stopped in big, animated villages, and after a good deal of bargaining about the prices to be charged for hay and oats, as well as for the samovars, we dismounted at the gates of an inn. Cook Andrei bought a chicken and made the soup, while we ran in the meantime to the

next wood, or examined the yard of the great inn.

At Máloyaroslávetz, where a battle was fought in 1812, when the Russian army vainly attempted to stop Napoleon in his retreat from Moscow, we usually spent the night. M. Poulain, who had been wounded in the Spanish campaign, knew, or pretended to know, everything about the battle at Máloyaroslávetz. He took us to the battlefield, and explained how the Russians tried to check Napoleon's advance, and how the Grande Armée crushed them and made its way through the Russian lines. He explained it as well as if he himself had taken part in the battle. Here the Cossacks attempted *un mouvement tournant*, but Davoust, or some other marshal, routed them and pursued them just beyond these hills on the right. There the left wing of Napoleon crushed the Russian infantry, and here Napoleon himself, at the head of the Old Guard, charged Kutúzoff's centre, and covered himself and his Guard with undying glory.

We once took the old Kalúga route, and stopped at Tarutino; but here Poulain was much less eloquent. For it was at this place that Napoleon, who intended to retreat by a southern route, was compelled, after a bloody battle, to abandon that plan, and was forced to follow the Smolensk route, which his army had laid waste during its march on Moscow. But still — so it appeared in Poulain's narrative — Napoleon was deceived by his marshals; otherwise he would have marched straight upon Kieff and Odessa, and his eagles would have floated over the Black Sea.

Beyond Kalúga we had to cross for a stretch of five miles a beautiful pine forest, which remains connected in my memory with some of the happiest reminiscences of my childhood. The sand in that forest was as deep as in an African desert, and we went all the way on foot, while the horses, stopping every moment, slowly dragged the carriages

in the sand. When I was in my teens, it was my delight to leave the family behind, and to walk the whole distance by myself. Immense red pines, centuries old, rose on every side, and not a sound reached the ear except the voices of these lofty trees. In a small ravine a fresh crystal spring murmured, and a passer-by had left by it, for the use of those who should come after him, a small funnel-shaped ladle, made of birch bark, with a split stick for a handle. Noiselessly a squirrel ran up a tree, and the underwood was as full of mysteries as were the trees. In that forest my first love of nature and my first dim perception of its incessant life were born.

Beyond the forest, and past the ferry which took us over the Ugra, we left the highroad and entered narrow country lanes, where green ears of rye bent toward the coach, and the horses managed to bite mouthfuls of grass on either side of the way, as they ran, closely pressed to one another in the narrow, trenchlike road. At last we caught sight of the three willows which marked the approach to our own village, and all of a sudden we saw the beautiful yellow bell tower of the Nikólskoye church.

For the quiet life of the landlords of those times Nikólskoye was admirably suited. There was nothing in it of the luxury which is seen in richer estates; but an artistic hand was visible in the planning of the buildings and gardens, and in the general arrangement of things. Besides the main house, which father had recently built, there were, round a spacious and well-kept yard, several smaller houses, which, while they gave a greater degree of independence to their inhabitants, did not destroy the close intercourse of the family life. An immense "upper garden" was devoted to fruit trees, and through it the church was reached; the southern slope of the land, which led to the river, was entirely given up to a pleasure garden, where flower-beds were intermingled with al-

leys of lime trees, lilacs, and acacias. From the balcony of the main house there was a beautiful view of the river, with the ruins of an old earthen fortress where the Russians offered a stubborn resistance during the Mongol invasion, and further on a great area of yellow grain-fields bordered by woods.

In the early years of my childhood we occupied with M. Poulain one of the separate houses entirely by ourselves; and after his method of education was softened by the intervention of our sister Hélène, we were on the best possible terms with him. Father was invariably absent from home in the summer, which he spent in military inspections, and our stepmother did not pay much attention to us, especially after her own child was born. We were thus always with M. Poulain, who thoroughly enjoyed the stay in the country, and let us enjoy it. The woods; the walks along the river; the climbing over the hills to the old fortress, which Poulain made alive for us as he told how it was defended by the Russians, and how it was captured by the Tartars; the little adventures, in one of which Poulain became our hero by saving Alexander from drowning, — yielded no end of new and delightful impressions. Large parties were organized, also, in which all the family took part, sometimes picking mushrooms in the woods, and afterward having tea in the midst of the forest, where a man a hundred years old lived alone with his little grandson, taking care of bees. At other times we went to one of father's villages where a big pond had been dug, in which golden carp could be caught. My former nurse lived in that village. Her family was one of the poorest; besides her husband, she had only a small boy to help her, and a girl, my foster-sister, who became later on a preacher and a "virgin" in the Nonconformist sect to which they belonged. There was no bound to her joy when I came to see her. Cream, eggs, apples, and honey were all that she could

offer; but the way in which she offered them, in bright wooden plates, after having covered the table with a fine snow-white linen tablecloth of her own make (with the Russian Nonconformists absolute cleanliness is a matter of religion), and the fond words with which she addressed me, treating me as her own son, left the warmest feelings in my heart. I must say the same of the nurses of my elder brothers, Nicholas and Alexander, who belonged to prominent families of two other Nonconformist sects in Nikólskoye. Few know what treasures of goodness can be found in the hearts of Russian peasants, even after centuries of the most shameful oppression, which might well have embittered them.

On stormy days M. Poulain had an abundance of tales to tell us, especially about the campaign in Spain. Over and over again we induced him to tell us how he was wounded in a battle, and every time he came to the point when he felt warm blood streaming into his boot, we jumped to kiss him and gave him all sorts of pet names.

Everything seemed to prepare us for the military career: the predilection of our father (the only toys that I remember his having bought for us were a rifle and a real sentry-box); the war tales of M. Poulain; nay, even the library which we had at our disposal. This library, which had once belonged to General Repninsky, our mother's grandfather, a learned military man of the eighteenth century, consisted exclusively of books on military warfare, adorned with rich plates and beautifully bound in leather. It was our chief recreation, on wet days, to look over the plates of these books, representing the weapons of warfare since the times of the Hebrews, and giving plans of all the battles that had been fought since Alexander of Macedonia. These books also instructed us how to build strong fortresses which would stand for some time the blows of a battering-ram, as well as those from an Archime-

dean catapult (which, however, persisted in sending stones into the windows, and was soon prohibited). Yet neither Alexander nor I became a military man. The literature of the sixties wiped out the teachings of our childhood.

M. Poulain's opinions about revolutions were those of the Orleanist *Illustration Française*, of which he received back numbers, and of which we knew the woodcuts. For a long time I could not imagine a revolution otherwise than in the shape of Death riding on a horse, the red flag in one hand and a scythe in the other, mowing down men right and left. But I now think that M. Poulain's dislike was limited to the uprising of 1848, for one of his tales about the Revolution of 1789 deeply impressed my mind.

The title of prince was used in our house with and without occasion. M. Poulain must have been shocked by it, for he began once to tell us what he knew of the great Revolution. I cannot now recall what he said, but one thing I remember, namely, that Count Mirabeau and other nobles one day renounced their titles, and that Count Mirabeau, to show his contempt for aristocratic pretensions, opened a shop decorated with a signboard which bore the inscription, "Mirabeau, tailor." (I tell the story as I had it from M. Poulain.) For a long time after that I worried myself thinking what trade I could recognize as mine, so as to write, "Kropotkin, such a handicraft man." Later on, my Russian teacher, Nikolái Pávlovich Smirnýoff, and the general republican tone of Russian literature influenced me in the same way; and when I began to write novels — that is, in my twelfth year — I adopted the signature P. Kropotkin, which I never have departed from, notwithstanding the remonstrances of my chiefs when I was in the military service.

VIII.

In the autumn of 1852 my brother Alexander was sent to the corps of ca-

dets, and from that time we saw each other only during the holidays and occasionally on Sundays. The corps of cadets was five miles from our house, and although we had a dozen horses, it always happened that when the time came to send a sledge to the corps there was no horse free for that purpose. My eldest brother, Nicholas, came home very seldom. The relative freedom which Alexander found at school, and especially the influence of two of his teachers in literature, developed his intellect rapidly, and later on I shall have ample occasion to speak of the beneficial influence that he exercised upon my own development. It is a great privilege to have a loving, intelligent elder brother.

In the meantime I remained at home. I had to wait till my turn to enter the corps of pages should come, and that did not happen until I was nearly fifteen years of age. M. Poulain was dismissed, and a German tutor was engaged instead. He was one of those idealistic men who are not uncommon among Germans, but I remember him chiefly on account of the enthusiastic way in which he used to recite Schiller's poetry, accompanying it by a most naïve kind of acting that delighted me. He stayed with us only one winter.

The next winter I was sent to attend the classes at a Moscow gymnasium; and finally I remained with our Russian teacher, Smirnýoff. We soon became friends, especially after my father took both of us for a journey to his Ryazán estate. During this journey we indulged in all sorts of fun, and we used to invent humorous stories in connection with the men and the things that we saw; while the impression produced upon me by the hilly tracts we crossed added some new and fine touches to my growing love of nature. Under the impulse given me by Smirnýoff, my literary tastes also began to grow, and during the years from 1854 to 1857 I had full opportunity to develop them. My teacher, who had by

this time finished his studies at the university, obtained a small clerkship in a law court, and spent his mornings there. I was thus left to myself till dinner-time, and after having prepared my lessons and taken a walk, I had plenty of time to read, and especially to write. In the autumn, when my teacher returned to his office at Moscow, while we remained in the country, I was left again to myself, and though in continual intercourse with the family, and spending a good deal of time in playing with my little sister Pauline, I could in fact dispose of my time as I liked for reading and writing.

Serfdom was then in the last years of its existence. It is recent history, — it seems to be only of yesterday; and yet, even in Russia, few realize what serfdom was in reality. There is a dim conception that the conditions which it created were very bad; but those conditions, as they affected human beings bodily and mentally, are not generally understood. It is amazing, indeed, to see how quickly an institution and its social consequences are forgotten when the institution has ceased to exist, and with what rapidity men and things change. I will try to recall the conditions of serfdom by telling, not what I heard, but what I saw.

Uliána, the housekeeper, stands in the passage leading to father's room, and crosses herself; she dares neither to advance nor to retreat. At last, after having recited a prayer, she enters the room, and reports, in a hardly audible voice, that the store of tea is nearly at an end, that there are only twenty pounds of sugar left, and that the other provisions will soon be exhausted.

"Thieves, robbers!" shouts my father. "And you, you are in league with them!" His voice thunders throughout the house. Our stepmother leaves Uliána to face the storm. But father cries, "Frol, call the princess! Where is she?" And when she enters, he receives her with the same reproaches.

"You also are in league with this progeny of Ham; you are standing up for them;" and so on, for half an hour or more.

Then he commences to verify the accounts. At the same time, he thinks about the hay. Frol is sent to weigh what is left of that, and our stepmother is sent to be present during the weighing, while father calculates how much of it ought to be in the barn. A considerable quantity of hay appears to be missing, and Uliána cannot account for several pounds of such and such provisions. Father's voice becomes more and more menacing; Uliána is trembling; but it is the coachman who now enters the room, and is stormed at by his master. He keeps repeating, "Your highness must have made a mistake."

Father repeats his calculations, and this time it appears that there is more hay in the barn than there ought to be. The shouting continues; he now reproaches the coachman with not having given the horses their daily rations in full; but the coachman calls on all the saints to witness that he gave the animals their due, and Frol invokes the Virgin to confirm the coachman's appeal.

But father will not be appeased. He calls in Makár, the piano-tuner and sub-butler, and reminds him of all his recent sins. He was drunk last week, and must have been drunk yesterday, for he broke half a dozen plates. In fact, the breaking of these plates was the real cause of all the disturbance: our stepmother had reported the fact to father in the morning, and that was why Uliána was received with more scolding than was usually the case, why the verification of the hay was undertaken, and why father continued to shout that "this progeny of Ham" deserved all the punishments on earth.

Of a sudden there is a lull in the storm. My father takes his seat at the table and writes a note. "Take Makár with this note to the police station, and let a hun-

dred lashes with the birch rod be given to him."

Terror and absolute muteness reign in the house.

The clock strikes four, and we all go down to dinner; but no one has any appetite, and the soup remains in the plates untouched. We are ten at table, and behind each of us a violinist or a trombone-player stands, with a clean plate in his left hand; but Makár is not among them.

"Where is Makár?" our stepmother asks. "Call him in."

Makár does not appear, and the order is repeated. He enters at last, pale, with a distorted face, ashamed, his eyes cast down. Father looks into his plate, while our stepmother, seeing that no one has touched the soup, tries to encourage us.

"Don't you find, children," she says, "that the soup is delicious?"

Tears suffocate me, and immediately after dinner is over I run out, catch Makár in a dark passage, and try to kiss his hand; but he tears it away, and says, either as a reproach or as a question, "Let me alone; and you, too, when you are grown up, will be just the same?"

"No, no, never!"

Yet father was not among the worst of landowners. On the contrary, the servants and the peasants considered him one of the best. What we saw in our house was going on everywhere, often in much more cruel forms. The flogging of the serfs was a regular part of the duties of the police.

A landowner once made the remark to another, "Why is it, general, that the number of your souls increases so slowly? You probably do not look after their marriages."

A few days later the general returned to his estate. He had a list of all the inhabitants of his village brought him, and picked out from it the names of the boys who had attained the age of eigh-

teen, and of the girls just past sixteen, — these are the legal ages for marriage in Russia. Then he wrote, "John to marry Anna, Paul to marry Paráshka," and so on with five couples, and gave orders that the five weddings should take place in ten days, the next Sunday but one.

A general cry of despair rose from the village. Women, young and old, wept in every house. Anna had hoped to marry Gregory; Paul's parents had already had a talk with the Fedótoffs about their girl, who would soon be of age. Moreover, it was the season for ploughing, not for weddings; and what wedding can be prepared in ten days? Dozens of peasants came to see the landowner; peasant women stood in groups at the back entrance of the estate, with pieces of fine linen for the landowner's spouse, to secure her intervention. All in vain. The master had said that the weddings should take place at such a date, and so it must be.

At the appointed time, the nuptial processions, in this case more like burial processions, went to the church. The women cried with loud voices, as they are wont to cry during burials. One of the house valets was sent to the church, to report to the master as soon as the wedding ceremonies were over; but soon he came running back, cap in hand, pale and distressed.

"Paráshka," he said, "makes a stand; she refuses to be married to Paul. Father" (that is, the priest) "asked her, 'Do you agree?' but she replied in a loud voice, 'No, I don't.'"

The landowner was furious. "Go and tell that long-maned drunkard" (meaning the priest; the Russian clergy wear their hair long) "that if Paráshka is not married at once, I will report him as a drunkard to the archbishop. How dares he, clerical dirt, disobey me? Tell him he shall be sent to rot in a monastery, and I shall exile Paráshka's family to the steppes."

The valet transmitted the message.

Paráshka's relatives and the priest surrounded the girl; her mother, weeping, fell on her knees before her, entreating her not to ruin the whole family. The girl continued to say "I won't," but in a weaker and weaker voice, then in a whisper, until at last she stood silent. The nuptial crown was put on her head; she made no resistance, and the valet ran full speed to the mansion to announce, "They are married."

Half an hour later, the small bells of the nuptial processions resounded at the gate of the mansion. The five couples alighted from the cars and entered the hall. The landlord received them, offering them glasses of wine, while the parents, standing behind the crying daughters, ordered them to bow to the earth before their lord.

Marriages by order were so common that amongst our servants, each time a young couple foresaw that they might be ordered to marry, although they had no mutual inclination for each other, they took the precaution of standing together as godfather and godmother at the christening of a child in one of the peasant families. This rendered marriage impossible, according to Russian Church law. The stratagem was usually successful, but once it ended in a tragedy. Andrei, the tailor, fell in love with a girl belonging to one of our neighbors. He hoped that my father would permit him to go free, as a tailor, in exchange for a certain yearly payment, and that by working hard at his trade he could manage to lay aside some money and to buy freedom for the girl. Otherwise, in marrying one of my father's serfs she would have become the serf of her husband's master. However, as Andrei and one of the maids of our household foresaw that they might be ordered to marry, they agreed to unite as godparents in the christening of a child. What they had feared happened: one day they were called to the master, and the dreaded order was given.

"We are always obedient to your will," they replied, "but a few weeks ago we acted as godfather and godmother at a christening." Andrei also explained his wishes and intentions. The result was that he was sent to the recruiting board to become a soldier.

Under Nicholas I. there was no obligatory military service for all, such as now exists. Nobles and merchants were exempt, and when a new levy of recruits was ordered, the landowners had to supply a certain number of men from their serfs. As a rule, the peasants, within their village communities, kept a roll amongst themselves; but the house servants were entirely at the mercy of their lord, and if he was dissatisfied with one of them, he sent him to the recruiting board and took a recruit acquittance, which had a considerable money value, as it could be sold to any one whose turn it was to become a soldier.

Military service in those times was terrible. A man was required to serve twenty-five years under the colors, and the life of a soldier was hard in the extreme. To become a soldier meant to be torn away forever from one's native village and surroundings, and to be at the mercy of officers like Timoféeff, whom I have already mentioned. Blows from the officers, flogging with birch rods and with sticks, for the slightest fault, were normal affairs. The cruelty that was displayed surpasses all imagination. Even in the corps of cadets, where only noblemen's sons were educated, a thousand blows with birch rods were sometimes administered, in the presence of all the corps, for a cigarette, — the doctor standing by the tortured boy, and ordering the punishment to end only when he ascertained that the pulse was about to stop beating. The bleeding victim was carried away unconscious to the hospital. The Grand Duke Mikhael, commander of the military schools, would quickly have removed the director of a corps who had not had one or two such cases

every year. "No discipline," he used to say.

When one of the common soldiers appeared before a court-martial, the sentence was that a thousand men should be placed in two ranks facing each other, every soldier armed with a stick of the thickness of the little finger (these sticks were known under their German name of *Spitzruthen*), and that the condemned man should be dragged three, four, five, and seven times between these two rows, each soldier administering a blow. Sergeants followed to see that full force was used. After one or two thousand blows had been given, the victim, spitting blood, was taken to the hospital and attended to, in order that the punishment might be finished as soon as he had more or less recovered from the effects of the first part of it. If he died under the torture, the execution of the sentence was completed upon the corpse. Nicholas I. and his brother were pitiless; no remittance of the punishment was ever possible. "I will send you through the ranks; you shall be skinned under the sticks," were threats which made part of the current language.

A gloomy terror used to spread through our house when it became known that one of the servants was to be sent to the recruiting board. The man was chained and placed under guard in the office. A peasant-cart was brought to the office door, and the doomed man was taken out between two watchmen. All the servants surrounded him. He made a deep bow, asking every one to pardon him his willing or unwilling offenses. If his father and mother lived in our village, they came to see him off. He bowed to the ground before them, and his mother and his other female relatives began loudly to give utterance to their lamentations, — a sort of half-song and half-recitative: "To whom do you abandon us? Who will take care of you in the strange lands? Who will

protect you from cruel men?" — exactly in the same way in which they sang their lamentations at a burial, and with the same words.

Thus Andrei had now to face for twenty-five years the terrible fate of a soldier: all his schemes of happiness had come to a violent end.

The fate of one of the maids, Pauline, or Pólya, as she used to be called, was even more tragical. She had been apprenticed to make fine embroidery, and was an artist at the work. At Nikólskoye her embroidery frame stood in sister Hélène's room, and she often took part in the conversations that went on between our sister and a sister of our stepmother who stayed with Hélène. Altogether, by her behavior and talk Pólya was more like an educated young person than a housemaid.

A misfortune befell her: she realized that she would soon be a mother. She told all to our stepmother, who burst into reproaches: "I will not have that creature in my house any longer! I will not permit such a shame in my house! oh, the shameless creature!" and so on. The tears of Hélène made no difference. Pólya had her hair cut short, and was exiled to the dairy; but as she was just embroidering an extraordinary skirt, she had to finish it at the dairy, in a dirty cottage, at a microscopical window. She finished it, and made many more fine embroideries, all in the hope of obtaining her pardon. But pardon did not come.

The father of her child, a servant of one of our neighbors, implored permission to marry her; but as he had no money to offer, his request was refused. Pólya's "too gentlewoman-like manners" were taken as an offense, and a most bitter fate was kept in reserve for her. There was in our household a man employed as a postilion, on account of his small size; he went under the name of "bandy-legged Félka." In his boyhood

a horse had kicked him terribly, and he did not grow. His legs were crooked, his feet were turned inward, his nose was broken and turned to one side, his jaw was deformed. To this monster it was decided to marry Pólya, — and she was married by force. The couple were sent to become peasants at my father's estate in Ryazán.

Human feelings were not recognized, not even suspected, in serfs, and when Turguéneff published his little story *Mumu*, and Grigoróvich began to issue his wonderful novels, in which he made his readers weep over the misfortunes of the serfs, a great number of persons received a startling revelation. "They love just as we do; is it possible?" exclaimed the sentimental ladies who could not read a French novel without shedding tears over the troubles of the noble heroes and heroines.

The education which the owners occasionally gave to some of their serfs was only another source of misfortune for the latter. My father once picked out in a peasant house a clever boy, and sent him to be educated as a doctor's assistant. The boy was diligent, and after a few years' apprenticeship made a decided success. When he returned home, my father bought all that was required for a well-equipped dispensary, which was arranged very nicely in one of the side houses of Nikólskoye. In summer time, Sásha the Doctor — that was the familiar name under which this young man went in the household — was busy gathering and preparing all sorts of medical herbs, and in a short time he became most popular in the region round Nikólskoye. The sick people among the peasants came from the neighboring villages, and my father was proud of the success of his dispensary. But this condition of things did not last. One winter, my father came to Nikólskoye, stayed there for a few days, and left. That night Sásha the Doctor shot

himself, — by accident, it was reported; but there was a love-story at the bottom of it. He was in love with a girl whom he could not marry, as she belonged to another landowner.

The case of another young man, Gherásim Kruglóff, whom my father educated at the Moscow Agricultural Institute, was almost equally sad. He passed his examinations most brilliantly, getting a gold medal, and the director of the Institute made all possible endeavors to induce my father to give him freedom and to let him go to the university, — serfs not being allowed to enter there. "He is sure to become a remarkable man," the director said, "perhaps one of the glories of Russia, and it will be an honor for you to have recognized his capacities and to have given such a man to Russian science."

"I need him for my own estate," my father always replied to the many applications made on the young man's behalf. In reality, with the primitive methods of agriculture which were then in use, and from which my father would never have departed, Gherásim Kruglóff was absolutely useless. He made a survey of the estate, but when that was done he was ordered to sit in the servants' room and to stand with a plate at dinner-time. Of course Gherásim resented it very much; his dreams carried him to the university, to scientific work. His looks betrayed his discontent, and my stepmother seemed to find an especial pleasure in offending him at every opportunity. One day in the autumn, a rush of wind having opened the entrance gate, she called out to him, "Garáska, go and shut the gate."

That was the last drop. He answered, "You have a porter for that," and went his way.

My stepmother ran into father's room, crying, "Your servants insult me in your house!"

Immediately Gherásim was put under arrest and chained, to be sent away as a

soldier. The parting of his old father and mother with him was one of the most heart-rending scenes I ever saw.

This time, however, fate took its revenge. Nicholas I. died, and military service became more tolerable. Gherásim's great ability was soon remarked, and in a few years he was one of the chief clerks, and the real working force in one of the departments of the ministry of war. Meanwhile, my father, who was absolutely honest, and, at a time when almost every one was receiving bribes and making fortunes, had never let himself be bribed to depart from the strict rules of the service, in order to oblige the commander of the corps to which he belonged, consented to allow an irregularity of some kind. It nearly cost him his promotion to the rank of general; the only object of his thirty-five years' service in the army seemed on the point of being lost. My stepmother went to St. Petersburg to remove the difficulty, and one day after many applications, was told that the only way to obtain what she wanted was to address herself to a particular clerk in a certain department of the ministry. Although he was a mere clerk, he was the real head of his superiors, and could do everything. This man's name was Gherásim Ivánovich Kruglóff!

"Imagine, our Garáska!" she said to me afterward. "I always knew that he had great capacity. I went to see him, and spoke to him about this affair, and he said, 'I have nothing against the old prince, and I will do all I can for him.'"

Gherásim kept his word: he made a favorable report, and my father got his promotion. At last he could put on the long-coveted red trousers and the red-lined overcoat, and could wear the plumage on his helmet.

These were things which I myself saw in my childhood. If, however, I were to relate what I heard of in those years it would be a much more gruesome nar-

rative: stories of men and women torn from their families and their villages, and sold, or lost in gambling, or exchanged for a couple of hunting dogs, and then transported to some remote part of Russia for the sake of creating a new estate; of children taken from their parents and sold to cruel or dissolute masters; of flogging "in the stables," which occurred every day with unheard-of cruelty; of a girl who found her only salvation in drowning herself; of an old man who had grown gray-haired in his master's service, and at last hanged himself under his master's window; and of revolts of serfs, which were suppressed by Nicholas I.'s generals by flogging to death each tenth or fifth man taken out of the ranks, and by laying waste the village, whose inhabitants, after a military execution, went begging for bread in the neighboring provinces. As to the poverty which I saw during our journeys in certain villages, especially in those which belonged to the imperial family, no words would be adequate to describe the misery to readers who have not seen it.

To become free was the constant dream of the serfs, — a dream not easily realized, for a heavy sum of money was required to induce a landowner to part with a serf. "Do you know," my father said to me once, "that your mother appeared to me after her death? You young people do not believe in these things, but it was so. I sat one night very late in this chair, at my writing-table, and slumbered, when I saw her enter from behind, all in white, quite pale, and with her eyes gleaming. When she was dying she begged me to promise that I would give liberty to her maid, Másha, and I did promise; but then, what with one thing and another, nearly a whole year passed without my having fulfilled my intention. Then she appeared, and said to me in a low voice, 'Alexis, you promised me to give liberty to Másha;

have you forgotten it?' I was quite terrified; I jumped out of my chair, but she had vanished. I called the servants, but no one had seen anything. Next morning I went to her grave and had a litany sung, and immediately gave liberty to Másha."

When my father died, Másha came to his burial, and I spoke to her. She was married, and quite happy in her family life. My brother Alexander, in his jocose way, told her what my father had said, and we asked her what she knew of it.

"These things," she replied, "happened a long time ago, so I may tell you the truth. I saw that your father had quite forgotten his promise, so I dressed up in white and spoke like your mother. I recalled the promise he had made to her, — you won't bear a grudge against me, will you?"

"Of course not!"

Ten or twelve years after the scenes described in the early part of this chapter, I sat one night in my father's room, and we talked of things past. Serfdom had been abolished, and my father complained of the new conditions, though not very severely; he had accepted them without much grumbling.

"You must agree, father," I said, "that you often punished your servants cruelly, and even without reason."

"With the people," he replied, "it was impossible to do otherwise;" and, leaning back in his easy-chair, he remained plunged in thought. "But what I did was nothing worth speaking of," he said after a long pause. "Take that same Sablin: he looks so soft, and talks in such a thin voice; but he was really terrible with his serfs. How many times they plotted to kill him! I, at least, never took advantage of my maids, whereas that old devil T—— went on in such a way that the peasant women were going to inflict a terrible punishment upon him. . . . Good-by, *bonne nuit*!"

IX.

I well remember the Crimean war. At Moscow it affected people but little. Of course, in every house lint and bandages for the wounded were made at evening parties: not much of it, however, reached the Russian armies, immense quantities being stolen and sold abroad. My sister Hélène and other young ladies sang patriotic songs, but the general tone of life in society was hardly influenced by the great struggle that was going on. In the country, on the contrary, the war caused terrible gloominess. The levies of recruits followed one another rapidly, and we continually heard the peasant women singing their funeral songs. The Russian people looked upon the war as a calamity which had been sent upon them by Providence, and they accepted it with a solemnity that contrasted strangely with the levity I saw elsewhere under similar circumstances. Young though I was, I realized that feeling of solemn resignation which pervaded our villages.

My brother Nicholas was smitten like many others by the war fever, and before he had ended his course at the corps he joined the army in the Caucasus. I never saw him again.

In the autumn of 1854 our family was increased by the arrival of two sisters of our stepmother. They had had their own house and some vineyards at Sebastopol, but now they were homeless, and came to stay with us. When the allies landed in the Crimea, the inhabitants of Sebastopol were told that they need not be afraid, and had only to stay where they were; but after the defeat at the Alma, they were ordered to leave with all haste, as the city would be invested within a few days. There were few conveyances, and there was no way of moving along the roads in face of the troops which were marching southward. To hire a cart was almost impossible, and the ladies, having abandoned all they had

on the road, had a very hard time of it before they reached Moscow.

I soon made friends with the younger of the two sisters, a lady of about thirty, who used to smoke one cigarette after another, and to tell me of all the horrors of their journey. She spoke with tears in her eyes of the beautiful battle-ships which had to be sunk at the entrance of the harbor of Sebastopol, and could not understand how the Russians would manage to defend Sebastopol from the land; there was even no wall worth speaking of.

I was in my thirteenth year when Nicholas I. died. It was late in the afternoon, the 18th of February (2d of March), that the policemen distributed in all the houses of Moscow a bulletin announcing the illness of the Tsar, and inviting the inhabitants to pray in the churches for his recovery. At that time he was already dead, and the authorities knew it, as there was telegraphic communication between Moscow and St. Petersburg; but not a word having been previously uttered about his illness, the people were in this way gradually prepared for the announcement of his death. We all went to church and prayed most piously.

Next day, Saturday, the same thing was done, and even on Sunday morning bulletins about the Tsar's health were distributed. The news of the death of Nicholas reached us only about midday, through some servants who had been to the market. A real terror reigned in our house and in the houses of our relatives, as the information spread. It was said that the people in the market behaved in a strange way, showing no regret, but indulging in dangerous talk. Full-grown people spoke in whispers, and our stepmother kept repeating, "Don't talk before the men;" while the servants whispered among themselves, probably about the coming "freedom." The nobles expected at every moment a revolt of the serfs, — a new uprising of Pugachóff.

At St. Petersburg, in the meantime, men of the educated classes, as they communicated to one another the news, embraced in the streets. Every one felt that the end of the war and the end of the terrible conditions which prevailed under the "iron despot" were near at hand. Poisoning was talked about, the more so as the Tsar's body decomposed very rapidly, but the true reason only gradually leaked out: a too strong dose of an invigorating medicine that Nicholas had taken.

In the country, during the summer of 1855, the heroic struggle which was going on in Sebastopol for every yard of ground and every bit of its dismantled bastions was followed with a solemn interest. A messenger was sent regularly twice a week from our house to the district town to get the papers; and on his return, even before he had dismounted, the papers were taken from his hands and opened. Hélène or I read them aloud to the family, and the news was at once transmitted to the servants' room, and thence to the kitchen, the office, the priest's house, and the houses of the peasants. The reports which came of the last days of Sebastopol, of the awful bombardment, and finally of the evacuation of the town by our troops were received with tears. In every country house round about, the loss of Sebastopol was mourned over with as much grief as the loss of a near relative would have been, although every one understood that now the terrible war would soon come to an end.

X.

It was in August, 1857, when I was nearly fifteen, that my turn came to enter the corps of pages, and I was taken to St. Petersburg. When I left home I was still a child; but human character is usually settled in a definite way at an earlier age than is generally supposed, and it is evident to me that under my childish appearance I was then very

much what I was to be later on. My tastes, my inclinations, were already determined.

The first impulse to my intellectual development was given, as I have said, by my Russian teacher. It is an excellent habit in Russian families — a habit now, unhappily, on the decline — to have such a teacher in the house; that is, a student who aids the boys and the girls with their lessons, even when they are at a gymnasium. For a better assimilation of what they learn at school, and for a widening of their conceptions about what they learn, his aid is invaluable. Moreover, he introduces an intellectual element into the family, and becomes an elder brother to the young people, — often something better than an elder brother, because the student has a certain responsibility for the progress of his pupils; and as the methods of teaching change rapidly, from one generation to another, he can assist his pupils better than the best educated parents could.

Smirnóff had literary tastes. At that time, under the terrible censorship of Nicholas I., many quite inoffensive works by our best writers could not be published; others were so mutilated as to deprive some passages in them of any meaning. In the genial comedy by Griboyédoff, *Misfortune from Intelligence*, which ranks with the best comedies of Molière, Colonel Skaloúzib had to be named “Mr. Skaloúzib,” to the detriment of the sense and even of the verses; for the representation of a colonel in a comical light would have been considered an insult to the army. Of so innocent a book as Gógol’s *Dead Souls* the second part was not allowed to appear, nor the first part to be reprinted, although it had long been out of print. Numerous verses of Púshkin, Lérmonoff, A. K. Tolstói, Ryléeff, and other poets were not permitted to see the light; to say nothing of such verses as had any political meaning or contained a criticism of the prevailing conditions. All these circulated

in manuscript, and Smirnóff used to copy whole books of Gógol and Púshkin for himself and his friends to use, a task in which I occasionally helped him. As a true child of Moscow he was also imbued with the deepest veneration for those of our writers who lived in Moscow, — some of them in the Old Equeries’ Quarter. He pointed out to me with respect the house of the Countess Saliàs (Eugénie Tour), who was our near neighbor, while the house of the noted exile Alexander Hérzen always was associated with a certain mysterious feeling. The house where Gógol lived was for us an object of deep respect, and though I was not nine when he died (in 1851), and had read none of his works, I remember well the sadness his death produced at Moscow. Turguéneff well expressed that feeling in a note, for which Nicholas I. — no one could say why — ordered him to be put under arrest and sent into exile to his estate.

Púshkin’s great poem, *Evghénii Onyéghin*, made but little impression upon me, and I still admire the marvelous simplicity and beauty of his style in that poem more than its contents. But Gógol’s works, which I read when I was eleven or twelve, had a powerful effect on my mind, and my first literary essays were in imitation of his humorous manner. An historical novel by Zagóskin, Yuriy Miloslávskiy, about the times of the great uprising of 1612, Púshkin’s *The Captain’s Daughter*, dealing with the Pugachóff uprising, and Dumas’ *Queen Marguerite* awakened in me a lasting interest in history. As to other French novels, I have only begun to read them since Daudet and Zola came to the front. Nekrásoff’s poetry was my favorite from early years; I knew many of his verses by heart.

Nikolái Pávlovich early began to make me write, and with his aid I wrote a long *History of a Sixpence*, for which we invented all sorts of characters, into whose possession the sixpence fell. My

brother Alexander had at that time a much more poetical turn of mind. He wrote most romantic stories, and early made verses. The latter, which he composed with wonderful facility, were most musical and easy; and if his mind had not subsequently been taken up by natural history and philosophical studies, he undoubtedly would have become a poet of mark. In those years his favorite resort for finding poetical inspiration was the gently sloping roof underneath our window. This aroused in me a constant desire of teasing him. "There is the poet sitting under the chimney-pot, trying to write his verses," I used to say; and the teasing ended in a fierce scrimmage, which brought our sister Hélène to a state of despair. But Alexander was so devoid of revengefulness that peace was soon concluded, and we loved each other immensely. Among boys, scrimmage and love seem to go hand in hand.

I had even then taken to journalism. In my twelfth year I began to edit a daily. Paper was not to be had at will in our house, and my daily was in 32° only. As the Crimean war had not yet broken out, and the only paper which my father used to receive was the *Gazette of the Moscow Police*, I had not a great choice of models. As a result my own *Gazette* consisted merely of short paragraphs announcing the news of the day: as, "Went out to the woods. N. P. Smirnóff shot two thrushes," and so on.

This soon ceased to satisfy me, and in 1855 I started a monthly review in 16°, which contained Alexander's verses, my novelettes, and some sort of "varieties." The material existence of this review was fully guaranteed, for it had plenty of subscribers; that is, the editor himself and Smirnóff, who regularly paid his subscription, of so many sheets of paper, even after he had left our house. In return, I accurately wrote out for my faithful subscriber a second copy.

When Smirnóff left us, and a student

of medicine, N. M. Pávloff, took his place, the latter helped me in my editorial duties. He obtained for the review a poem by one of his friends, and — still more important — the introductory lecture on physical geography by one of the Moscow professors. Of course this had not been printed before: a reproduction would never have found its way into the review.

Alexander, I need not say, took a lively interest in the paper, and its fame soon reached the corps of cadets. Some young writers on the way to fame undertook the publication of a rival. The matter was serious: in poems and novels we could hold our own; but they had a "critic," and a "critic" who writes, in connection with the characters of some new novel, all sorts of things about the conditions of life, and touches upon a thousand questions which could not be touched upon anywhere else, makes the soul of a Russian review. They had a critic, and we had none! He wrote an article for the first number; and his article, rather pretentious and weak, was shown to my brother. Alexander at once wrote an anti-criticism, ridiculing and demolishing the critic in such a violent manner that when he showed his article to his comrades, saying that it would appear in our next number, there was great consternation in the rival camp. The result was that they gave up publishing their paper, their best writers joined our staff, and we triumphantly announced the future "exclusive collaboration of so many distinguished writers."

In August, 1857, the review had to be suspended, after nearly two years' existence. New surroundings and a quite new life were before me. I went away from home with regret, the more so because the whole distance between Moscow and St. Petersburg would be between me and Alexander, and I already considered it a misfortune that I had to enter a military school.

P. Kropotkin.

BIRDS, FLOWERS, AND PEOPLE.

"I'd rather do anything than to pack," said a North Carolina mountain man. His tone bespoke a fullness of experience; as if a farm-bred Yankee were to say, "I'd rather do anything than to pick stones in cold weather." He had found me talking with a third man by the wayside on a sultry forenoon. The third man carried a bag of corn on his back, and was on his way from Horse Cove to Highlands (valleys are coves in that part of the South), up the long steep mountain side down which, with frequent stops for admiration of the world below, I had been lazily traveling. He was sick, he told me; and as his appearance corroborated his words, I had been trying to persuade him to leave his load where it was, trust its safety to Providence, and go home. Just then it happened that mountaineer number two came along and delivered himself as above quoted.

He was going to Highlands, also. He had been "putting in a week" trying to buy a cow to replace one that had mired herself and broken her neck. "I would rather have paid down twenty-five dollars in gold," he declared. (The air was full of political silver talk; but gold is the standard, after all, when men come to business.) He knew the invalid, it appeared; for presently he turned into a trail, a short cut through the woods, which till now had escaped my notice, and remarked, "Well, John, I guess I'll take the narrow way;" and off he went up the slope, while the other man and I continued our dialogue, — I still playing the part of Mr. Worldly Wiseman, and Christian still unconvinced, but not indisposed to parley.

He wished to know where I had come from; and when I told him, he said, "Massachusetts! Well, I reckon it's right hot down there now." He held

the common belief of the mountain people that the rest of the earth's surface is mostly uninhabitable in summertime. One morning, I remember, I said something to an idler on the village sidewalk about the cool night we had just passed. I meant my little speech as a kind of local compliment, but he took me up at once. It was "pretty hot," he thought, — about as hot a night as he ever knew. He did n't see how folks *lived* down in Charleston; and I partly agreed with him. He had been "borned right here," and had never been farther away than to Seneca; and from his manner of expressing himself I inferred that he hoped never to find himself so far from home again. This was in the midst of a "heated term," when the mercury, at four o'clock in the afternoon, registered 74° on the hotel piazza.

However, it was many degrees warmer than that in Horse Cove (at a considerably lower level) on the day of which I am writing, and a sick man with a bag of corn on his back had good reason to rest halfway up the climb. He had killed "a pretty rattlesnake" a little way back, he told me. "Very dangerous they are," he added, with an evident kindly desire to put a stranger on his guard. As we separated, a man on horseback turned a corner in the road above us, and on looking round, a few minutes later, I was relieved to see that he had lent the pack-bearer his horse, and was pursuing his own way on foot. And now I thought, not of Bunyan's parable, but of an older and better one.

Though the primary interest of my trip to the North Carolina mountains was rather with the fauna and flora than with the population (as we call it, in our lofty human way of speaking, having no doubt that we are the people), I found, first and last, no small pleasure in the

men, women, and children, as I fell in with them out of doors here and there, in the course of my daily perambulations. Poverty-cursed as they looked (the universal "packing" by both sexes over those up-and-down roads, and the shiftless, comfortless appearance of the cabins, were proof enough of a pinched estate), they seemed to be laudably industrious, and, as the world goes, enjoyers of life. If they said little, it was perhaps rather my fault than theirs (the key must fit the lock), and certainly they treated me with nothing but kindness.

More than a fortnight after my interview with the invalid, just described, I was returning to the hotel from an early morning jaunt down the Walhalla road, when I met a man driving a pair of dwarfish steers hitched to a pair of wheels, on the axle-tree of which was fastened a rude, widely ventilated, home-made box, with an odd-shaped, home-made basket hung on one side of it, — the driver, literally, on the box. I greeted him, and he pulled up. "Well, I see you are still here," he said, after a good-morning. "You have seen me before?" I replied. He was sallow and thin, — the usual mountaineer's condition, — but wore the pleasantest of smiles. "Yes; I saw you down in the Cove with the sick man." He was the pilgrim who took the "narrow way," and was hunting for a cow, though I should not have remembered him. And now, peeping through one of the holes in the box, I saw that he had a calf inside. "A Jersey?" asked I. "Part Jersey," he answered. Mr. S—— (one of the villagers, whom by this time I counted as a friend, a white-haired, youngish veteran of the civil war, on the Union side, a neighbor I had "taken to" from the moment I saw him), Mr. S—— had given the calf to the man's father-in-law, and he, the son-in-law, had driven up to the village to fetch it home. He lived about six miles out, on a side road. I inquired about the two or three houses

in sight in the valley clearing below us. It was the "Webb settlement," he told me; "so we always call it." I remarked that all hands seemed to have plenty of children. "Yes, plenty of children," he responded, with a laugh; and away he drove.

It was only a few minutes before another man appeared, a foot passenger this time, walking at a smart pace, with an umbrella on his shoulder, and a new pair of boots slung across it. "You travel faster than I do," said I. "Yes, sir," he answered, smiling (all men like the name of being active), "I go pretty peart when I go." He, too, had six miles before him, and believed it would "begin to rain after a bit." It would have been an imposition upon good nature to detain him. There was a bend in the road just below, and in another minute I heard him spanking round it at a lively trot.

Five minutes more, and a second pedestrian hove in sight. He, likewise, was in haste. "You are all in a hurry to-day," I said to him. I was in pursuit of acquaintance, and in such places it is the part of wisdom, and of good manners as well, to make the most of chance opportunities. "Yes, sir," he made answer, slackening his pace; "I want to get my road done. I've got till Saturday, and I want to get it done;" and he put on steam again, and was gone. His countenance was familiar, but I could not tell where I had seen him, — one of the fathers of the Webb settlement, perhaps. The mountaineers, all thin, all light-complexioned, and all wearing the same drab homespun, look confusingly alike to a newcomer. Whoever the stranger was, he had evidently undertaken to build some part of the new road, and was returning from the village with supplies. In one hand he carried two heavy drills, and under the other arm a strip of pork, a piece of brown paper wrapped about the middle of it, and the long ends dangling. It

did my vacationer's heart good to see men so cheerfully industrious; but I thought it a reproach to the order of the world that so much hard work should yield so little of comfort. But then, who knows which was the more comfortable, — the idle, criticising tourist or the sweating laborer? For the time being, at all events, the laborer had the air of a person inwardly well off. A mountain man with a "contract" was not likely to be envious even of a boarder at "Mrs. Davis's," as the hotel is locally, and very properly, called.

As I went on, passing the height of land and beginning my descent homeward, I met two other foot passengers, — two women: one old and fat, — the only fat mountaineer of either sex seen in North Carolina, — with a red face and a staff; the other young, slightly built and pale, carrying an old-fashioned shotgun (the ramrod projecting) over her right shoulder. Both wore sunbonnets, and the younger had a braid of hair hanging down her back. With her slender figure, her colorless face, her serious look, and the long musket, she would have made a subject for a painter. This pair I could think of no excuse for accosting, much as I should have enjoyed hearing them talk.¹ Shortly after they had gone, I stopped to speak with a small boy who was climbing the hill, with a mewling kitten hugged tightly to his breast. He was taking it home to his cat, he said. She brought in mice and things, and wanted something to give them to. The little fellow was still young enough to understand the mother instinct.

That was a truly social walk. I had never before found one of those mountain roads half so populous. Once, indeed, I drove all day without seeing a passenger of any sort, until, near the end

of the afternoon and within a mile or two of the town, I met a solitary horseman.

The *new* road, of which I have spoken, and concerning which I heard so much said on all hands, was really not quite that, but rather a new laying out — with loops here and there to avoid the steeper pitches — of the road from Walhalla, over which I had driven on my entrance into the mountains. My friend Mr. S — had made the surveys for the work, and the whole town was looking forward eagerly to its completion. Toward sunset, on a Sunday afternoon, I had been out of the village in an opposite direction, and was sitting by the wayside in the Stewart woods, full of flowers and music, where I loved often to linger, when three men approached on foot. "How far have you come?" I inquired. "From Franklin," — about twenty miles distant, — they answered. They were going to work "on the new road up at Stooly" (Satulah Mountain), or so I understood the oldest of the trio, who acted throughout as spokesman. (In my part of the country it is only the professionally idle who walk twenty miles at a stretch.) "Well," said I, none too politely, being nothing but an outsider, "I hope you'll make it better than it was when I came up." He replied, quite good-humoredly, that they were making a good road of it this time. And so they were, comparatively speaking; for I went over the mountain one day on purpose to see it, after I knew who had laid it out, and had begun to feel a personal interest in its success. One of the men carried a hoe, and one a small tin clock. They had no other baggage, I think. When a man works on the road, he needs a hoe to work with, and a timepiece to tell him when to begin and when to leave off. So I thought to myself; but

¹ On a different road, and on a Sunday morning, I met a young colored woman, — an unusual sight, colored people being *personae non gratae* in the mountains. We bade each other good-morning, as Christians should. My

notebook, I see, records her as dressed in her best clothes, — a blue gown, I think, — with a handsome light-colored silk parasol in one hand, and a tin pail in the other.

I am bound to add that these workmen seemed to be going to their task as if it were a privilege. It eases labor to feel that one is doing a good job. That makes the difference, so we used to be told, by Carlyle or some one else, between an artist and an artisan; and I see no reason why such encouraging distinctions should not apply to road-menders as well as to menders of philosophy. There is no such thing as drudgery, even for a man with a hoe, so long as quality is the end in view.

Whatever else was to be said of the roads hereabout, — and the question is of paramount importance in such a country, where mails and supplies must be transported thirty miles (a two days' journey for loaded wagons), — they were almost ideally perfect from a walking naturalist's point of view; neither sandy nor muddy, the two evils of Southern roads in general, and conducting the traveler at once into wild and shady places. The village is closely built, and no matter in which direction I turned, the houses were quickly behind me, and I was as truly in the woods as if I had made a day's march from civilization. A straggling town, with miles of outlying farms and pasture lands, through the sunny stretches of which a man must make his way forenoon and afternoon, is a state of things at once so usual and so disheartening that the point may well be among the earliest to be considered in planning a Southern vacation.

In a new country an ornithologist thinks first of all of the birds peculiar to it, if any such there are; and I was no sooner off the hotel piazza for my first ante-breakfast stroll at Highlands than I was on the watch for Carolina snow-birds and mountain solitary vireos, two varieties ("subspecies" is the more modern word) originally described a few years ago, by Mr. Brewster,¹ from specimens

taken at this very place. I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile over the road by which I had driven into the town, after dark, on the evening before, when I was conscious that a bird had flown out from under the overhanging bank just behind me. I turned hastily, and on the instant put my eye upon the nest. My ear, as it happened, had marked the spot precisely. "Here it is," I thought, and in a fraction of a minute more the anxious mother showed herself, — a snowbird. The nest looked somewhat larger than those I had seen in New Hampshire, but that may have been a fault of memory.² It contained young birds and a single egg. I was in great luck, I said to myself; but in truth, as a longer experience showed, the birds were so numerous all about me that it would have been no very difficult undertaking to find a nest or two almost any day.

Birds which had been isolated (separated from the parent stock) long enough to have taken on some constant physical peculiarity — without which they could not be entitled to a distinctive name, though it were only a third one — might be presumed to have acquired at the same time some slight but real idiosyncrasy of voice and language. But if this is true of the Carolina junco, I failed to satisfy myself of the fact. On the first day, indeed, I wrote with perfect confidence, "The song is clearly distinguishable from that of the northern bird, — less musical, more woodeny and chippery;" more like the chipping sparrow's, I meant to say. If I had come away then, with one bird's trill to go upon, that would have been my verdict, to be printed, when the time came, without misgiving. But further observation brought further light, or, if the reader will, further obscurity. Some individuals were better singers than others, — so much was to be expected; but

"larger and composed of coarser material" than that of *Junco hyemalis*.

¹ The Auk, vol. iii. pp. 108 and 111.

² My first impression was correct. Mr. Brewster, as I now notice, says of the nest that it is

taking them together, their music was that of ordinary snowbirds such as I had always listened to. For aught my ears told me, I might have been in Franconia. This is not to assert that the Alleghanian junco has not developed a voice in some measure its own; I believe it has; probability has more authority than personal experience with me in matters of this kind; but the change is as yet too inconsiderable for my senses to appreciate on a short acquaintance, with no opportunity for a direct comparison. In such cases, it is perhaps true that one needs to trust the first lively impression, — which has, undeniably, its own peculiar value, — or to wait the result of absolute familiarity. My stay of three weeks gave me neither one thing nor another; it was long enough to dissipate my first feeling of certainty, but not long enough to yield a revised and settled judgment.

The mountain vireo (*Vireo solitarius alticola*), like the Carolina snowbird, may properly be called a native of Highlands; and, like the snowbird, it proved to be common. My first sight of it was in the hotel yard, but I found it — single pairs — everywhere. A look at the feathers of the back through an opera-glass showed at once the principal distinction — apart from a superiority in size, not perceptible at a distance — on which its subspecific identity is based; but though to its original describer its song sounded very much finer than the northern bird's, I could not bring myself to the same conclusion. I should never have remarked in it anything out of the common. Once, to be sure, I heard notes which led me to say, "There! that voice is more like a yellow-throat's, — fuller and rounder than a typical solitary's;" but that might have happened anywhere, and at all other times, although I had the point continually in mind, I could only pronounce the song to be exactly what my ear was accustomed to, — sweet and everything that was beautiful, but a soli-

tary vireo's song, and nothing else. And this, to my thinking, is praise enough. There is no bird-song within my acquaintance that excels the solitary's in a certain intimate expressiveness, affectionateness, home-felt happiness, and purity. Not that it has all imaginable excellencies, — the unearthly, spiritual quality of the best of our woodland thrush music, for example; but such as it is, an utterance of love and love's felicity, it leaves nothing to ask for. What a contrast between it and the red-eye's comparatively meaningless and feelingless music! And yet, so far as mere form is concerned, the two songs may be considered as built upon the same model, if not variations of the same theme. There must be a world-wide difference between the two species, one would say, in the matter of character and temperament.

My arrival at Highlands seemed to have been coincident with that of an extraordinary throng of rose-breasted grosbeaks. For the first few days, especially, the whole countryside was alive with them, till I felt as if I had never seen grosbeaks before. Their warbling was incessant; so incessant, and at the same time so exceedingly smooth and sweet, — "mellifluous" is precisely the word, — that I welcomed it almost as a relief when the greater part of the chorus moved on. After such a surfeit of honeyed fluency, I was prepared better than ever to appreciate certain of our humbler musicians, — with a touch of roughness in the voice and something of brokenness in the tune; birds, for instance, like the black-throated green warbler, the yellow-throated vireo, and the scarlet tanager. But if I was glad the crowd had gone, I was glad also that a goodly sprinkling of the birds had remained; so that there was never a day when I did not see and hear them. The rose-breast is a lovely singer. In my criticism of him I am to be understood as meaning no more than this: that he, like every other artist, has the defects of his good qualities. Smooth-

ness is a virtue in music as in writing ; but it is not the only virtue, nor the one that wears longest.

After the grosbeaks, whose great abundance was but transitory, two of the most numerous birds were the Canadian flycatching warbler and the black-throated blue, — two Northerners, as I had always thought of them. Every mountain stream was overhung, mile after mile, by a tangle of rhododendron and laurel, and out of every such tangle came the hoarse, drawling *kree, kree, kree* of the black-throated blue, and the sharp, vivacious, half-wrennish song of the Canadian flycatcher. I had never seen either species in anything near such numbers ; and I may include the Blackburnian warbler in the same statement. Concerning the black-throated blue, it is to be said that within a year or two the Alleghanian bird has been discriminated by Dr. Coues as a local race, with a designation of its own, — *Dendroica cerulescens cairnsi*, — the points of distinction being its smaller size and the color of the middle back, black instead of blue. I cannot recollect that I perceived anything peculiar about its notes, nor, so far as appears, did Mr. Brewster do so ; yet it would not surprise me if such peculiarities were found to exist. The best of ears (and there can be very few to surpass Mr. Brewster's, I am sure) cannot take heed of everything, especially in a strange piece of country, with a voice out of every bush calling for attention.

A few birds, too familiar to have attracted any particular notice on their own account, became interesting because of the fact that they were not included among those found here by Mr. Brewster. One of these was the Maryland yellow-throat, of which Mr. Brewster saw no signs above a level of 2100 feet. (The elevation of Highlands, I may remind the reader, is 3800 feet.) At the time of my visit, the song, *witchery, witchery, witchery*, or *fidgety, fidgety, fidgety* (every listener will transliterate

the dactyls for himself), was to be heard daily from the hotel piazza, though so far away that, with Mr. Brewster's negative experience in mind, I deferred listening the name till, after two or three days, I found leisure to go down to the swamp out of which the notes, whatever they were, evidently proceeded. Then it transpired that at least five males were in song, in four different places. Later (May 25) I happened upon one in still another and more distant spot. Probably the species had come in since Mr. Brewster's day (eleven years before), with some change of local conditions, — the cutting down of a piece of forest, perhaps, and the formation of a bushy swamp in its place. A villager closely observant of such things, and well acquainted with the bird, assured me from his own recollection of the matter (and he remembered Mr. Brewster's visit well) that such was pretty certainly the case.

Another bird seen almost daily, though in limited numbers, was the red-winged blackbird, which Mr. Brewster noticed only in a few places in the lower valleys. It seemed well within the range of probability that the same changes which had brought in one lover of sedgy tussocks and button-bushes should have attracted also another. I made no search for nests, but the fact that the birds were seen constantly from May 7 to May 27 may be taken as reasonably conclusive evidence that they were on their breeding-grounds.

Two or more pairs of phœbes had settled in the neighborhood, and two or more pairs of parula warblers. The former were not found by Mr. Brewster above a level of 3000 feet, and the latter he missed at Highlands, although, as he says, the presence of trees hung with usnea lichens made their absence a surprise.

Hardly less rememberable than these differences of experience was one striking coincidence. On the 25th of May, when I had been at Highlands more than

a fortnight, I was sitting on the veranda waiting for the dinner-bell, and reading the praises of "free silver" in a Georgia newspaper, when I jumped to my feet at the whistle of a Baltimore oriole. I started at once in pursuit, and presently came up with the fellow, a resplendent old male, in a patch of shrubbery bordering the hotel grounds. I kept as near him as I could (in Massachusetts he would scarcely have drawn a second look), and even followed him across the street into a neighbor's yard. He was the only one I had seen (he was piping again the next morning, the last of my stay), and on referring to Mr. Brewster's paper I found that he too met with one bird here,¹ and in exactly the same spot. The keeper of the hotel remembered the circumstance, and the pleasure of Mr. Brewster over it. In my case, at any rate, the lateness and unexpectedness of the bird's appearance, together with what a certain scholarly friend of mine would have called his "uniquity," made him the bringer of a most agreeable noonday excitement. Where he had come from, and whether he had brought a mate with him, were questions I had no means of answering. He reminded me of my one Georgia oriole, on the field of Chickamauga.

The road to Horse Cove, of which I have already spoken, offered easy access to a lower and more summery level, the land at this point dropping almost perpendicularly for about a thousand feet. In half an hour the pedestrian was in a new climate, with something like a new fauna about him. Here were such birds as the Kentucky warbler, the hooded warbler, the cardinal grosbeak, and the Acadian flycatcher, none of them to be discovered on the plateau above. Here, also, — but this may have been nothing more than an accident, — were the only bluebirds (a single family) that I saw

anywhere until, on my journey out of the mountains, I descended into the beautiful Cullowhee Valley.

At Highlands the birds were a mixed lot, Southerners and Northerners delightfully jumbled: a few Carolina wrens (one was heard whistling from the summit of Whiteside!); a single Bewick wren, singing and dodging along a fence in the heart of the village; tufted titmice; Carolina chickadees; Louisiana water thrushes and turkey buzzards: and on the other side of the account, brown creepers, red-bellied nuthatches, black-throated blues, Canada warblers, Blackburnians, snowbirds, and olive-sided flycatchers.

An unexpected thing was the commonness of blue golden-winged warblers, chats, and brown thrashers (the chats less common than the other two) at an elevation of 3800 feet. Still more numerous, in song continually, even on the summit of Satulah, were the chestnut-sided warblers, although Mr. Brewster, in his tour through the region, "rarely saw more than one or two in any single day:" a third instance, as seemed likely, of a species that had taken advantage of new local conditions — an increase of shrubby clearings, in the present case — within the last ten years. Here, as everywhere, the presence of some birds and the absence of others were provocative of questions. Why should the Kentucky warbler sing from rhododendron thickets halfway up the slope at the head of Horse Cove, and never be tempted into other thickets, in all respects like them, just over the brow of the cliff, 500 feet higher? Why should the summer yellow-bird, which pushes its hardy spring flight beyond the Arctic circle, restrict itself here in the Carolinas to the low valley lands (I saw it at Walhalla and in the Cullowhee Valley), and never once choose a nesting-site in appropriate surroundings at a little higher level? Why should the chat and the blue golden-wing find life agreeable at Highlands,

¹ "At Highlands I saw a single male, — an unusually brilliant one, — which I was told was the only bird of the kind in the vicinity."

and their regular neighbors, the prairie warbler and the white-eyed vireo, so persistently refuse to follow them? And why, in the first half of May, was there so strange a dearth of migrants in these attractive mountain woods? — a few blackpoll warblers (last seen on the 18th), a single myrtle-bird (on the 7th), and a crowd of rose-breasted grosbeaks and Blackburnian warblers (on the 8th and 9th, especially) being almost the only ones to fall under my notice. After all, one of the best birds I saw, not forgetting the Wilson's phalarope, — my adventure with which has been detailed in an earlier paper, — was a song sparrow singing from a dense swampy thicket on the 25th of May. So far as I am aware, no bird of his kind has ever before been reported in summer from a point so far south. He looked natural, but not in the least commonplace, as, after a long wait on my part, — for the sake of absolute certainty, — he hopped out into sight. I was proud to have made one discovery!

In such a place, so limited in the range of its physical conditions, — a village surrounded by forest, — the birds, however numerous they might be, counted as individuals, were sure to be of comparatively few species. Omitting such as were certainly, or almost certainly, migrants or strays, — the blackpoll, the myrtle-bird, the barn swallow, the king-bird, the solitary sandpiper, and the phalarope, — and such as were found only at a lower level, in Horse Cove and elsewhere; omitting, too, all birds of prey, — few, and for the most part but imperfectly identified; restricting myself to birds fully made out and believed to be summering in the immediate neighborhood of Highlands; omitting the raven, of course, — I counted but fifty-nine species.

All things considered, I was not inconsolable at finding my ornithological activities in some measure abridged. I had the more time, though still much too

little, for other pursuits. It would have been good to spend the whole of it upon the plants, or in admiring the beauties of the country itself. As it was, I plucked a blossom here and there, stored up a few of the more striking of them in the memory, and enjoyed many an hour in gazing upon the new wild world, where, no matter how far I climbed, there was nothing to be seen on all sides but a sea of hills, wave rising beyond wave to the horizon's rim.

The horizon was never far off. I was twice on Satulah and twice on Whiteside, from which latter point, by all accounts, I should have had one of the most extensive and beautiful prospects to be obtained in North Carolina; but I had fallen upon one of those "spells of weather," common in mountainous places, which make a visitor feel as if nothing were so rare as a transparent atmosphere. For ordinary lowland purposes the days were no doubt favorable enough: a pleasing, wholesome alternation of rain and shine, wind and calm, with no lack of thunder and lightning, and once, at least, a lively hail-storm. "Weather like this I have never seen elsewhere. Such air!" So I wrote in my enthusiasm, thinking of physical comfort, — a man who wished to walk and sit still by turns, and be neither sunstruck nor chilled; but withal, there was never an hour of clear distance till the morning I came away, when mountain ascents were no longer to be thought of. The world was all in a cover of mist, and the outlying hills, one beyond another, with the haze settling into the valleys between them, were, as I say, like the billows of the sea. Nothing could have been more beautiful, perhaps; but a curtain is a curtain, and I longed to see it rise. A change of wind, a puff from the northwest, and creation would indeed have "widened in man's view." That was not to be, and all those lofty North Carolina peaks — of which, to a New Eng-

lander, there seem to be so many¹ — were seen by me only from railway trains and from the hotel veranda at Asheville, on my journey homeward. On Satulah and Whiteside I was forced to please myself with the glory of the foreground. What lay beyond the mist was matter for dreams.

But even as things were, I was not so badly used. There was more beauty in sight than I could begin to see, and, notwithstanding the comparative narrowness of the outlook, — partly because of it, — one of my most enjoyable forenoons was spent on the broad, open, slightly rounded summit of Satulah. Here and there ("more here than there," my pencil says) a solitary cabin was visible, or a bit of road, a ribbon of brown amidst the green of the forest, but no village, nor so much as a hamlet. The only other signs of human existence were a light smoke, barely distinguishable, rising from Horse Cove as I guessed, and, for a few minutes, a man whom my eye fell upon most unexpectedly, a motionless speck, though he was walking, far down the Walhalla road. I turned my glass that way, and behold, he had the usual bag of grain on his back.

The date was May 12. I had been in Highlands less than a week, and my thoughts still ran upon ravens, the birds which, more even than the southern snowbird and the mountain vireo, I had come hither to seek. They were said often to fly over, and this surely should be a place to see them. They could not escape me, if they passed within a mile. But though I kept an eye out, as we say, and an ear open, it was a vigil thrown away. Buzzards, swifts, and a bunch of twittering goldfinches were all the birds that "flew over." A chestnut-sided warbler sang so persistently from the mountain side just below that his sharp voice became almost a trouble. From

the same quarter rose the songs of an oven-bird, a rose-breasted grosbeak, and a scarlet tanager. On the summit itself were snowbirds and chewinks; and once, to my delight, a field sparrow gave out a measure or two. After all, go where you will, you will hear few voices that wear better than his, — clear, smooth, most agreeably modulated, and temperately sweet.

The only trees I remember at the very top of the mountain were a few dwarfed and distorted pines and white oaks, — enough to remind a Yankee that he was not in New Hampshire. On the other hand, here grew our Massachusetts huckleberry (*Gaylussacia resinosa*), which I had seen nowhere below, where a great abundance of the buckberry — so I think I heard it called (*G. ursina*), — taller bushes, more comfortable to pick from, with larger blossoms — seemed to have taken its place. I should have been glad to try the fruit, which was described as of excellent quality. On that point, with no thought of boasting, I could have spoken as an expert. With the huckleberry was chokeberry, another New England acquaintance, fair to look upon, but a hypocrite, — "by their fruits ye shall know them;" and underneath, among the stones, were common yellow five-fingers, bird-foot violets, and leaves of trailing arbutus, three-toothed potentilla (a true mountain-lover), checkerberry, and galax. With them, but deserving a sentence by themselves, were the exquisite vernal iris and the scarlet painted cup, otherwise known as the Indian's paint-brush and prairie fire, splendid for color, and in these parts, to my astonishment, a frequenter of the forest. I should have looked for it only in grassy meadows. Here and there grew close patches of the pretty, alpine-looking sand myrtle (*Leiophyllum buxifolium*), thickly covered with small white

eighty-two others more than 5000 feet high, and an "innumerable" multitude the altitude of which is between 4000 and 5000 feet.

¹ According to a publication of the State Board of Agriculture, North Carolina contains forty-three peaks more than 6000 feet high,

flowers, — a plant which I had seen for the first time the day before on the summit of Whiteside. Mountain heather I called it, finding no English name in Chapman's Flora. Stunted laurel bushes in small bud were scattered over the summit. A little later they would make the place a flower garden. A single rose-acacia tree had already done its best in that direction, with a full crop of gorgeous rose-purple clusters. The winds had twisted it and kept it down, but could not hinder its fruitfulness.

These things, and others like them, I noticed between times. For the most part, my eyes were upon the grand panorama, a wilderness of lazy, forest-covered mountains, as far as the eye could go; nameless to me, all of them, with the exception of the two most conspicuous, — Whiteside on the one hand, and Rabun Bald on the other. For my comfort a delicious light breeze was stirring, and the sky, as it should be when one climbs for distant prospects, was sprinkled with small cumulus clouds, which in turn dappled the hills with moving shadows. One thing brought home to me a truth which in our dullness we ordinarily forget: that the earth itself is but a shadow, a something that appeareth, changeth, and passeth away. The rocks at my feet were full of pot-holes, such as I had seen a day or two before, the water still swirling in them, at Cullasajah Falls. As universal time is reckoned, — if it is reckoned, — old Satulah and all that forest-covered world which I saw, or thought I saw, from it, were but of yesterday, a "divine improvisation," and would be gone to-morrow.

More beautiful than the round prospect from Satulah, though perhaps less stimulating to the imagination, was the view from the edge of the mountain wall at the head of Horse Cove. Here, under a chestnut tree, I spent the greater part of a half day, the valley with its road and its four or five houses straight at my feet. A dark precipice

of bare rock bounded it on the right, a green mountain on the left, and in the distance southward were ridges and peaks without number. A few of the nearer hills I knew the names of by this time: Fodderstack, Bearpen, Hogback, Chimneytop, Terrapin, Shortoff, Scaly, and Whiteside. Satulah was the only *fine* name in the lot; and that, for a guess, is aboriginal. The North American Indians had a genius for names, as the Greeks had for sculpture and poetry, and will be remembered for it.

I had come to the brow of the cliffs, at a place called Lover's Leap, in search of a particular kind of rhododendron. It bore a small flower, my informant had said, and grew hereabout only in this one spot. It proved to be *R. punctatum*, new to me, and now (May 23) in early blossom. Four days afterward, in the Cullowhee and Tuckaseegee valleys, I saw riverbanks and roadsides lined with it; very pretty, of course, being a rhododendron, but not to be compared in that respect with the purple rhododendron or mountain rose-bay (*R. Catawbiense*). That, also, was to be found here, but very sparingly, as far as I could discover. I felicitated myself on having seen it in its glory on the mountains of southeastern Tennessee. The common large rhododendron (*R. maximum*) stood in thickets along all the brooks. I must have walked and driven past a hundred miles of it, on the present trip, it seemed to me; but I have never been at the South late enough to see it in flower.

What I shall remember longest about the flora of Highlands — and there is no part of eastern North America that is botanically richer, I suppose — is the azaleas. When I drove up from Walhalla, on the 6th of May, the woods were bright, mile after mile, with the common pink species (*A. nudiflora*); and at Highlands, in some of the dooryards, I found in full bloom a much lovelier kind, — also pink, and also leafless, — *A. Vuseyi*, as it turned out: a rare and

lately discovered plant, of which the village people are justly proud. I could not visit its wild habitat without a guide, they told me. Within a week or so after my arrival the real glory of the spring was upon us: the woods were lighted up everywhere with the flame-colored azalea; and before it was gone, — while it was still at its height, indeed, — the familiar sweet-scented white azalea (*A. viscosa*), the “swamp pink” of my boyhood, came forward to keep it company and lend it contrast. By that time I had seen all the rhododendrons and azaleas mentioned in Chapman’s *Flora*, including *A. arborescens*, a tardy bloomer, which a botanical collector, with whom I was favored to spend a day on the road, pointed out to me in the bud.

The splendor of *A. calendulacea*, as displayed here, is never to be forgotten; nor is it to be in the least imagined by those who have seen a few stunted specimens of the plant in northern gardens. The color ranges from light straw-color to the brightest and deepest orange, and the bushes, thousands on thousands, no two of them alike, stand, not in rows or clusters, but broadly spaced, each by itself, throughout the hillside woods.

They were never out of sight, and I never could have enough of them. Wherever I went, I was always stopping short before one bush and another; admiring this one for the brilliancy or delicacy of its floral tints, and that one for its bold and pleasing habit. For as the plants do not grow in close ranks, so they do not put forth their flowers in a mass. They know a trick better than that. Thousands of shrubs, but every one in its own place, to be separately looked at; and on every shrub a few sprays of bloom, each well apart from all the others; one twig bearing nothing but leaves, another full of blossoms; a short branch here, a longer one there; and again, a smooth straight stem shooting far aloft, holding at the tip a bunch of leaves and

flowers; everything free, unstudied, and most irregularly graceful, as if the bushes had each an individuality as well as a tint of its own.

One walk on Satulah — not to the summit, but by a roundabout course through the woods to a bold cliff on the southern side (all the mountains, as a rule, are rounded on the north, and break off sharply on the south) — was literally a walk through an azalea show: first the flame-colored, bushes beyond count and variety beyond description; and then, a little higher, a plentiful display of the white *viscosa*, more familiar and less showy, but hardly less attractive.

Better even than this wild Satulah garden was a smaller one nearer home: a triangular hillside, broad at the base and pointed at the top, as if it were one face of a pyramid; covered loosely with grand old trees, — oaks, chestnuts, and maples; the ground densely matted with freshly grown ferns, largely the cinnamon *osmunda*, clusters of lively green and warm brown intermixed; and everywhere, under the trees and above the ferns, mountain laurel and flame-colored azalea, — the laurel blooms pale pink, almost white, and the azalea clusters yellow of every conceivable degree of depth and brightness. A zigzag fence bounded the wood below, and the land rose at a steep angle, so that the whole was held aloft, as it were, for the beholder’s convenience. It was a wonder of beauty, with nothing in the least to mar its perfection, — the fairest piece of earth my eye ever rested upon. The human owner of it, Mr. Selleck (why should I not please myself by naming him, a landowner who knew the worth of his possession!), had asked me to go and see it; and for his sake and its own, as well as for my own sake and the reader’s, I wish I could show it as it was. It rises before me at this moment, like the rhododendron cliffs on Walden’s Ridge, and will do so, I hope, to my dying day.

Bradford Torrey.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

XXXIII.

MATTINGLEY'S dungeon was infested with rats and other vermin; he had only straw for his bed, and his food and drink were bread and water. The walls were damp with moisture from the Fauxbie which ran beneath, and little more than a glimmer of light came through a small barred window. Superstition had surrounded the Vier Prison with horrors. As carts passed under the great archway, its depth multiplied the sounds so powerfully, the echoes were so fantastic, that folk believed them the roarings of fiendish spirits. If a mounted guard hurried through, the reverberations of the drumbeats and the clatter of hoofs were so uncouth that children stopped their ears and fled in terror. To the ignorant populace, the Vier Prison was the home of noisome serpents, and the rendezvous of the devil and his witches of Roebert.

When, therefore, the seafaring merchant of the Vier Marchi, whose massive, brass-studded bahué had been as a gay bazaar where the gentry of Jersey refreshed their wardrobes with one eye closed, — when he was transferred to the Vier Prison, little wonder that he should become a dreadful being, round whom played the lightnings of dark fancy and sombre terror! Elie Mattingley the popular sinner, with insolent gold rings in his ears, and unquestioned as to how he came by his merchandise, was one person; Elie Mattingley prepared as a torch for the burning, and housed amid the terrors of the Vier Prison, was another.

Few persons in Jersey slept during the night before his execution. Here and there compassionate women or unimportant men lay awake through pity, and a few through a vague sense of loss, — for henceforth the Vier Marchi would

lack a familiar interest; but mostly the people of Mattingley's world were kept awake through curiosity. Morbid expectation of the coming event had for them a touch of gruesome diversion; it would relieve the monotony of existence, and provide hushed gossip for vraise-gatherings and veilles for a long time to come. Thus Elie Mattingley's death would not be in vain.

Many things had come at once. Mattingley was one sensation, but there was still another. Olivier Delagarde had been unmasked as a traitor, and the whole island had gone tracking him down. No aged toothless tiger was ever sported through the jungle by an army of shikaris with hungrier malice than was the broken, helpless, and evil Olivier Delagarde by the people he had betrayed. Ensued, therefore, a commingling of devout patriotism and lust of man-hunting with a comely content in the expected sacrifice of the morrow.

Nothing of his neighbors' excitement disturbed Mattingley. He did not sleep, but that was because he was still watching and waiting for a means of escape. He felt his chances diminish, however, when, about midnight, an extra guard was put round the prison, — not so much to prevent escape as further to confirm the dignity of the Royal Court. Something had gone amiss in the matter of his rescue.

Three things had been planned. First, Mattingley was to try escape by the small window of the dungeon.

Secondly, Carterette was to bring Sebastian Alixandre to the Vier Prison disguised as a sorrowing aunt of the condemned man, known to live in Guernsey. Alixandre was suddenly to overpower the jailer; Mattingley was to make a rush for freedom, and a few bold spirits without would second his efforts and

smuggle him to the sea. The directing mind and hand in the business were Ranulph Delagarde's. He was to have his boat waiting in the harbor of St. Helier's to respond to a signal from the shore, to pilot them clear of the harbor and make sail for France, where he and his father were to be landed. There he would give Mattingley, Alixandre, and Carterette his own boat, to fare across the seas to the great fishing-ground of Gaspé in Canada.

Lastly, if these projects failed, the executioner was to be drugged with liquor, his besetting weakness, on the eve of the hanging.

The first of these plans had been found impossible, the window being too small for even Mattingley's head to get through. The second failed because the Royal Court had forbidden Carterette further admittance to the prison, intent that she should no longer be contaminated by so vile a wretch. This Christian solicitude had looked down from the windows of the Cohue Royale upon this same criminal in the Vier Marchi, with a blind eye for himself the sinner, and an open one for his merchandise; but now, restored to full sight by that oculist called accident, it had straightway righteously done what so long it had amiably left undone.

As the night wore on, Mattingley could hear the hollow sound of the sentinels' steps under the archway of the Vier Prison. He was stoical. If he had to die, then he had to die. Death could only be a little minute of agony; and for what came after — well, he had not thought fearfully of that, and he had no wish to think of it at all. The clergyman who had visited him had talked, and he had not listened; he had his own ideas about life and death and the beyond, and they were not ungenerous. He had seemed to his visitor patient, but impossible; kindly, but unresponsive; sometimes even curious, but without remorse.

"You should repent with sorrow and

a contrite heart," the clergyman had said. "You have done many evil things in your life, Mattingley."

Mattingley had replied, "Ah bah, I can't remember them! I know I never done them, for I never done anything but good all my life, — so much for so much."

He had argued it out with himself, and he believed he was a good man. He had been open-handed, fair in a bargain, had stood by his friends, and, up to a few days ago, had been outwardly counted a good citizen, for many had come to profit through him. His trades — a little smuggling, a little piracy. Was not the former hallowed by distinguished patronage, and had it not existed from time immemorial? The latter was fair fight for gain, — an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. If he had not robbed others on the high seas, they would probably have robbed him, — and sometimes they did. His spirit was that of the Elizabethan buccaneers who defeated the invincible Armada; he belonged to a century not his own. As for the crime for which he was to suffer death, it had been the work of a confederate; and very bad work it was, — to try to steal Jean Touzel's *Hardi Biaou*, and then bungle it! He had had nothing to do with it, for he and Jean Touzel were the best of friends, as was proved by the fact that while he lay in his dungeon awaiting death, Jean wandered the shore distracted and sorrowing for Mattingley's fate.

Thinking now of the whole business and of his past life, Mattingley suddenly had a pang. Yes, remorse smote him at last. There was one thing on his conscience, — only one. He had a profound reverence for the feelings of others, and where the Church was concerned this was mingled with a droll sort of pity, as of the greater for the lesser, the wise for the helpless. For clergymen he had a half-affectionate contempt. He remembered now that his confederate, who had

turned out so badly — he had trusted him, too! — when, four years ago, he wickedly robbed the Church of St. Michael's, and carried off the great chest with Communion plate, offertories, and rent, had piously left behind in Mattingley's house the vestry books and register, — a nice definition in rogues' etiquette and ethics. It smote Mattingley's soul now, that these stolen books had not been returned to St. Michael's. His sense of reverence was shocked. Next morning he must send word to Carterette to restore these records. Then his conscience would be clear once more. With this intention quieting his mind, he turned over on his straw and went peacefully to sleep.

Hours afterward he waked with a yawn. There was no start, no terror, but the appearance of the jailer with the devoted clergyman roused in him a sense of disgust for the approaching function at the Mont ès Pendus, — disgust was his chief feeling. This was no way for a man to die! With a choice of evils, he would have preferred walking the plank, or even dying quietly in his bed, to being stifled by a rope. To dangle from a crosstree like a half-filled bag offended every instinct of picturesqueness; and always and above all he had been picturesque.

He asked at once for pencil and paper. His wishes were instantly obeyed, and with deference. On the whole, he realized, by the attentions paid him, — the brandy offered by the jailer, the fluttering grave tenderness of the clergyman, — that in the life of a criminal there is one moment when he commands the situation. He refused the brandy, for he was strongly against spirituous liquors in the early morning; but he ordered coffee, for he was thirsty. Eating seemed superfluous; besides, he thought a man might die more gayly on an empty stomach. He assured the clergyman that he had come to terms with his conscience, and was now about

to perform the last act of a well-intentioned life.

There and then he wrote to Carterette, telling her about the vestry books of St. Michael's, and making his last request that she should restore them. There were no affecting messages between him and the girl, — they understood each other. He knew that when it was possible she would never fail to come to the mark where he was concerned, and she had equal faith in him. So the letter was sealed, addressed with flourishes, — he was proud of his handwriting, — and handed to the clergyman for Carterette.

He had scarcely finished his coffee when there was a roll of drums outside. Mattingley knew that his hour was come, and yet, to his surprise, he had no extraordinary sensations. He had a shock presently, however; for on the jailer's announcing the executioner, who should be standing there before him but the undertaker's apprentice! In politeness to the clergyman Mattingley forbore profanity, — a gracious self-denial. This was the one Jerseyman for whom he had a profound hatred, — this youth with the slow, cold, watery blue eye, a face that never wrinkled with either mirth or misery, the teeth set square in the jaw always showing a little, making an involuntary grimace of cruelty. Here was insult.

"Help of Heaven, so you're going to do it — you!" broke out Mattingley.

"The other man is drunk," said the undertaker's apprentice; "he's been full as a jug three days. He got drunk too soon." The grimace seemed to widen.

"Oh my good!" said Mattingley, and he would say no more. To him words were like nails, — of no use unless they were to be driven home by acts.

To Mattingley the procession to the Mont ès Pendus was stupidly slow. As it issued from the archway of the Vier Prison between mounted guards, and passed through the lane made by the

moving mass of spectators, he looked round coolly. One or two bold spirits cried out, "Head up to the wind, Maître Elie!"

"Oui-gia," he replied; "devil a top-sail in!" and turned with a look of contempt on those who hooted him. He realized now that there was no chance of rescue. The island militia and the town guard were in ominous force; and although his respect for the militia was not devout, a bullet from the musket of a fool was as effective as one from Bonapend's, — as Napoleon Bonaparte was disdainfully called in Jersey. Yet he could not but wonder why all the plans of Alixandre, Carterette, and Ranulph had gone for nothing, — even the hangman had been got drunk too soon! He had a high opinion of Ranulph, and that he should fail him was a blow to his judgment of humanity.

He was thoroughly disgusted. Also they had compelled him to put on a white shirt, — he who had never worn linen in his life. He was ill at ease in it. It made him conspicuous; it looked as though he were aping the gentleman at the last. He tried to resign himself; but resignation was not to be learned so late in life. Somehow, he could not feel that this was really the day of his death. Yet how could it be otherwise? There was the vicomte in his red robe. There was the sinister undertaker's apprentice, proud of his importance, ready to do his hangman's duty with no twinge of sentiment. There, as they crossed the mielles, while the sea droned its sing-song on his left, was the parson droning his sing-song on the right, — "In the midst of life we are in death," etc. There were the red-coated militia, the unkempt mounted guard, the grumbling drums, and the crowd morbidly enjoying their Roman holiday. And there, looming up before him, were the four stone pillars on the Mont ès Pendus from which he was to swing. His disgust deepened. He was not dying like a

seafarer who had fairly earned his reputation.

His feelings found vent even as he came to the foot of the platform where he was to make his last stand, and the guards formed a square about the great pillars, glooming like Druidic altars awaiting their victim. He burst forth in one phrase expressive of his feelings.

"Sacré matin, so damned paltry!" he said, in equal tribute to two races.

The undertaker's apprentice, mistaking his meaning, and thinking it a reflection upon his arrangements, returned, with a wave of the hand to the rope, "Ch'est très ship-shape, maitre!" But he was wrong. He had made everything ship-shape, as he thought; but two obscure, dishonored folk, one a wise man and the other a fool, had set a gin for him. The rope to be used at the hanging had been prepared, examined by the vicomte, approved, and the undertaker's apprentice had carried it to his room at the top of the Cohue Royale. In the dead of night, however, Dormy Jamais drew it from under the mattress, and substituted one which was too long. This had been Ranulph's idea as a last resort; for he had a grim satisfaction in trying to foil the law even at the twelfth hour!

The great moment had come. The shouts and hootings ceased. Out of the silence there rose only the champing of a horse's bit or the hysterical giggle of a woman. The high, painful drone of the parson's voice was heard.

Then came the fatal "*Maintenant!*" from the vicomte. The platform fell, and Elie Mattingley dropped the length of the rope.

What was the consternation of the vicomte and the hangman, and the horror of the crowd, to see that Mattingley's toes just touched the ground! The body shook and twisted. The man was being slowly strangled, not hanged.

The undertaker's apprentice was the only person who kept a cool head. The

solution of the problem of the rope for afterward; but he had been sent there to hang a man, and a man he would hang somehow. Without more ado, he jumped upon Mattingley's shoulders and began to drag him down.

The next instant some one burst through the mounted guard and the militia: it was Ranulph Delagarde. Rushing to the vicomte, he exclaimed, "Shame! The man was to be hung, not strangled! This is murder! Stop it, or I'll cut the rope!" He looked round on the crowd. "Cowards! cowards!" he cried, "will you see him murdered?"

He started forward to drag away the executioner, but the vicomte, thoroughly terrified at Ranulph's onset, seized the undertaker's apprentice, who drew off with unruffled malice, and with steely eyes watched what followed.

Mattingley's feet were now firmly on the ground. While the excited crowd tried to break through the cordon of militia and mounted guards, Mattingley, by a twist and a jerk, freed his corded hands. Loosing the rope at his neck, he opened his eyes and looked around him, dazed and dumb.

The apprentice came forward. "I'll shorten the rope — oui-gia! Then you shall see him swing!" he grumbled viciously to the vicomte.

The gaunt vicomte was trembling with excitement. This was an unexpected situation. He looked helplessly around.

The apprentice caught hold of the rope to tie knots in it and so shorten it; but Ranulph again appealed to the vicomte, although in his voice there was more command than appeal.

"You've hung the man," he said; "you've strangled him, and you've not killed him. You've got no right to put that rope round his neck again!"

Two jurats who had waited on the outskirts of the crowd, furtively watching the carrying out of their sentence, burst in, as excited and nervous as the vicomte.

"Hang the man again, and the whole

world will laugh at you," Ranulph said. "If you're not worse than fools or Turks, you'll let him go. He has suffered death already. Take him back to the prison, if you're afraid to free him!" He turned round to the crowd fiercely. "Have you nothing to say to this butchery?" he cried. "For the love of God, have n't you anything to say?"

Half the crowd shouted, "Let him go free!" and the other half, disappointed in the working out of the gruesome melodrama, groaned and hooted.

Meanwhile, Mattingley stood as still as ever he had stood by his bahue in the Vier Marchi, watching — waiting.

The vicomte conferred with the jurats nervously for a moment, and then turned to the guard and said, "Escort the prisoner to the Vier Prison."

Mattingley had been slowly solving the problem of his salvation. His eye, like a gimlet, had screwed its way through Ranulph's words into what lay behind, and at last he understood the whole beautiful scheme. It pleased him. Carterette had been worthy of herself and of him. Ranulph had played his game well, too. Sebastian Alixandre, whom now he saw peering over the shoulders of a militiaman, — he was entirely proud of him, also. He failed only to do justice to one, — even to the poor *bégonne*, Dormy Jamais. But then the virtue of fools is its own reward.

As the procession started back, with the undertaker's apprentice following Mattingley, not going before, Mattingley turned to him, and with a smile of malice said, "Ch'est très ship-shape, maitre — eh?" and he jerked his head back toward the inadequate rope.

He was not greatly troubled about the rest of this grisly farce. He was now ready for breakfast, and his appetite grew as he heard how the crowd hooted and snarled *yah!* at the apprentice. He was quite easy about the future. What had been so well done thus far could not fail in the end.

XXXIV.

Events proved Mattingley right. It is more than probable that the fury of the Royal Court, when they heard he had broken prison, was not quite sincere; for it was notable that the night of his escape, suave and uncrestfallen, they dined in the Rue des Très Pigeons, in the sanctuary provided for them by mine host Maître Lys. The flight of Mattingley gave them a happy issue from their quandary.

No one in Jersey knew how it was that Mattingley broke jail, nor who connived at it, but the vicomte officially explained that he had escaped by the dungeon window. People came to see the window, and there, "*bà sù*," the bars were gone! But that did not prove the case, and the mystery was deepened by the fact that Jean Touzel, whose head was too small for Elie Mattingley's hat, could not get that same head through the dungeon window. Having proved so much, Jean left the mystery there, and returned to the Hardi Biaou.

This happened on the morning after the dark night when Mattingley, Carterette, and Alixandre hurried from the Vier Prison through the Rue des Sablons to the sea, and there boarded Ranulph's boat, wherein was Olivier Delagarde, the traitor.

Accompanying Carterette to the shore was a little figure that moved along beside them like a shadow, — a little gray figure that carried a gold-headed cane given to him by the late monarch of France. At the shore this same little gray figure bade Mattingley good-by with a quavering voice. Whereupon Carterette, her face all wet with tears, kissed him upon both cheeks, and sobbed so that she could scarcely speak. For now when it was all over — all the horrible ordeal over — the woman in her broke down before the little old gentleman who had been so kind to her, who

had been like a benediction in the house where the ten commandments were imperfectly upheld. But she choked down her sobs, and, thinking of another woman more than of herself, said: —

"Dear chevalier, do not forget that book I gave you to-night. Read it — read the last writing in it, and then you will know — ah *bidemme*! — but you will know that her we love — ah, but you must read it, and tell nobody till — till you see her. She has n't held her tongue for naught, and it's only fair to do as she's done all along. *Pardingue*, but my heart hurts me!" she added, and she caught the hand that held the gold-headed cane and kissed it with impulsive ardor. "You have been so good to me — *oui-gia*!" she said; and then she dropped the hand, and fled to the boat rocking in the surf.

The little chevalier watched the boat glide out into the gloom of night, and waited till he knew that they must all be aboard Ranulph's schooner and making for the sea. Then he went slowly back to the empty house in the Rue d'Egypte.

Opening the book that Carterette had placed in his hands before they left the house, he turned up and scanned closely the last written page. A moment after he started violently; his eyes dilated, first with wonder, then with a bewildered joy; and then, Protestant though he was, with the instinct of his long-gone forefathers, he made the sacred sign, and said, "Now I have not lived and loved in vain, thanks be to God!"

Even as joy opened the eyes of this wan old man who had been sorely smitten through the friends of his heart, out at sea night and death were closing the eyes of another wan old man who had been a traitor to his country.

For indeed the boat of the fugitives had scarcely cleared reefs and rocks, and reached the open Channel, when Olivier

Delagarde, uttering the same cry as when Ranulph and the soldiers had found him wounded in the Grouville Road, fifteen years before, suddenly started up from where he had lain mumbling, and whispering hoarsely, "Ranulph — they've killed — me!" fell back dead.

True to the instinct which had kept him faithful to one idea for fifteen years, and in spite of the protests of Mattingley and Carterette, — of the despairing Carterette, who felt the last thread of her hopes snap with his going, — Ranulph at once made ready to leave them, and bade them good-by. Placing his father's body in the rowboat, he drew back to the shore of St. Aubin's Bay with his pale freight, and carried it on his shoulders up to the little house where he had lived for years.

There he kept the death-watch alone.

XXXV.

Guida knew nothing of the arrest and trial of Mattingley until he had been condemned to death. Nor until then had she known anything of what had happened to Olivier Delagarde; for the day after her interview with Ranulph she had gone a-marketing to the island of Sark, with the results of a quarter of a year's knitting. Several times a year she made this journey, landing at the Eperqu rie Rocks, as she had done one day long ago, and selling her beautiful wool caps and jackets to the farmers and fisherfolk, getting in kind for what she sold.

This time she had remained at Sark beyond her intention, for ugly gales from the southeast came on, and then a slight accident happened to her child, the little Guilbert. Thus a month and over passed, and by the time she was ready to return to Plemont Mattingley had been condemned.

When Guida made these excursions to Sark, Dormy Jamais always remained

at the little house, milking her cow, feeding her fowls, and keeping all in order, — as perfect a sentinel as Biribi, and as faithful. For the first time in his life, however, Dormy Jamais had been unfaithful. Not long after Carcaud, the baker, and Mattingley were arrested, he deserted the hut at Plemont to exploit the adventure which was at last to save Olivier Delagarde and Mattingley from death. But he had been unfaithful only in the letter of his bond. He had gone to the house of Jean Touzel, through whose Hardi Biaou the disaster had come, and had told Maitresse Aimable that she must go to Plemont in his stead; for a fool must keep his faith, whatever the worldly-wise may do. So the poor simpleton and the fat femme de ballast, puffing with every step, trudged across the island to Plemont. There the fool installed the cumbersome figure in her place as keeper of the house, and, tireless, sleepless, trudged back again in the dark night to his fugitives from justice.

The next day Maitresse Aimable's quiet had been invaded by two signalmen, who kept watch, not far from Guida's home, for all sail, friend or foe, bearing in sight. They were now awaiting the new admiral of the Jersey station and his fleet, and they brought Maitresse Aimable strange news. With churlish insolence, they had entered the hut before she could prevent it. Looking round, they laughed meaningly, and then told her that the commander presently coming to lie with his fleet in Grouville Bay was none other than the sometime Jersey midshipman, now Admiral Prince Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy. Maitresse Aimable then understood the meaning of their laughter, and the insult they implied concerning Guida; and again her voice came ravaging out of the silence where it lay hid so often and so long, and the signalmen went their way.

Maitresse Aimable could not make head or tail of her thoughts; they were

a mixture altogether. She could not see an inch before her nose; all she could feel was an aching heart for Guida. She had heard strange tales of how Philip had become Prince Philip d'Avranche; how the old duke had died on the very day that Philip had married the Comtesse Chantavoine; how the imbecile Prince Leopold John had succeeded; how he had died suddenly; how Prince Philip had become the Duc de Berey; and how he had fought his ship against a French vessel off Ushant, and, though she had heavier armament than his own, had destroyed her. For this he had been made an admiral. Only the other day her Jean had brought the Gazette de Jersey, in which all these things were related, and had spelled them out for her. And now this same Philip d'Avranche, with his new name and fame, was on his way to defend the Isle of Jersey.

Maitresse Aimable's muddled mind could not get hold of this new Philip. For years she had thought him a monster, and here he was, a great and valiant gentleman to the world. He had done a thing that Jean would rather have cut off his hand — both hands — than do, and yet here he was, an admiral, a prince, and a sovereign duke, and men like Jean were as dust beneath his feet! The real Philip she had known, and he was the man who had spoiled the life of a woman; this other Philip, — she could read about him, she could think about him, just as she could think about William and his Horse in Boulay Bay, or the Little Bad Folk of Robert, but she could not realize him as a thing of flesh and blood and actual being. The more she tried to realize him, the more mixed she became.

As in her mental maze she sat panting her way to enlightenment, she saw Guida's boat entering the little harbor. Now the truth must be told; but how?

After her first exclamation of welcome to mother and child, she struggled

painfully for her voice. She tried to find words in which to tell Guida the truth, but stopping in despair, she began rocking the child back and forth, saying only, "Prince Admiral he — and now! Oh my good, oh my good!"

At this point of hesitation Guida's sharp intuition found the truth.

"Philip d'Avranche!" she said to herself. Then aloud, in a shaking voice, "Philip d'Avranche!"

Her heart suddenly leaped within her, not with emotion at thought of him or of anything that he had been to her, but because she felt a crisis near. She could not think clearly for a moment. It was as if her brain had received a blow, and all her head had a numb, singing sensation which obscured eyesight, hearing, speech.

When she had recovered a little, she took the child from Maitresse Aimable, and, pressing him to her bosom, placed him in the Sieur de Mauprat's great armchair. Never before had the little Guilbert sat there. The outward action, ordinary as it was, seemed significant of what was in her mind. The child himself realized something unusual, and he sat perfectly still, his small hands spread out on the big arms.

"You always believed in me, 'Tresse Aimable," Guida said at last, in a low voice.

"Oui-gia, what else?" was the quick reply. The instant responsiveness of her own voice appeared to confound the femme de ballast, and her face suffused.

Guida stooped quickly and kissed her on the cheek.

"You'll never regret that. And you will have to go on believing still; but you'll not be sorry at the end, 'Tresse Aimable," she said, and turned away to the fireplace.

An hour afterward Maitresse Aimable was upon her way to St. Helier's, but now she carried her weight more easily and panted less. No doubt this was because it was all downhill, added to the

remembrance that Guida had kissed her. Moreover, twice within a month Jean had given her ear a friendly pinch; surely she had reason to carry her weight more lightly.

That afternoon and evening Guida struggled with herself. At first all her thoughts were in conflict; the woman in her shrinking from the ordeal that soon must come, almost preferring the peace of this isolation from her own world, in the knowledge of her own uprightness. But the mother in her pleaded, asserted, commanded, ruled confused ideas and emotions to quiet and definite purpose. Finality of purpose once achieved, a kind of peace came over her sick spirit; for with finality there is quiescence, if not peace.

When she looked at the little Guilbert, refined and strong, curiously observant and sensitive in temperament, so like herself, her courage suddenly leaped to a higher point than it had ever known. This innocent had suffered enough. What belonged to him he had not had. He had been wronged in much by his father, and maybe (and this was the cruel part of it) had been unwittingly wronged — alas, how unwittingly! — by her. If she gave her own life many times, it still could be no more than was the child's due.

Gazing at him now, seated in the great armchair, his look carrying the consciousness of some new dignity to which he must conform, her heart swelled with pride of him. How well they understood each other, and how wise was the child! He seemed always to feel what was going on in his mother's mind. It was almost uncanny, his interpretation of her thoughts. Often she had glanced up from her work to find his eyes fixed upon her, just as her own mother's gaze had been wont to rest upon her, though the looks had been so different; this later tie was so close, so vital, so intimate.

An impulse seized her now, and, with

a quick explosion of feeling, she dropped on her knees in front of the armchair. Looking into his eyes, as though hungering for the word she so often yearned to hear, she said, "You love your mother, Guilbert? You love her, little son?"

With a pretty smile and eyes brimming with affectionate fun, but without a word, the child put out a tiny hand and drew the fingers softly down his mother's face.

"Speak, little son: tell your mother that you love her."

The little hand pressed itself over her eyes, and a gay laugh came from the sensitive lips; then both arms ran round her neck. The child drew her head to him impulsively, and kissing her, a little upon the hair and a little upon the forehead, so indefinite was the embrace, he said, "Si, maman, I loves you best of all!" Then, preoccupied with his new dignity, he sat back, put his hands upon the chair-arms as before, and, as she looked at him entranced, added, "Maman, can't I have the sword now?"

By what strange primitive instinct did he interpret meanings, and by his infant logic come into line with her own thoughts and purposes?

"You shall have the sword some day," she answered, her eyes flashing.

"But, maman, can't I touch it now?"

Without a word, she took down the sheathed gold-handled sword and laid it across the chair-arms in front of the child.

"I can't take the sword out, can I, maman?" he asked.

She could not help smiling. "Not yet, my son, not yet."

"I has to be growed up, so the blade does n't hurt me, has n't I, maman?"

She nodded, and smiled again. Presently she said to him, "Guilbert, if I let you have the sword, will you stay here alone with Biribi till I come back?"

He nodded his head sagely. "Ma-

man!" he called, as she was about to go. She turned to him; the little figure was erect with a sweet importance. "Maman, what am I now?" he asked, with wide-open, amazed eyes.

A strange look passed across her face. She went over to him, and, stooping, kissed his curly hair.

"You are my prince."

He did not reply to that, but his eyes blinked as though he were trying to work it out in his own mind.

A little later Guida was standing on that point of land called Grosnez, — the brow of the Jersey tiger. Not far from her was the signal-staff which telegraphed to another signal-staff inland. Upon the staff now was hoisted a red flag. She knew the signals well; the red flag meant men-of-war in sight. Then bags were hoisted that told the number of vessels: one, two, three, four, five, six; then one next the upright, meaning seven. Last of all came the signal for a flagship among them.

This was a fleet in command of an admiral. There, far out, between Guernsey and Jersey, was the squadron itself. She watched it for a little while, her heart hardening; then, turning, she went back to the hut, for she saw that the men by the signal-staff were watching her. But presently she came out again with the child, and, in a spot where she was shielded from any eyes on the land or on ships at sea, she watched the fleet draw nearer and nearer.

The vessels passed almost within a stone's throw of her. She could see the flag, the St. George's cross, flying at the main of the largest ship. That was the admiral's flag; that was the flag of Admiral Prince Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy!

She felt her heart stand still, and with a tremor, as of fear, she gathered the child close to her.

"What is all those ships, maman?" asked the boy.

"They are the ships to defend the island of Jersey," she replied, watching the Imperturbable and its flotilla range on.

"Will they offend us, maman?"

"Perhaps,—in the end," she said; but still the answer was not wholly intended for the child.

XXXVI.

Off Grouville Bay, between the Castle of Mont Orgueil and the beautiful, malignant Banc des Violets, lay the squadron of the Jersey station. The St. George's cross was flying at the main of the Imperturbable, and on every ship of the fleet the white ensign flapped in the morning wind. The wooden-walled three-decked Imperturbable, with her one 68-pounder, seventy-four 32-pounders, and six hundred men, was not less picturesque, and was much more important, than the Castle of Mont Orgueil, standing over two hundred feet above the level of the sea, and flying the flag of a vice-admiral. It had become the home of Admiral Prince Philip d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, and the Comtesse Chantavoine, now known to the world as the Duchesse de Bercy.

The Comtesse Chantavoine had arrived in the island almost simultaneously with Philip, although he had urged her to remain at the Château of Bercy. But the duchy of Bercy was in hard case. When the imbecile Duke Leopold John died, and Philip succeeded, the neutrality of Bercy was proclaimed; but this neutrality had since been violated, and the duchy was in danger at once from the incursions of the Austrians and the ravages of the Republican troops. In Philip's absence, the valiant governor-general of the duchy, aided by the influence and courage of the Comtesse Chantavoine, had thus far saved it from dismemberment, in spite of attempted betrayals by the intendant, Comte Ca-

rignan Damour, who remained Philip's implacable enemy. But when the Marquis Grandjon-Larisse, the uncle of the comtesse, died, her cousin, General Grandjon-Larisse, — whose word with Dalbarade had secured Philip's release, years before, — for her own protection, first urged, and then commanded her temporary absence from the duchy. So far he had been able to protect it from the fury of the Republican government and the secret treachery of the Jacobins; but a time of real peril was now at hand. Under these anxieties and the lack of other inspiration than duty, her health had failed, and at last she obeyed her cousin, joining Philip at the Castle of Mont Orgueil.

More than a year had passed since she had seen him, but there was no emotion, no ardor, in their present greeting. From the first there was nothing to link them together. She had married hoping that she might love thereafter; he had married in choler and bitterness, and in the stress of a desperate ambition. He had avoided the marriage so long as he might, in the hope of preventing it until the duke should die; but, with the irony of fate, the expected death had come an hour after the marriage. Then, within eighteen months, came the death of the imbecile Leopold John, and Philip found himself the Duke of Bercey; and not a month later, by reason of a splendid victory for the Imperturbable, an English admiral.

In this battle he had fought for victory for his ship, and a fall for himself. Death, with the burial of private dishonor under the roses of public triumph, — that had been his desire, all other ambitions being now achieved. But he had found that Death is willful, and chooseth his own time; that he may be lured, but will not come with shouting. So he had stoically accepted his fate, and could even smile with a bitter cynicism when ordered to proceed to the coast of Jersey, where it was deemed

certain collision with a French squadron would occur. From Mont Orgueil he could have communication by signals with the leaders of the Vendée, among whose most famous chieftains was now Comte Détréand de Tournay. The high place Philip had striven for, sold his honor for, had been granted him, and now, with sinister amusement, Fate threw him into alliance with the man he hated, the heir by blood and descent to the duchy he ruled.

Thus, too, he was brought face to face with his past, — with the memory of Guida Landresse de Landresse. Looking out from the windows of Mont Orgueil Castle or from the deck of the Imperturbable, he could see — and he could scarce choose but see — the lonely Ecréhos. There, with a wild eloquence, he had made a girl believe he loved her, and had taken the first step in the path which should have led to true happiness and honor. From this good path he had violently swerved — and now?

From all that appeared, however, the world went very well with him. Almost any morning one might have seen a boat shoot out from below the castle wall, carrying a flag with the blue ball of a vice-admiral of the white in the canton; and as the admiral himself stepped upon the deck of the Imperturbable, the guard under arms offered the ceremony of respect, while across the water came a gay march played in his honor.

Jersey was elate, eager to welcome one of her own sons risen to such high estate; and when, the day after his arrival, he passed through the Vier Marchi on his way to visit the lieutenant-governor, the jurats in their red robes impulsively turned out to greet him. They were ready to prove that memory is a matter of will and cultivation. There is no curtain so opaque as that which drops between the mind of man and the thing which it is to his disadvantage to remember. But how closely does the

ear of advantage listen for the footfall of a most distant memory, when to do so is to share even a reflected glory!

A week had gone since Philip had landed on the island. There was scarce an hour of that time when memory had not pursued him, scarce a step he took but reminded him of Guida. If he came along the shore of St. Clement's Bay, he saw the spot where he had stood with her the evening he married her, and she said to him, "*Philip, I wonder what we shall think of this day a year from now? . . . To-day is everything to you; to-morrow is very much to me.*" He remembered Shoreham sitting upon the cromlech above, singing the legend of the *gui-l'année*, — and Shoreham was lying now a hundred fathoms deep!

As he walked through the Vier Marchi with his officers, there flashed before his eyes the scene of fifteen years ago, when amid the grime and havoc of battle he had run to save Guida from the scimitar of the garish Turk. Crossing the Place du Vier Prison, he recalled the morning when, with his few sailors, he had rescued Ranulph from the hands of the mob, and Guida's face at the window had set his pulses beating faster. How many years ago was this, then? Only four, and yet it seemed twenty.

He was a boy then; now his hair was streaked with gray. He had been light-hearted then, and he was still buoyant with his fellows, still alert and vigorous, quick of speech and keen of humor, — but only before the world. In his own home he was fitful of temper, impatient of the still, meditative look of his wife, of her resolute tenacity of thought and purpose, of her unvarying evenness of mood through which no warmth played. If she had only defied him, given him petulance for petulance, impatience for impatience, it would have been easier to bear. If — if he could only read behind those still, passionless eyes, that clear, unvarying, unwrinkled forehead! But

he knew her no better now than he did the day he married her. Unwittingly she chilled him, and he knew that he had no right to complain. He knew that he had done her the greatest wrong which can be done a woman; for, whatever chanced, Guida was still his wife. There was in him yet the strain of Calvinistic morality of the island race that bred him. He had shrunk from coming here, but it had proved far worse than he had looked for.

One day, in a nervous, bitter moment, after an impatient hour with the comtesse, he had said, "Can you — can you not speak? Can you not tell me what you think of this?" And she had answered quietly, "It would do no good; you would not understand. I know you in some ways better than you know yourself, but you do not know me at all. I cannot tell what it is, but there is something wrong in your nature, something that has poisoned your life. And not I alone have felt that. I never told you, but you remember the day the old duke died, — the day we were married? You had gone from the room an instant. The duke beckoned me to him, and whispered, 'Don't be afraid — don't be afraid' — and then he died. That meant that he was afraid; that death had cleared his sight as to you, in some way. He was afraid, — of what? And I have been afraid, — of what? I do not know. Things have not gone well, somehow. You are strong, you are brave, and I come of a race that have been strong and brave; yet — yet we are lonely and far apart, and we shall never be nearer or less lonely, — that I know."

To this he had made no reply. His anger had vanished. Something in her words had ruled him to her own calmness, and at that moment he had had the first flash of understanding of her nature and its relation to his own. He had simply said that time would probably give them better knowledge, and with that he had left her.

Passing through the Rue d'Egypte one day, in front of the house of Elie Mattingley, the smuggler, he met Dormy Jamais. Forgetful of everything save that this quaint, foolish figure had interested him when a boy, he called him by name; but Dormy Jamais swerved away, eying him askance.

Immediately afterward, chancing to look up at the windows of Mattingley's house, he suddenly felt a shiver run through him. There were the faces of the two men whom he least cared to see in this world, — Ranulph Delagarde and the Chevalier du Champsavoys. Ranulph was looking down at him with an infinite scorn and loathing, yet with something of triumph, too; and there was a disconcerting look of triumph, also, in the chevalier's face. The triumph in both faces was due to the fact that, but a few minutes before, the chevalier had shown to Ranulph a certain page in a certain book, long lost, which Carterette Mattingley had placed in his hands.

From this page Ranulph knew that Guida would henceforth have stronger champions than himself; that he might now seek his own fate with one burden the less on his mind; that he was free to go forth and lose himself in the storm of war in the Vendée.

Something in Ranulph's eye quickened Philip's footsteps, drove him on, angry and confused. He bitterly reflected that there was no one of these men but was happier than he. He would willingly have changed places with Mattingley, the fugitive, who had had the hangman's rope round his neck; with Ranulph Delagarde, the son of a traitor, the poor shipwright with a broken life, whom the people of the island now held in such ill repute. A wave of remorse rushed over him. If he could only turn back, even now, and throw up all, — go to Guida, beg her to come with him to a new life, and begin the world again. Every sentence of the letter she had written to him at Bercy, renouncing him, he knew

only too well. The words would not be erased from his brain, but, like some deadly rust, ate away his pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy. Where would it all end?

Even at that moment he saw Jean Touzel standing in the doorway of his house. Since his return Philip had not dared to ask about Guida, and no one had said a word concerning her, — whether she was dead or living. He felt now that he must know, and Jean Touzel or Maitresse Aimable could tell him. He instantly bethought him of an excuse for the visit. His squadron needed another pilot; he would approach Jean Touzel in the matter.

Bidding his flag lieutenant go on to Elizabeth Castle, whither they were bound, and await him there, he crossed over to Jean. By the time he reached the doorway, however, Jean had retreated to the veille by the chimney, behind Maitresse Aimable, who sat in a great stave chair mending a net.

Philip knocked and stepped inside. When Maitresse Aimable saw who it was, she was so startled that she dropped her work, and made vague clutches to recover it. Stooping, however, was a great effort for her. Philip stepped forward and picked up the net. Politely handing it to her, he said, "Ah, Maitresse Aimable, it is as if you had never stirred all these years!" Then turning to her husband, "I have come looking for a good pilot, Jean."

Maitresse Aimable had at first flushed to a purple, had afterward gone pale, then recovered herself, and now returned Philip's look with a downright steadiness. Like Jean, she knew well enough he had not come for a pilot; that was not the business of a prince admiral, — that could easily be a quartermaster's work. Maitresse Aimable did not even rise. Philip might be whatever the world chose to call him, but her house was her own; he had come uninvited, and he was unwelcome.

She kept her seat, but her fat head inclined once in greeting, and she waited for him to speak again. She knew why he had come; and somehow, the steady look in these slow brown eyes and the blinking glance behind Jean's brass-rimmed spectacles disconcerted Philip. Here were people who knew the truth about him, — knew the sort of man he really was. These poor folk, who had had nothing of the world but what they earned, they would never hang on any prince's favors.

He read the situation rightly. The penalties of his life had taught him a discernment which could never have come to him through place and good fortune. Having at last discovered his real self a little, he was in the way of knowing others.

"May I shut the door?" he asked quietly. Jean nodded. Closing it, Philip turned to them again. "Since my return I have heard naught concerning Mademoiselle Landresse," he said. "I want to ask you about her now. Does she still live in the Place du Vier Prison?"

Both Jean and Aimable shook their heads. They had spoken no word since his entrance.

"She — she is not dead?" he asked, and he paled. They shook their heads again. "Her grandfather" — he paused — "is he living?" Once more they shook their heads in negation. "Where is mademoiselle?" he queried, his heart sick.

Jean looked at his wife; neither moved nor answered. "Where does she live?" urged Philip. Still there was no motion, no reply. "You might as well tell me," he added, in a tone half pleading, half angry, — little like a sovereign duke, very like a man in trouble. "You must know I shall find out from some one else, then," he continued. "But it were better for you to tell me. I mean her no harm, and I should rather know about her from her friends."

He took off his hat now. Something in the dignity of these honest folk rebuked the pride of place and spirit in him. As plainly as though heralds had proclaimed it, he understood that these two knew that upon the shield of his honor there were abatements, — argent, a plain point tenne, due to him "that tells lyes to his prince or general," and argent, a gore sinister tenne, due for flying from his colors.

Maitresse Aimable turned and looked toward Jean, but Jean turned away his head. Then she did not hesitate. The voice so often eluding her will responded readily now. Anger — plain primitive rage — possessed her. She had had no child, but, as the years had passed, all the love that might have been given to her own was bestowed upon Guida, and she spoke in that mind.

"Oh my grief, to think you have come here — you! You steal the best heart in the world; there is none like her — nannin-gia. You promise her, you break her life, you spoil her, and then you fly away, — ah, coward, you! Man pèthe bénin, was there ever such a man like you! If my Jean, there, had done a thing as that, I would sink him in the sea. Ah bah! he would sink himself, je me crais. But you come back here, oh my Mother of God, you come back here with your sword, with your crown — ugh, it is like a black cat in heaven — you!"

She got to her feet more nimbly than she had ever done in her life, and the floor seemed to heave as she came toward Philip. "You come to speak to me with soft words," she said harshly. "You shall have the hard truth from me — moi. You want to know now where she is. I ask where you have been these four years! Your voice, it grow soft and tremble when you speak of her now. Oh ho! it has been nice and quiet these four years. The grand-pèthe of her drop dead in his chair when he know. The world turn against her,

make light of her, when they know. All alone, — she is all alone, but for one fat old fool like me. She bear all the shame, all the pain, for the crime of you. All alone she take her child and go on to the rock of Plemont to live these three years. But you, you go and get a crown, and be amiral, and marry a grande comtesse, — marry, oh, je crais ben ! This is no world for such men like you. You come to my house, to the house of Jean Touzel ; well, you have the truth of God, *bà sù* ! No good will come to you in the end — *nannin-gia*. When you, come to die, you will think and think and think of the beautiful Guida Landresse ; you will think and think of the heart and life you kill ; and you will call, and she will not come. You will call till your throat rattle, but she will not come, and the child of sorrow you gave her will not come, — no, *bidemme* ! E'fin, the door you shut you can open now, and you can go from the house of Jean Touzel. It belong to the wife of an honest man, — *maint'nant* !”

In the moment's silence that ensued Jean took a step forward. “*Ma femme, ma bonne femme* !” he said in a shaking voice. Then he pointed to the door.

Humiliated, overwhelmed by the words of the woman, Philip turned mechanically toward the door without a word, and his fingers fumbled for the latch, for a mist was before his eyes. With a great effort he recovered himself. The door opened now, and he passed slowly out into the *Rue d'Egypte*.

“A child — a child !” he said aloud, brokenly. “Guida's child — my God ! And I — have never — known. Plemont — Plemont — she is at Plemont !” He shuddered. “Guida's child — and mine !” he kept on saying to himself, as in a painful dream he passed on to the shore.

In the little fisherman's cottage he had left, a fat old woman sat sobbing in the great chair made of barrel-staves, and a man, stooping, kissed her twice

on the cheek, — the first time in fifteen years. And then she both laughed and cried.

XXXVII.

Guida sat by the fire, sewing, Biribi, the dog, at her feet. At a little distance away, to the right of the chimney, lay Guilbert asleep. Twice Guida lowered the work to her lap, and looked at the child on the bed, the reflected light of the fire playing on his face. Stretching out her hand, she touched him, and then she smiled. Hers was an all-devouring love ; the child was everything in life to her ; her own present or future was as nothing ; she was but fuel for the fire of his existence.

A storm was raging outside. The sea roared in upon Plemont and Grosnez, and battered the rocks in a futile agony. A hoarse northeaster ranged across the tiger's head in helpless fury, — a night of awe to inland folk, and of danger to seafarers. To Guida, who was both of the sea and of the land, fearless as to either, it was neither terrible nor desolate to be alone with the storm. Storm was but power unshackled, and power she loved and understood. She had lived so long in close commerce with storm and sea that something of their wild force had entered into her, and she was kin with them. To her, each wind was intimate as a friend, each rock and cave familiar as her hearthstone ; and the ungovernable ocean spoke in terms intelligible. So heavy was the surf that now and then the spray of some foiled wave broke on the roof ; but she only nodded at that, as though the sea were calling her to come forth, were tapping upon her roof-tree in joyous greeting.

But suddenly she started and bent her head as though listening to other sounds. It seemed as if her whole body were hearkening. Now she rose quickly to her feet, dropped her work upon the table near by, and rested herself against it,

still listening. She was sure she heard a horse's hoofs. Turning swiftly, she drew the curtain of the bed before her sleeping child, and then stood still, waiting, waiting. Her hand went to her heart once, as though its fierce throbbing hurt her. Plainly as though she could look through these stone walls into clear sunlight, she saw some one dismount, and she heard a voice.

The door of the hut was unlocked and unbarred. If she feared, it was easy to shoot the bolt and lock the door, to drop the bar across the little window, and be safe and secure. But no bodily fear possessed her; only that terror of the spirit when its great trial comes and it shrinks back, though the brain be of faultless courage.

She waited. There came a knocking at the door. She did not move from where she stood.

"Come in," she said in a clear voice. She was composed and resolute now.

As the latch clicked the door opened, and a cloaked figure entered, the shriek of the storm behind. The door closed. The intruder took a step forward; his hat came off; the cloak was loosed and dropped upon the floor. Guida's premonition had been right: it was Philip.

She did not speak. A stone could have been no colder, as she stood in the light of the fire and the crasset, her wonderful hair burnished by the flames, her face still and strong, the eyes darkling, luminous. There was on her the dignity of the fearless, the pure in heart.

"Guida!" Philip said, took a step nearer, and paused.

He was haggard; he had the look of one who had come upon a desperate errand. When she did not answer, he went on pleadingly, "Guida, won't you speak to me?"

"Prince Philip d'Avranche chooses a strange hour for his visit," she returned quietly.

"But see," he said hurriedly, "what I have to say to you." He paused, as

though to choose the thing he should say first.

"You can say nothing I need hear," she answered, looking him steadily in the eyes.

"Ah, Guida," he cried, disconcerted by her cold composure, "for God's sake, listen to me! To-night we have to face our fate. To-night you have to say"—

"Fate was faced long ago. I have nothing to say."

"Guida, I have repented of all. I have come now only to speak honestly of the wrong I did you. I have come to"—

Scorn sharpened her words, though she spoke calmly: "You have forced yourself upon a woman's presence,—and at this hour!"

"I chose the only hour possible," he said quickly. "Ah, Guida, the past cannot be changed, but we have the present and the future still. I have not come to justify myself, but to find a way to atone"—

"No atonement is possible."

"You cannot deny me the right to confess to you that"—

"To you denial should not seem hard usage," she answered slowly, "and confession should have witnesses if"—She paused suggestively. The imputation that of all men he had the least right to resent denial; that his present course was dishonest; that he was willing to justify her privately, though not publicly; that repentance should have been open to the world,—it all stung him.

He threw out his hands in a gesture of protest and pleading. "As many witnesses as you will, but not now, not this hour, after all these years. Will you not at least listen to me, and then judge and act? Will you not hear me, Guida?"

She had not yet even stirred. Now that it had come, this scene was all so different from what she had ever imagined. But she spoke out of a merciless understanding, an unchangeable hon-

esty. Her words came clear and pitiless: "If you will speak to the point and without a useless emotion, I will try to listen. Common kindness should have prevented this intrusion — by you!"

Every word she said was like a whip-lash across his face. A devilish light leaped into his eyes, but it faded as quickly as it came.

"After to-night, to the public what you will," he repeated, with dogged persistence, "but it was right we should speak alone to each other at least this once, — before the open end. I did you wrong, yet I did not mean to ruin your life, and you should know that. I ought not to have married you secretly, — I acknowledge that. But I loved you!"

She shook her head, and, with a smile of pitying disdain, — he could so little see the real truth, his real misdemeanor, — she said, "Oh no, never, — never! You were not capable of love; you never knew what it means. From the first you were too untrue ever to love a woman. There was a great fire of emotion; you saw shadows on the wall, and you fell in love with them. That was all."

"I tell you that I loved you," he answered, with passionate energy. "But as you will. Let it be that it was not real love: at least it was all there was in me to give. I never meant to desert you. I never meant to disavow our marriage. I denied you, you will say. I did. In the light of what came after, it was dishonorable, — I grant that; but I did it at a crisis and for the fulfillment of a great ambition, and as much for you as for me."

"Oh, how little you know what true people think or feel!" she exclaimed, with a kind of pain in her voice, and as much scorn, for she felt that such a nature could never quite realize its own enormities. Well, since it had gone so far, she would speak openly, though it hurt her sense of self-respect. She had hoped never to speak with him upon the past.

"Do you think that I or any good woman would have had place or power, been princess or duchess, at the price? What sort of mind have you?" She looked him straight in the eyes. "Put it in the clear light of right and wrong, it was knavery. You — you talk of not meaning to do me harm, *Monsieur le Prince*! You were never capable of doing me good. It was not in you. From first to last you are untrue. Were it otherwise, were you not from first to last unworthy, would you have made a mock marriage — it is no more — with the *Comtesse Chantavoine*? No matter what I said or what I did in anger or contempt of you, had you been an honest man you would not have made this mock marriage, and ruined another life. Marriage, alas! You have wronged the *comtesse* more deeply than you have wronged me. One day I shall be righted, but what can you say or do to right her wrongs?" Her voice had now a piercing indignation and force. "Yes, *Philip d'Avranche*, it is as I say. The world turned against me because of you; I have been shamed and disgraced. For years I have suffered in silence. But I have waited without fear for the end. God is with me to justify and to set right. He is stronger than fate or fortune. He has brought you to Jersey once more, to right my wrongs, — mine and my child's."

She saw his eyes flash to the little curtained bed. They both stood silent and still. He could hear the child breathing. His blood quickened. An impulse seized him. He took a step toward the bed as though to draw the curtain, but she quickly moved between.

"Never!" she said in a low, stern tone; "no touch of yours for my *Guilbert*, — for my son! Every minute of his life has been mine. He is mine, — all mine, — and so he shall remain."

It was as if the outward action of life was suspended in them for a moment, and then came the battle of two strong

spirits: the struggle of fretful and indulged egotism, the impulse of a vigorous temperament, against a deep moral force, a high purity of mind and conscience, and the invincible love of the mother for the child. Time, bitterness, and power had hardened Philip's mind, and his long-restrained emotions, breaking loose now, made him a passionate and willful figure. His force lay in the very unruliness of his spirit, hers in the perfect command of her moods and emotions. Well equipped by the thoughts and sufferings of four long years, her spirit was trained to meet this onset with wisdom and understanding. She understood him, — his nature, if not his deeds. They were like two armies watching each other across a narrow stream, between one conflict and another.

The only sounds in the room were the whirring of the fire in the chimney and the child's breathing. At last Philip's intemperate self-will gave way. There was no withstanding that cold, still face, that unwavering eye. Only brutality could go further. The nobility of her nature, her inflexible straightforwardness, came upon him with such force that his mood changed. It appeared to him once again as if all his world lay here before him. Dressed in molleton, with no adornment save the glow of a perfect health, she seemed at this moment the one being on earth worth living and caring for. What had he got for all the wrong he had done her? Nothing. Come what might, there was one thing that he could yet do, and even as the thought possessed him he spoke.

"Guida," he said, with rushing emotion, "it is not too late. Forgive the past, — the wrong of it, the shame of it. You are my wife; nothing can undo that. The other woman, — she is not my wife. If we part and never meet again, she will suffer no more than she suffers to go on with me. She has never loved me, nor I her. Ambition did it all, and of ambition God knows I have had

enough! Let me proclaim our marriage; let me come back to you. Then, happen what will, for the rest of our lives I will try to atone for the wrong I did you. I want you; I want our child. I want to win your love again. I can't wipe out what I have done, but I can put you right before the world, I can prove to you that I set you above place and ambition. If you shrink from doing it for me, do it" — he glanced toward the bed — "do it for our child. To-morrow, to-morrow it shall be, if you will forgive. To-morrow let us start again."

She did not answer at once; but at last, unmoved, she said, "Giving up place and ambition would prove nothing now. It is easy to repent when our pleasures have palled. I told you in a letter, four years ago, that your protests came too late. They are always too late. With a nature like yours nothing is sure or lasting; everything changes with the mood. It is different with me: I only speak what I truly mean. Believe me, for I tell you the truth, you are a man whom a woman could forget, but could never forgive. As a prince you are much better than as a plain man, for princes may do what other men may not. It is their way to take all, and give nothing. You should have been born a prince; then all your actions would have seemed natural. Yet now you must remain a prince, for what you got at such a price to others you must pay for. You say you would come down from your high place, you would give up your worldly honors, for me. What madness! You are not the kind of man with whom a woman could trust herself in the troubles and changes of life. If I would have naught of your honors and your duchy long ago, do you think I would now share a disgrace from which you could never rise? For in my heart I feel that this remorse is but caprice. It is to-day; it may not — will not — be to-morrow."

"You are wrong, you are wrong. I am honest with you now," he broke in.

"No, Philip d'Avranche," she answered coldly, "it is not in you to be honest. Your words have no ring of truth in my ears, for the note is the same that I heard once upon the Ecréhos. I was a young girl then, and I believed; I am a woman now, and I should still disbelieve though all the world were on your side to tell me I was wrong. I tell you," — her voice rose again; it seemed to catch the note of freedom and strength of the storm without, — "I tell you, I will still live as my heart and conscience prompt me. The course I have set for myself I will follow; the life I entered upon when my child was born I will not leave. No word you have said has made my heart beat faster. You and I can never have anything to say to each other in this life, beyond" — her voice changed, she paused — "beyond one thing." Going to the bed where the child lay, she drew the curtain softly, and pointing she said, "There is my child. I have set my life to the one task, to keep him to myself, and yet to win for him the heritage of the dukedom of Bercey. You shall yet pay to *him* the price of your wrongdoing."

She drew back slightly, so that he could see the child lying with his rosy face half buried in the pillow, the little hand lying like a flower upon the coverlet.

Once more, with a passionate exclamation, he made a step nearer to the child.

"No farther!" she said in a voice of command, stepping between. When she saw the wild impulse in his face to thrust her aside, she added, "It is only the shameless coward who strikes the dead! You had a wife, — Guida d'Avranche; but Guida d'Avranche is dead. There only lives the mother of this child, Guida Landresse de Landresse." She drew herself up, and looked at him with scorn, almost with hatred. Had he

touched her — but she would rather pity than loathe!

Her words roused all the devilry in him. The face of the child had sent him mad.

"By Heaven, I will have the child, — I will have the child!" he said harshly. "You shall not treat me like a dog. You know well I would have kept you as my wife, but your narrow pride, your unjust anger, threw me over. You have wronged me. I tell you, you have wronged me, for you kept the secret of the child from me all these years!"

"The whole world knew!" she cried indignantly.

"I will break your pride!" he said, incensed and unable to command himself. "Mark you, I will break your pride. And I will have my child, too!"

"Establish to the world your right to him," she answered keenly. "You shall have the right, but the possession shall be mine."

He was the picture of impotent anger and despair. It was the irony of penalty that the one person in the world who could really sting him was this unacknowledged, almost unknown woman. She was the only human being who had power over him, who could shatter his egotism and resolve him into the common elements of a base manhood. Of little avail his eloquence now! He had cajoled a sovereign dukedom out of an aged and fatuous prince; he had cajoled a wife, who yet was no wife, from among the highest of a royal court; he had cajoled success from fate by a valor informed with vanity and ambition; years ago, with eloquent arts he had cajoled a young girl into a secret marriage. But he could no longer cajole the woman who was his one true wife. She knew him through and through.

He was so wild with rage that he could almost have killed her, as she stood there, one hand stretched out as though to protect the child, the other pointing to the door.

He seized his hat and cloak, and laid his hand upon the latch; then suddenly turned to her. A dark project came to him. He himself could not prevail with her, but he would reach her yet through the child! If the child were his, Guida would come to him.

"Remember, I will have the child!" he said, his face black with evil purpose.

She did not deign reply, but stood

fearless and still, as, throwing open the door, he rushed out into the night.

She listened until she heard his horse's hoofs upon the rocky road of the upland. Then she went to the door, locked it and barred it. Turning, she ran to the bed, with a cry as of hungry love. Crushing the child to her bosom, she buried her face in his brown curls.

"My son, my own darling son!"

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES OF AN ASTRONOMER.

III.

WE spent most of the winter of 1870-71 in Berlin, patiently waiting for the end of the Franco-Prussian war, in order that I might rummage among the old manuscripts of the Paris observatory. Delaunay was then director of that institution, having succeeded Leverrier when the emperor removed the latter from his position. I had for some time kept up an occasional correspondence with Delaunay, and while in England, the autumn before, had forwarded a message to him, through the Prussian lines, by the good offices of the London Legation and Mr. Washburn. He was therefore quite prepared for our arrival. We took the first train which was likely to go through to Paris. The evacuation of a country by a hostile army is rather a slow process, so that the German troops were met everywhere on the road, even in France. They had left Paris just before we arrived; but the French national army was not there, the Communists having taken possession of the city as fast as the Germans withdrew. As we passed out of the station, the first object to strike our eyes was a flaming poster addressed to "Citoyens," and containing

one of the manifestoes which the Communist government was continually issuing.

Of course we made an early call on Mr. Washburn. His career in Paris was one of the triumphs of diplomacy; he had cared for the interests of German subjects in Paris in such a way as to earn the warm recognition both of the emperor and of Bismarck, and at the same time had kept on such good terms with the French as to be not less esteemed by them. He was surprised that we had chosen such a time to visit Paris; but I told him the situation, the necessity of my early return home, and my desire to make a careful search in the records of the Paris observatory for observations made two centuries ago. He advised us to take up our quarters as near to the observatory as convenient, in order that we might not have to pass through the portions of the city which were likely to be the scenes of disturbance.

We were received at the observatory with a warmth of welcome that might be expected to accompany the greeting of the first foreign visitor, after a siege of six months. Yet a tinge of sadness in the meeting was unavoidable. Delaunay immediately began lamenting the condition of his poor ruined country, de

spoiled of two of its provinces by a foreign foe, condemned to pay an enormous subsidy in addition, and now the scene of an internal conflict the end of which no one could foresee.

The old records I wished to consult were placed at my disposal, with full liberty not only to copy, but to publish anything of value I could find in them. The mine proved rich beyond the most sanguine expectation. After a little prospecting, I found that the very observations I wanted had been made in great numbers by the Paris astronomers, both at the observatory and at other points in the city. Some explanation of the work I was engaged in may not be devoid of interest, but it necessitates talking a little astronomy.

Millions of stars, visible with large telescopes, are scattered over the heavens; tens of thousands are bright enough to be seen with small instruments, and several thousand are visible to any ordinary eye. The moon performs a monthly course around the heavens, at a distance from us which is very small compared with that of the stars; consequently, she often passes over a star, and of course hides it from view during the time required for the passage. The great majority of stars are so small that their light is obscured by the effulgence of the moon as the latter approaches them. But quite frequently the star passed over is so bright that the exact moment when the moon reaches it can be observed with the utmost precision. The star then disappears from view in an instant, as if its light were suddenly and absolutely extinguished. This is called an occultation. If the moment at which the disappearance takes place is observed, we know that at that instant the apparent angle between the centre of the moon and the star is equal to the moon's semi-diameter. By the aid of a number of such observations, the path of the moon in the heavens, and the time at which she arrives at each point of the path, can be

determined. From the tables of the moon's motion, assuming them to be correct, the time of each occultation, as seen from any known station, can be predicted. If the predicted and the observed moments agree, the tables are correct. If they do not, the discrepancy will enable us to determine the error in the moon's predicted position. In order that the determination may be of sufficient scientific precision, the time of the occultation must be known within one or two seconds; otherwise, we shall be in doubt how much of the discrepancy may be due to the error of the observation, and how much to the error of the tables.

Occultations of some bright stars, such as Aldebaran and Antares, can be observed by the naked eye; and yet more easily can those of the planets be seen. It is therefore a curious historic fact that there is no certain record of an actual observation of this sort having been made until after the commencement of the seventeenth century. Even then the observations were of little or no use, because astronomers could not determine their time with sufficient precision. It was not till after the middle of the century, when the telescope had been made part of astronomical instruments for finding the altitude of a heavenly body, and after the pendulum clock had been invented by Huyghens, that the time of an occultation could be fixed with the required exactness. Thus it happens that from 1640 to 1670 somewhat coarse observations of the kind are available, and after the latter epoch those made by the French astronomers become quite comparable with the modern ones in precision.

And how, the reader may ask, did it happen that these observations were not published by the astronomers who made them? Why should they have lain unused and forgotten for two hundred years? The answer to these questions is made plain enough by an examination of the records. The astronomers had no

idea of the possible usefulness and value of what they were recording. So far as we can infer from their work, they made the observations merely because an occultation was an interesting thing to see; and they were men of sufficient scientific experience and training to have acquired the excellent habit of noting the time at which a phenomenon was observed. But they were generally satisfied with simply putting down the clock time. How they could have expected their successors to make any use of such a record, or whether they had any expectations on the subject, we cannot say with confidence. It will be readily understood that no clocks of the present time (much less those of two hundred years ago) run with such precision that the moment read from the clock is exact within one or two seconds. The modern astronomer does not pretend to keep his clock correct within less than a minute; he determines by observation how far it is wrong, on each date of observation, and adds so much to the time given by the clock, or subtracts it, as the case may be, in order to get the correct moment of true time. In the case of the French astronomers, the clock would frequently be fifteen minutes or more in error, for the reason that they used apparent time, instead of mean time as we do. Thus when, as was often the case, the only record found was that, at a certain hour, minute, and second, by a certain clock, *une étoile se cache par la lune*, a number of very difficult problems were presented to the astronomer who was to make use of the observations two centuries afterward. First of all, he must find out what the error of the clock was at the designated hour, minute, and second; and for this purpose he must reduce the observations made by the observer in order to determine the error. But it was very clear that the observer did not expect any successor to take this trouble, and therefore did not supply him with any facilities for so doing. He did not even describe the particular instru-

ment with which the observations were made, but only wrote down certain figures and symbols, of a more or less hieroglyphic character. It needed much comparison and examination to find out what sort of an instrument was used, how the observations were made, and how they should be utilized for the required purpose.

Generally the star which the moon hid was mentioned, but not in all cases. If it was not, the identification of the star was a puzzling problem. The only way to proceed was to calculate the apparent position which the centre of the moon must have held to an observer at the Paris observatory, at the particular hour and minute of the observation. A star map was then taken; the points of a pair of dividers were separated by the length of the moon's radius, as it would appear on the scale of the map; one point of the dividers was put into the position of the moon's centre on the map, and with the other a circle was drawn. This circle represented the outline of the moon, as it appeared to the observer at the Paris observatory, at the hour and minute in question, on a certain day in the seventeenth century. The star should be found very near the circumference of the circle, and in nearly all cases a star was there.

Of course all this could not be done on the spot. What had to be done was to find the observations, study their relations and the method of making them, and copy everything that seemed necessary for working them up. This took some six weeks, but the material I carried away proved the greatest find I ever made. Three or four years were spent in making all the calculations I have described. Then it was found that seventy-five years were added, at a single step, to the period during which the history of the moon's motion could be written. Previously, this history was supposed to commence with the observations of Bradley, at Greenwich, about 1750; now it was extended back to 1675, and with a

less degree of accuracy thirty years farther still. Hansen's tables were found to deviate from the truth, in 1675 and subsequent years, to a surprising extent; but the cause of the deviation is not entirely unraveled even now.

During the time I was doing this work, Paris was under the reign of the Commune and besieged by the national forces. The studies had to be made within hearing of the besieging guns; and I could sometimes go to a window and see flashes of artillery from one of the fortifications to the south. Nearly every day I took a walk through the town, occasionally as far as the Arc de Triomphe. The story of the Commune has been so often written that I cannot hope to add anything to it, so far as the main course of events is concerned. Looking back on a sojourn at so interesting a period, one cannot but feel that a golden opportunity to make observations of historic value was lost. The fact is, however, that I was prevented from making such observations not only by my complete absorption in my work, but by the consideration that, being in what might be described as a semi-official capacity, I did not want to get into any difficulty that would have compromised the position of an official visitor. I should not deem what we saw worthy of special mention, were it not that it materially modifies the impressions commonly given by writers on the history of the Commune. What an historian says may be quite true, so far as it goes, and yet may be so far from the whole truth as to give the reader an incorrect impression of the actual course of events. The violence and disease which prevail in the most civilized country in the world may be described in such terms as to give the impression of a barbarous community. The murder of the Archbishop of Paris and of the hostages show how desperate were the men who had seized power, yet the acts of these men constitute but a small part of the history of Paris during that critical period.

What one writes at the time is free from the suspicion that may attach to statements not recorded till many years after the events to which they relate. The following extract from a letter which I wrote to a friend, the day after my arrival, may therefore not be devoid of interest:—

DEAR CHARLIE,— Here we are, on this slumbering volcano. Perhaps you will hear of the burst-up long before you get this. We have seen historic objects which fall not to the lot of every generation, the barricades of the Paris streets. As we were walking out this morning, the pavement along one side of the street was torn up for some distance, and used to build a temporary fort. Said fort would be quite strong against musketry or the bayonet; but with heavy shot against it, I should think it would be far worse than nothing, for the flying stones would kill more than the balls.

The streets are placarded at every turn with all sorts of inflammatory appeals, and general orders of the Comité Central or of the Commune. One of the first things I saw last night was a large placard beginning "*Citoyens!*" Among the orders is one forbidding any one from placarding any orders of the Versailles government, under the severest penalties; and another threatening with instant dismissal any official who shall recognize any order issuing from the said government.

I must do all hands the justice to say that they are all very well behaved. There is nothing like a mob anywhere, so far as I can find. I consulted my map this morning, right alongside the barricade and in full view of the builders, without being molested, and wife and I walked through the insurrectionary districts without being troubled or seeing the slightest symptoms of disturbance. The stores are all open, and every one seems to be buying and selling as usual. In all the cafés I have seen, the habitués

seem to be drinking their wine just as coolly as if they had nothing unusual on their minds.

From this date to that of our departure I saw nothing suggestive of violence within the limited range of my daily walks, which were mostly within the region including the Arc de Triomphe, the Hôtel de Ville, and the observatory; the latter being about half a mile south of the Luxembourg. The nearest approach to a mob that I ever noticed was a drill of young recruits of the National Guard, or a crowd in the court of the Louvre being harangued by an orator. With due allowance for the excitability of the French nature, the crowd was comparatively as peaceable as that which we may see surrounding a gospel wagon in one of our own cities. A drill-ground for the recruits happened to be selected opposite our first lodgings, beside the gates of the Luxembourg. This was so disagreeable that we were glad to accept an invitation from Delaunay to be his guests at the observatory, during the remainder of our stay. We had not been there long before the spacious yard of the observatory was also used as a drill-ground; and yet later, two or three men were given *billets de logement* upon the observatory; but I should not have known of the latter occurrence, had not Delaunay told me. I believe he bought the men off, much as one pays an organ-grinder to move on. In one of our walks we entered the barricade around the Hôtel de Ville, and were beginning to make a close examination of a mitrailleuse, when a soldier (beg his pardon, *un citoyen membre de la Garde Nationale*) warned us away from the weapon. The densest crowd of Communists was along the Rue de Rivoli and in the region of the Colonne Vendôme, where some of the principal barricades were being erected. But even here, not only were the stores open as usual, but the military were doing their work in the midst of piles of trinkets ex-

posed for sale on the pavement by the shopwomen. The order to destroy the Column was issued before we left, but not executed until later. I have no reason to suppose that the shopwomen were any more concerned while the Column was being undermined than they were before. To complete the picture, not a policeman did we see in Paris; in fact, I was told that one of the first acts of the Commune had been to drive the police away, so that not one dared to show himself.

An interesting feature of the sad spectacle was the stream of proclamations poured forth by the Communist authorities. They comprised not only decrees, but sensational stories of victories over the Versailles troops, denunciations of the Versailles government, and even elaborate legal arguments, including a not intemperate discussion of the ethical question whether citizens who were not adherents of the Commune should be entitled to the right of suffrage. The conclusion was that they should not. The lack of humor on the part of the authorities was shown by their commencing one of a rapid succession of battle stories with the words, "*Citoyens! Vous avez soif de la vérité!*"

The most amusing decree I noticed ran thus:—

"Article I. All conscription is abolished.

"Article II. No troops shall hereafter be allowed in Paris, except the National Guard.

"Article III. Every citizen is a member of the National Guard."

We were in daily expectation and hope of the capture of the city, little knowing by what scenes it would be accompanied. It did not seem to my un-military eye that two or three batteries of artillery could have any trouble in demolishing all the defenses, since a wall of paving-stones, four or five feet high, could hardly resist solid shot, or prove anything but a source of destruction to

those behind it if attacked by artillery. But the capture was not so easy a matter as I had supposed.

We took leave of our friend and host on May 5, three weeks before the final catastrophe, of which he wrote me a graphic description. As the barricades were stormed by MacMahon, the Communist line of retreat was through the region of the observatory. The walls of the building and of the yard were so massive that the place was occupied as a fort by the retreating forces, so that the situation of the few non-combatants who remained was extremely critical. They were exposed to the fire of their friends, the national troops, from without, while enraged men were threatening their lives within. So hot was the fusillade that, going into the great dome after the battle, the astronomer could imagine all the constellations of the sky depicted by the bullet-holes. When retreat became inevitable, the Communists tried to set the building on fire, but did not succeed. Then, in their desperation, arrangements were made for blowing it up; but the most violent man among them was killed by a providential bullet, as he was on the point of doing his work. The remainder fled, the place was speedily occupied by the national troops, and the observatory with its precious contents was saved.

The Academy of Sciences had met regularly through the entire Prussian siege. The legal quorum being three, this did not imply a large attendance. At the time of my visit a score of members were in the city. Among them were Elie de Beaumont, the geologist; Milne-Edwards, the zoölogist; and Chevreul, the chemist. I was surprised to learn that the latter was in his eighty-fifth year; he seemed a man of seventy or less, mentally and physically. Yet we little thought that he would be the longest-lived man of equal eminence that our age has known. When he died, in 1889, he was nearly one hundred and three

years old. Born in 1786, he had lived through the whole French Revolution, and was seven years old at the time of the Terror. His scientific activity, from beginning to end, extended over some eighty years. When I saw him, he was still very indignant at a bombardment of the Jardin des Plantes by the German besiegers. He had made a formal statement of this outrage to the Academy of Sciences, in order that posterity might know what kind of men were besieging Paris. I suggested that the shells might have fallen in the place by accident; but he maintained that it was not the case, and that the bombardment was intentional.

"But," said I, "the Germans are a scientific nation; what object could they have had in injuring an establishment so purely scientific as yours?"

He replied that some explosives had been stored in one corner of the place, and he supposed that the Germans had found it out. I did not pursue the question further.

The most execrated man in the scientific circle at this time was Leverrier. He had left Paris before the Prussian siege began, and had not returned. Delaunay assured me that this was a wise precaution on his part; for had he ventured into the city he would have been mobbed, or the Communists would have killed him as soon as he was caught. Just why the mob should have been so incensed against one whose life was spent in the serenest fields of astronomical science was not fully explained. The fact that he had been a senator, and was politically obnoxious, was looked on as an all sufficient indictment. Even members of the Academy could not suppress their detestation of him. He was charged with the most despicable meanness, not to say turpitude; and altogether, one taking the statements with no grains of salt would have thought him a character that no self-respecting man could associate with.

Four years later I was again in Paris, and attended a meeting of the Academy of Sciences. In the course of the session a rustle of attention spread over the room, as all eyes were turned upon a member who was entering rather late. Looking toward the door, I saw a man of sixty, a decided blond, with light chestnut hair turning gray, a slender form, a shaven face, rather pale and thin, but very attractive, and extremely intelligent features. As he passed to his seat hands were stretched out on all sides to greet him, and not until he sat down did the bustle caused by his entrance subside. He was evidently a notable.

"Who is that?" I said to my neighbor.

"Leverrier."

Delaunay was one of the most kindly and attractive men I ever met. We spent our evenings walking in the grounds of the observatory, discussing French science in all its aspects. His investigation of the moon's motion is one of the most extraordinary pieces of mathematical work ever turned out by a single person. It fills two quarto volumes, and the reader who attempts to go through any part of the calculations will wonder how one man could do the work in a lifetime. His habit was to commence early in the morning, and work with but little interruption until noon. He never worked in the evening, and generally retired at nine. I felt some qualms of conscience at the frequency with which I kept him up till nearly ten. I found it hopeless to expect that he would ever visit America, because he assured me that he did not dare to venture on the ocean. The only voyage he had ever made was across the Channel, to receive the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society for his work. Two of his relatives, his father, and, I believe, his brother, had been drowned, and this fact gave him a horror of the water. He seemed to feel somewhat like the clients of the astrologists, who, having been told how they were to die, took every precau-

tion to prevent it. I remember, as a boy, reading a history of astrology, in which a great many cases of this sort were described; the peculiarity being that the very measures which the victim took to avoid the decree of fate became the engines that executed it. The death of Delaunay was not exactly a case of this kind, yet it could not but bring it to mind. He was at Cherbourg in the autumn of 1872. As he was walking on the beach with a relative, a couple of boatmen invited them to take a sail. Through what inducement Delaunay was led to forget his fears will never be known. All we know is that he and his friend entered the boat, that it was struck by a sudden squall when at some distance from the land, and that the whole party were drowned.

There was no opposition to the reappointment of Leverrier to his old place. In fact, at the time of my visit, Delaunay said that President Thiers was on terms of intimate friendship with the former director, and he thought it not at all unlikely that the latter would succeed in being restored. He kept the position with general approval till his death in 1877.

The only occasion on which I met Leverrier was after the incident I have mentioned, in the Academy of Sciences. I had been told that he was incensed against me on account of an unfortunate remark I had made in speaking of his work which led to the discovery of Neptune. I had heard this in Germany as well as in France, yet the matter was so insignificant that I could hardly conceive of a man of philosophic mind taking any notice of it. I determined to meet him, as I had met Hansen, with entire unconsciousness of offense. So I called on him at the observatory, and was received with courtesy, but no particular warmth. I suggested to him that now, as he had nearly completed his work on the tables of the planets, the question of the moon's motion would be the next ob-

ject worthy of his attention. He replied that it was too large a subject for him to take up.

To Leverrier belongs the credit of having been the real organizer of the Paris observatory. His work there was not dissimilar to that of Airy at Greenwich; but he had a much more difficult task before him, and was less fitted to grapple with it. When founded by Louis XIV. the establishment was simply a place where astronomers of the Academy of Sciences could go to make their observations. There was no titular director, every man working on his own account and in his own way. Cassini, an Italian by birth, was the best known of the astronomers, and, in consequence, posterity has very generally supposed he was the director. That he failed to secure that honor was not from any want of astuteness. It is related that the monarch once visited the observatory to see a newly discovered comet through the telescope. He inquired in what direction the comet was going to move. This was a question it was impossible to answer at the moment, because both observations and computations would be necessary before the orbit could be worked out. But Cassini reflected that the king would not look at the comet again, and would very soon forget what was told him; so he described its future path in the heavens quite at random, with entire confidence that any deviation of the actual motion from his prediction would never be noted by his royal patron.

One of the results of this lack of organization has been that the Paris observatory does not hold an historic rank correspondent to the magnificence of the establishment. The go-as-you-please system works no better in a national observatory than it would in a business institution. Up to the end of the last century, the observations made there were too irregular to be of any special impor-

tance. To remedy this state of things, Arago was appointed director early in the present century; but he was more eminent in experimental physics than in astronomy, and had no great astronomical problem to solve. The result was that while he did much to promote the reputation of the observatory in the direction of physical investigation, he did not organize any well-planned system of regular astronomical work.

When Leverrier succeeded Arago, in 1853, he had an extremely difficult problem before him. By a custom extending through two centuries, each astronomer was to a large extent the master of his own work. Leverrier undertook to change all this in a twinkling, and, if reports are true, without much regard to the feelings of the astronomers. Those who refused to fall into line either resigned or were driven away, and their places were filled with men willing to work under the direction of their chief. Unfortunately, the new director was not an adept either in practical astronomy or in the use of instruments. His methods were far from being up to the times, and the work of the Paris observatory, under his direction, so far as observations of precision go, falls markedly behind that of Greenwich and Pulkova.

But in recent times the institution has been marked by an energy and a progressiveness that go far to atone for its former deficiencies. The successors of Leverrier have known where to draw the line between routine, on the one side, and initiative on the part of the assistants, on the other. Probably no other observatory in the world has so many able and well-trained young men, who work partly on their own account, and partly in a regular routine. In the direction of physical astronomy the observatory is especially active, and it may be expected in the future to justify its historic reputation.

Simon Newcomb.

A WIT AND A SEER.

WE are often very glib and confident in our generalizations about the characteristics of the English race, — not noting, perhaps not caring to note when the mood for generalization is upon us, how many individuals of that race escape our classification and show what qualities they please. Under which characteristic of that sturdy and for the most part matter-of-fact people do we place its extraordinary fecundity in every kind of individual genius? Is Shakespeare a typical product, or is he not, — or has the race changed since the sunny and open times of great Elizabeth? Is Milton more natural and native in his kind? It is not a gay nation, nor yet is it saturnine, nor always sober. If it sometimes laugh, it is always in earnest. But it has produced some — nay, a great many — most excellent wits.

No doubt this might be made a mystery, if we chose. The great majority of Englishmen, it is safe to say, look upon a jest with uneasiness, and feel toward an habitual jester a deep distrust. They do not wish the things they think about whipped into a syllabub, and they prefer to take counsel with grave and serious men, — as if life were all counsel, and all counsel matter of logic and calculation, with never a laugh in it anywhere. One recalls Sydney Smith's jest to his brother. "We have reversed the law of nature," he said: "you have risen by your gravity, and I have sunk by my levity." It deeply shocked Englishmen to find a clergyman given to jesting. And then there was Charles Lamb. How uncomfortable he made most sober men! How many good men thought him light-headed, besotted, a sort of whimsical, irreverent, unbalanced child, — and what pleasure he took in making them think so! He is delivered of their company now. He is

read and loved in this day which is not his own only by the juster, clearer spirits, bred by nature to be like those who welcomed and relished his comradeship while he lived. This is a large and goodly company, and is likely always to be, God be praised; but it is not a representative company of Englishmen, any more than Lamb's immediate comrades were in his own generation. You must not demand of the ordinary man, even of the ordinary reading man, that he know his Lamb; and nobody is in the least likely to think of Lamb as of a typical English mind. You do not feel about him as you would feel about a French wit: ah, what a race for the fine turn of the phrase and for the poignant thrusts of a nice wit! And so Congreve and Sheridan seem to belong, of right, across the Channel, and you look to see English comedy, in all ordinary seasons, produce its laugh by comic incident rather than by subtle jest or apt rejoinder.

The subject is a most alluring one, and yet very dangerous. Every prudent writer must avoid it. It defies analysis. No one can explain why the English race has brought forth so much genius of the lighter as well as of the graver sort, and enough readers to keep a wit in countenance. One must simply say that the fact is so, and discreetly pass on. The only excuse I can give for having ventured upon so elusive a topic is that Walter Bagehot was a wit as well as a seer, — one of the most original and audacious wits that the English race has produced, — and I wish to make a proper introduction to speaking of him. Moreover, being a wit, he seems himself to have perceived the incongruity of his being an Englishman. "I need not say," he wrote in his youth, "I need not say that in real sound stu-

pidity the English people are unrivaled : you 'll hear more wit and better wit in an Irish street row than would keep Westminster Hall in humor for five weeks."

Bagehot had no literary lineage behind him, nor anything very unusual in his bringing forth that would lead the historian of letters to expect him to be what he so delightfully turned out to be. Upon a plain street in the quiet little town of Langport, in the midst of Somersetshire, there stands a plain but broad and homelike house, with its threshold upon the very footway of the street ; and here, in an upper room, Walter Bagehot was born, on the 3d of February, 1826. The house is the residence of the manager of the Somersetshire bank whose offices are but a few rods away upon the same street, where it turns about toward Glastonbury and Wells. This was the business to which Bagehot was born. His father, Thomas Watson Bagehot, was vice-president of the private banking company which Mr. Samuel Stuckey had established there in Langport in the last century, and which had so prospered that its branches were after a while to be found in every considerable place in the county, — which was, indeed, destined to become in our own day the largest private bank of issue in England. The Stuckeys are still the magnates of the little town, the owners of ample green acres that stretch away northward and broaden from the hill which the parish church crowns and adorns.

Thomas Bagehot married a niece of Samuel Stuckey ; but not before she had seen a good deal of the large world outside the sequestered town in which her great son was to be born. She had first married a Mr. Estlin, of Bristol ; and her life and companionships in Bristol, that old city which had so teemed through more than one great age with commerce of the mind as well as with trade in the stuffs of the Indies and the ends of the earth, had enriched her live-

ly mind not a little in the days when she was most susceptible. She was older than Mr. Bagehot by a goodly number of years, — perhaps it would be ungal-lant to say how many, — but she was not of the kind to grow old or stagnate, even if she had lived all her life in that quiet house in Langport ; and her son, Walter Bagehot, took a good measure of genius by inheritance from her.

Somersetshire is a sunny county, and lies in the midst of that brightest part of England which is thrust with its rising coasts southward toward the heart of the Atlantic ; but many dull wits are born thereabouts. For all there is so much poetry in the soft air, with its sun-lit mists and its fine mysterious distances, looking toward the sea, it has not bred many poets. Its levels of intelligence have in all ordinary seasons been nearly as flat and featureless as its own fat interior meadows, which used now and again to hold a flood of waters like the sea, with only here and there an island-hill, like that of Avalon, where monks built their abbey of Glastonbury. It is pleasant to see Langport also perched upon one of these infrequent hills, a landmark for the traveler, and to think that it was from this haven Walter Bagehot set out to make his bold voyage into the world of thought, — that "high-spirited, buoyant, subtle, speculative nature, in which the imaginative qualities were even more remarkable than the judgment," as one of his comrades and fellow voyagers has said, — a man of a "gay and dashing humor which was the life of every conversation in which he joined," and of a "visionary nature to which the commonest things often seemed the most marvelous, and the marvelous things the most intrinsically probable." This was the man who was to set the facts of English politics in their true light, — and not the facts of English politics only, but also many of the facts of the world's political development as well ; for it is in the vision

of such men that facts appear for what they are, — are seen to consist not simply of what is *in* them, but also, and even more, of what is *behind* them and about them, their setting and atmosphere, and are seen not to be intelligible without these. No doubt it was a signal advantage to have had a very brilliant woman for his mother, as Bagehot had, — a woman who had come to the maturity of her charming gifts; and to have had so sterling a man as Thomas Bagehot for his father, — a man of cultivated power, and of great good sense and balance of judgment. But brilliant women are not always generous in giving wit to their sons, and the best of men have begot fools. Neither Somersetshire air nor any certain custom of mental inheritance can explain Walter Bagehot. We must simply accept him as part of the largess of Providence to a race singularly enriched with genius.

Nor is the breeding of the boy much to our purpose. He was not made by his breeding. His mind chose its own training, as such a mind always does, and made its own world of thought in the days of his formal schooling in Bristol and at University College, London, whither he went because his father would not have him stomach the religious tests then imposed at Oxford and Cambridge. Schools and colleges are admirable for drill and discipline of the mind, and give many an ordinary man his indispensable equipment for success; but that is not their use for the exceptional mind of genius. Such a mind does not accept their drill. It takes only their atmosphere, needs only the companionships they afford, uses them with a sort of sovereign selection of what it desires. Bagehot has given us his own statement of the habit of such minds, in an article on Oxford Reform which he published in the *Prospective Review* for August, 1852. "In youth," he says, "the real plastic energy is not in tutors or lectures or in books 'got up,'

but in Wordsworth and Shelley; in the books that all read because all like; in what all talk of because all are interested; in the argumentative walk or disputatious lounge; in the impact of young thought upon young thought, of fresh thought on fresh thought, of hot thought on hot thought; in mirth and refutation, in ridicule and laughter: for these are the free play of the natural mind, and these cannot be got without a college." "These cannot be got without a college"! Here is food for reflection for those who look to become men of thought by diligence in attending lectures and thoroughness in "getting up" examinations! No doubt Bagehot was writing thus out of his own experience, as Mr. R. H. Hutton says. Such minds make their own laws and ways of life, and the rest of us, being duller, must take care not to use prescriptions which do not suit our case. Mr. Hutton, who was Bagehot's college mate and lifelong friend, tells us that "youth, buoyancy, vivacity, velocity of thought, were of the essence of the impression he made. Such arrogance as he seemed to have in early life was the arrogance as much of enjoyment as of detachment of mind; the *insouciance* of the old Cavalier as much, at least, as the calm of a mind not accessible to the contagion of social feelings. He always talked, in youth, of his spirits as inconveniently high; and once wrote to me that he did not think they were quite as 'boisterous' as they had been, and that his fellow creatures were not sorry for the abatement; nevertheless, he added, 'I am quite fat, gross, and ruddy.' He was indeed excessively fond of hunting, vaulting, and almost all muscular effort; so that his life would be wholly misconceived by any one who . . . should picture his mind as a vigilantly observant, far-away intelligence, — such as Hawthorne's, for example. He liked to be in the thick of the *mêlée* when talk grew warm, though he was never so absorbed in it as not to keep

his mind cool." He liked to talk, indeed, even when there was no one to talk to but himself; for there are elderly men still to be found at the bank in Langport who remember the overflowing vivacity of the bank's one-time director, and recall how he could oftentimes be overheard talking to himself in his characteristic eager fashion, as he paced all alone up and down the directors' room, in the intervals of business. He was a sore puzzle to the sober citizens of his native town, who did not know any means of calculating what this tall, athletic, stirring gentleman would be at next, or what he would say in his whimsical humor. He was asked once (and only once) to read a lecture to the literary society of Langport. His subject was Reading, and he advised his amazed hearers, amongst other things, to read *all* of the Times newspaper every day, the advertisements included. They did not see the jest, and deemed the advice quite as incomprehensible as the man himself! He was as careless and as whimsical, it would seem, as Lamb himself with regard to the impression he made on most sorts and conditions of men.

London, it turned out, and not Somersetshire, was to be Bagehot's chief place of residence. Somersetshire was always his home, but London was his place of work. As usual, the provinces were to enrich the capital. Though he first studied law for a little, Bagehot eventually turned to the practical business affairs which have for so many generations seemed the chief and most absorbing interest of all Englishmen. It was, of course, the intellectual side of business that really engaged him, however. He was something more than a Somersetshire banker. He became editor of the London Economist, and brought questions of finance to the light in editorials which clarified knowledge and steadied prediction in such fashion as made him the admiration of the

Street. The City had never before seen its business set forth with such lucidity and mastery. London had taught Bagehot a great deal in the days when he was an undergraduate in University College, and he had roamed its streets, haunted by all the memories of deeds and of letters of which the place was so full. Now he learned by a new sort of companionship, — a companionship with the men who were the living forces of the time in business and in politics. It is not easy to overestimate the influence of a great capital upon affairs, or the influence of affairs upon a great capital. London, like Paris, is so much more than a political capital. No public man can remain long at the heart of that vast, abounding life, or mix even for a little in that various society, where men of every sort of thought and power and experience and habit of reason throng and speak their minds, without in some way receiving a subtle and profound instruction in affairs. And the men of the city are themselves, in turn, instructed by their acquaintance at short range with the processes and the forces which control in the policy and business of the state. Such a capital as London is a huge intellectual clearing-house, and men get out of it, as it were, the net balances of the nation's needs and thoughts.

Bagehot both took and gave a great deal in such a place. His mind was singularly fitted to understand London, and every complex group of men and interests. He had the social imagination that Burke had, and Carlyle, — that every successful student of affairs must have, if he would scratch but a little beneath the surface or lift the mystery from any transaction whatever. For minds with this gift of sight there is a quick way opened to the heart of things. Their acquaintance with any individual man is but a detail in their acquaintance with men; and it is noteworthy that, though they gain in mastery, they do not gain

in insight by their contact with men and with the actual business of the world. Burke saw as clearly and with as certain a penetration when he was in his twenties as when he had lived his life out. The years enriched his knowledge with details, and every added experience brought him some concrete matter to ground his thought upon; but the mastery of these things was in him from the first.

Bagehot showed the same precocious power, and saw as clearly at twenty-five as at fifty, though he did not see as much or hold his judgment at so nice a balance. There is full evidence of this in the seven remarkable letters on the third Napoleon's Coup d'Etat, which he wrote from Paris while he was yet a law student. They are evidently the letters of a young man. Their style goes at a spanking, reckless gait that no older mind would have dared attempt or could have kept its breath at. Their satirical humor has a quick sting in it; their judgments are offhand and unconscionably confident; their crying heresies in matters of politics are calculated to shock English nerves very painfully. They are aggressive and a bit arrogant. But their extravagance is superficial. At heart they are sound, and even wise. The man's vision for affairs has come to him already. He sees that Frenchmen are not Englishmen, and are not to be judged, or very much aided either, by English standards in affairs. You shall not elsewhere learn so well what it was that happened in France in the early fifties, or why it happened, and could hardly have been staved off or avoided. "You have asked me to tell you what I think of French affairs," he writes. "I shall be pleased to do so; but I ought perhaps to begin by cautioning you against believing, or too much heeding, what I say." It is so he begins, with a shrewd suspicion, no doubt, that the warning is quite unnecessary. For he was writing to the editor of *The Inquirer*, a journal but just established for

the enlightenment of Unitarian dissenters, — a people Bagehot had reason to know, and could not hope to win either to the matter or to the manner of his thought. They were sure to think the one radically misleading and erroneous, and the other unpardonably flippant. But it was the better sport on that account to write for their amazement. He undertook nothing less bold than a justification of what Louis Napoleon had done in flat derogation and defiance of the constitutional liberties of France. He set himself to show an English audience, who he knew would decline to believe it, how desperate a crisis had been averted, how effectual the strong remedy had been, and how expedient at least a temporary dictatorship had become. "Whatever other deficiencies Louis Napoleon may have," he said, "he has one excellent advantage over other French statesmen: he has never been a professor, nor a journalist, nor a promising barrister, nor by taste a *littérateur*. He has not confused himself with history; he does not think in leading articles, in long speeches, or in agreeable essays." "He has very good heels to his boots, and the French just want treading down, and nothing else, — calm, cruel, businesslike oppression, to take the dogmatic conceit out of their heads. The spirit of generalization which, John Mill tells us, honorably distinguishes the French mind has come to this, that every Parisian wants his head *tapped* in order to get the formulæ and nonsense out of it. . . . So I am for any carnivorous government." Conscious of his audacity and of what will be said of such sentiments among the grave readers of *The Inquirer*, he hastens in his second letter to make his real position clear. "For the sake of the women who may be led astray," he laughs, affecting to quote St. Athanasius, "I will this very moment explain my sentiments."

He is sober enough when it comes to serious explanation of the difficult matter. Laughing satire and boyish gibe

are put aside, and a thoughtful philosophy of politics — Burke's as well as his own — comes at once to the surface, in sentences admirably calm and wise. In justifying Napoleon, he says plainly and at the outset, he is speaking only of France and of the critical circumstances of the year 1852. "The first duty of society," he declares, "is the preservation of society. By the sound work of old-fashioned generations, by the singular painstaking of the slumberers in churchyards, by dull care, by stupid industry, a certain social fabric somehow exists; people contrive to go out to their work, and to find work to employ them actually until the evening; body and soul are kept together, — and this is what mankind have to show for their six thousand years of toil and trouble." You cannot better the living by political change, he maintains, unless you can contrive to hold change to a slow and sober pace, quiet, almost insensible, like that of the evolutions of husbanding growth. If you cannot do that, perhaps it is better to hold steadily to the old present ways of life, under a strong, unshaken, unquestioned government, capable of guidance and command. "Burke first taught the world at large," he reminds us, "that politics are made of time and place; that institutions are shifting things, to be tried by and adjusted to the shifting conditions of a mutable world; that in fact politics are but a piece of business, to be determined in every case by the exact exigencies of that case, — in plain English, by sense and circumstances. This was a great step in political philosophy, though it *now* seems the events of 1848 have taught thinking persons (I fancy) further: they have enabled us to see that of all these circumstances so affecting political problems, by far and out of all question the most important is *national character*." "I need not prove to you that the French have a national character," he goes on, "nor need I try your patience with a likeness of it: I

have only to examine whether it be a fit basis for national freedom. I fear you will laugh when I tell you what I conceive to be about the most essential mental quality for a free people whose liberty is to be progressive, permanent, and on a large scale: it is much *stupidity*. I see you are surprised; you are going to say to me, as Socrates did to Polus, 'My young friend, of course you are right; but will you explain what you mean? As yet you are not intelligible.' " The explanation is easily made, and with convincing force. He means that only a race of steady, patient, unimaginative habits of thought can abide steadfast in the conservative and businesslike conduct of government, and he sees the French to be what Tocqueville had called them, — a nation apt to conceive a great design, but unable to persist in its pursuit, impatient after a single effort, "swayed by sensations, and not by principles," her "instincts better than her morality." "As people of 'large round-about common sense' will as a rule somehow get on in life," says Bagehot, "no matter what their circumstances or their fortune, so a nation which applies good judgment, forbearance, a rational and compromising habit, to the management of free institutions will certainly succeed; while the more eminently gifted national character will be but a source and germ of endless and disastrous failure, if, with whatever other eminent qualities, it be deficient in these plain, solid, and essential requisites." It is no doubt whimsical to call "large round-about common sense," good judgment, and rational forbearance "stupidity;" but he means, of course, that those who possess these solid practical gifts usually lack that quick, inventive originality and versatility in resource which we are apt to think characteristic of the creative mind. "The essence of the French character," he explains, "is a certain mobility; that is, a certain 'excessive sensibility to present impressions,' which is

sometimes 'levity,' for it issues in a postponement of seemingly fixed principles to a momentary temptation or a transient whim; sometimes 'impatience,' as leading to an exaggerated sense of existing evils; often 'excitement,' a total absorption in existing emotion; oftener 'inconsistency,' the sacrifice of old habits to present emergencies," — and these are qualities which, however engaging upon occasion, he is certainly right in regarding as a very serious, if not fatal, impediment to success in self-government. "A real Frenchman," he exclaims, "can't be stupid: *esprit* is his essence; wit is to him as water, *bons-mots* as *bonsbons*." And yet "stupidity," as he prefers to call it, is, he rightly thinks, "nature's favorite resource for preserving steadiness of conduct and consistency of opinion: it enforces concentration; people who learn slowly learn only what they must."

This, which reads like the moral of an old man, is what Bagehot saw at twenty-six; and he was able, though a youth and in the midst of misleading Paris, to write quick sentences of political analysis which were fit to serve both as history and as prophecy. "If you have to deal with a mobile, a clever, a versatile, an intellectual, a dogmatic nation," he says, "inevitably and by necessary consequence you will have conflicting systems; every man speaking his own words, and giving his own suffrage to what seems good in his own eyes; many holding to-day what they will regret to-morrow; a crowd of crotchety notions and a heavy percentage of philosophical nonsense; a great opportunity for subtle stratagem and intriguing selfishness; a miserable division among the friends of tranquillity, and a great power thrown into the hands of those who, though often with the very best intentions, are practically and in matter of fact opposed both to society and civilization. And moreover, beside minor inconveniences and lesser hardships, you will indisput-

ably have periodically — say three or four times in fifty years — a great crisis: the public mind much excited; the people in the streets swaying to and fro with the breath of every breeze; the discontented *ouvriers* meeting in a hundred knots, discussing their real sufferings and their imagined grievances with lean features and angry gesticulations; the parliament all the while in permanence very ably and eloquently expounding the whole subject, one man proposing this scheme, and another that; the Opposition expecting to oust the ministers and ride in on the popular commotion, the ministers fearing to take the odium of severe or adequate repressive measures, lest they should lose their salary, their places, and their majority; finally a great crash, a disgusted people overwhelmed by revolutionary violence, or seeking a precarious, a pernicious, but after all a precious protection from the bayonets of military despotism." Could you wish a better analysis of the affairs of that clever, volatile people, and can you ascribe it wholly to his youth that Bagehot should in 1852 have deliberately concluded that "the first condition of good government" in France was "a really strong, a reputedly strong, a continually strong executive power"?

Henry Crabb Robinson, that amiable man of letters and staunch partisan of constitutional liberty, could never recall a name, especially in his old age, we are told; and in conversation with Mr. R. H. Hutton he used to refer to Bagehot by description as "that friend of yours, — you know whom I mean, you rascal! — who wrote those abominable, those disgraceful letters on the Coup d'Etat — I did not forgive him for years after!" We must of course admit, with Mr. Hutton, that the letters were "airy, and even flippant, on a very grave subject;" but their airiness and flippancy were not of the substance: they were but a trick of youth, the playful exuberance of a lusty strength, — the colt was "feeling his

oats." What the critic must note is that there is here already the vivid and effectual style that runs like a light through everything that Bagehot ever wrote. Mr. Hutton tells us that Bagehot "used to declare that his early style affected him 'like the joggling of a cart without springs over a very rough road ;'" and no doubt the writing of his maturer years does often go at a more even and placid pace. But you shall not find in him anywhere the measured phrases of the formal, periodic writer, or any studied grace or cadence. The style has always, like the thought, a quick stroke, an intermittent sparkle, a jetlike play, as if it were a bit of sustained talk, and recorded, not so much a course of reasoning, as the successive, spontaneous impressions of a mind alert and quick of sight.

It is singular to find him preferring the dull English way of writing editorials to the sprightly, pointed paragraphs of the French journals, as he does in the extraordinary sixth letter on the Coup d'Etat, in which he hits off the characteristics of the French press with a point and truth I do not know where to match elsewhere. We are apt, upon a superficial impression, to think of Bagehot as himself touched with a certain French quality, and to think of his own writing as we hear him exclaim of the French journalists, "How well these fellows write! . . . How clear, how acute, how clever, how perspicuous!" But he tells us with what relief and satisfaction, after running for a little with these voluble and witty fellows, he opened the quiet columns of an English paper. "As long walking in picture galleries makes you appreciate a mere wall," he says, "so I felt that I understood for the first time that really dullness had its interest." "There was no toil, no sharp theory, no pointed expression, no fatiguing brilliancy." He quotes an English judge as having said, "I like to hear a Frenchman talk: he strikes a light, but what

light he will strike it is impossible to predict; I think he does n't know himself;" and he frankly confesses his own distaste for such irresponsible brightness. "Suppose, if you only can," he cries, "a House of Commons all Disraelis! It would be what M. Proudhon said of some French Assemblies, 'a box of matches.'" You cannot be with the man long without seeing that, for all he is so witty, and as quick as a Frenchman at making a point, there is really no Gallic blood in the matter. His processes of thought are as careful as his style is rapid and his wit reckless.

In 1852, the very year in which the letters on the Coup d'Etat were written, the period of Bagehot's preparation in the law was completed, and he was in due course called to the bar. But he decided not to enter upon the practice. He had read law with a zest for its systematic ways and its sharp and definite analytical processes, and with an unusual appreciation, no doubt, of the light of businesslike interpretation which it applies to the various undertakings and relationships of society; but he dreaded the hot wigs, the unventilated courts, and the night drudgery which the active practitioner would have to endure, and betook himself instead to the less confining occupations of business. His father was interested in large commercial undertakings, and was a ship-owner as well as a banker, and his son found, in association with him, an active enough life, full of travel and of important errands here and there, upon which he could spend his energies with not a little satisfaction. We are not apt to think of commerce and banking as furnishing matter to satisfy such a mind as Bagehot's; but business is just as dull, and just as interesting, as you make it. Bagehot always maintained that "business is much more amusing than pleasure;" and of course it is, if you have mind enough to appreciate it upon all its sides and in all its bearings upon the

life of society. Give a mind like Bagehot's such necessary stuff of life to work upon as is to be found in the commerce of a great nation, and it will at once invest it with the dignity and the charm of a great theme of speculation and study. Bagehot's contact with business made him a great economist, — an economist sure of his premises, and big-minded and scrupulously careful and guarded in respect of his conclusions. Mr. Hutton tells us that Bagehot "was always absent-minded about minutiae, and himself admitted that he never could 'add up.'" He was obliged to leave details to his assistants and subordinates. But such has often been the singular failing of men who could nevertheless reason upon details in the mass with an unexampled certainty and power. Bagehot turned always, it would seem as if by instinct, to the larger aspects of every matter he was called upon to handle; and had, no doubt, that sort of imagination for enterprise which has been characteristic of great business men (as of great soldiers and statesmen) in all generations. Such men can put together colossal fortunes; but Bagehot's career did not lead him that way. The literary instinct was more deep-seated and radical in him than the money-making, and he found his right place as a man of business when he became editor of the *London Economist*. He did not long keep to Langport. His marriage, in 1858, brought him to the characteristic part of his career. His mother had urged him some time before to marry, but he had put her off with his customary banter. "A man's mother is his misfortune," he had said, "but his wife is his fault." Whether delay brought wisdom or not (when a man of genius gets a wife to his mind and need it is apt to be mere largess of Providence), certain it is that his marriage endowed him with happiness for the rest of his life, and introduced him to a new and more fruitful use of his

gifts. He married the eldest daughter of the Right Honorable James Wilson, who had founded the *Economist*, and whose death, two years later, in India, in the service of the government, left Bagehot, at thirty-four, to conduct alone the great weekly which his genius was to lift to a yet higher place of influence.

Mr. Hutton believes that it was Bagehot's connection with the inner world of politics in London to which his marriage gave him entrance that enabled him to write his great works of political interpretation; for he was undoubtedly the first man to strip the English constitution of its "literary theory," and show it to the world as men of affairs knew it and used it. Mr. Hutton was Mr. Bagehot's lifelong intimate, and one hesitates to question his judgment in such a matter; but it may at least be said that it can in this case be established only by doubtful inference, even though uttered by a companion and friend. It is not necessary for such a mind as Bagehot's to have direct experience of affairs, or personal intercourse with the men who conduct them, in order to comprehend either the make-up of politics or the intimate forces of action. A hint is enough. Insight and inspiration do the rest. The gift of imaginative insight in respect of affairs carries always with it a subtle, unconscious power of construction which suffers not so much as the temptation to invent, and which is equally free from taint of abstract or fanciful inference. Somehow, — no man can say by what curious secret process or exquisite delicacy and certainty of intimation, — it reconstructs life after the irregular patterns affected by nature herself, and will build you the reality out of mere inference. Bagehot may have been quickened and assured by an intimate and first-hand knowledge of men and methods, but it seems like mistaking the character of his genius to say that he could not have done without this actual sight of concrete cases and

these personal instances of motive and action. The rest of his work justifies the belief that he could have seen without handling.

The power and the character of his imagination are proved by the extraordinary range it took. Most of the literary studies in which he has given us so memorable a taste of his quality as a critic and all-round man of letters were written before his marriage, between his twenty-sixth and his thirty-second years, — the most extraordinary of them all, perhaps, the essay on Shakespeare the Man, in 1853, when he was but twenty-seven; and there is everywhere to be found in those studies a man whose insight into life was easy, universal, and almost unerring; and yet the centre of life for him was quiet Langport in far Somersetshire. His fame as a political thinker was made later, when he was more mature, and his imagination had been trained to its functions by his wide travels in the high company of the men of genius of whom he had written. "Variety was his taste, and versatility his power," as he said of Brougham; and the variety of his taste and the versatility of his power showed in what he wrote of economy and of institutions no less than in what he wrote of individual men and books. In his English Constitution, which he published in 1867, he gave an account of the actual workings of parliamentary government, so lucid, so witty, so complete, and for all so concise and without delay about details (which seemed in its clear air to reveal themselves without comment), that it made itself instantly and once for all a part of every man's thinking in that matter. Everybody saw what he intended them to see: that the English government is a government shaped and conducted by a committee of the House of Commons, called "her Majesty's ministers;" that the throne serves only to steady the administration of the government, to hold the veneration and imagination of the

people; and that the House of Lords is only, at most, a revising and delaying chamber. The book is now a classic.

Two years later (1869) he turned to a broader field of thought in his *Physics and Politics*, in which he sought to apply the principles of heredity and natural selection to the development of society, showing how political organization was first hardened by custom; then altered and even revolutionized by changes of environment, and by the struggle for existence between banded groups of men; and finally given its nice adaptations to a growing civilization by the subtle, transmuting processes of an age of discussion. There are passages in this little volume which stimulate the thought more than whole treatises written by those who have no imagination whereby to revive the image of older ages of the world. Here, for example, is his striking comment upon the nations which, like the Chinese and the Persian, have stood still the long centuries through, caught and held fast, as he puts it, beneath a cake of antique custom: "No one will ever comprehend the arrested civilizations unless he sees the strict dilemma of early society. Either men had no law at all, and lived in confused tribes hardly hanging together, or they had to obtain a fixed law by processes of incredible difficulty; those who surmounted that difficulty soon destroyed all those that lay in their way who did not, — and then they themselves were caught in their own yoke. The customary discipline, which could only be imposed on any early men by terrible sanctions, continued with those sanctions, and killed out of the whole society propensities to variation which are the principle of progress. Experience shows how incredibly difficult it is to get men really to encourage the principle of originality." There is here the same thesis his letters on the Coup d'Etat had advanced, with a sort of boyish audacity, several years before. This is the philosophy of

dullness. No nation, while it is forming, hardening its sinews, acquiring its habits of order, can afford to encourage originality. It must insist upon a rigid discipline and subordination. And even after it has formed its habits of order, it cannot afford to have too much originality, or to relax its fibre by too rapid change, — cannot afford to be as volatile as the French. Progress is devoutly to be wished, and discussion is its instrument, — the opening of the mind; those nations are the great nations of the modern world which have dominated the European stage, where there is movement, and the plot advances from ordered change to change. But conservatism and order must even yet be preferred to change, and the nations which do not think too fast are the nations which advance most rapidly. Bagehot speaks somewhere of “the settled calm by which the world is best administered.”

Bagehot's thought is not often constructive. Its business is generally analysis, interpretation. But in Physics and Politics it is distinctly creative and architectonic. It is always his habit to go at once to the concrete reality of a subject, lingering scarcely a moment upon its conventionalities: he sees always with his own eyes, — never with another's; and even analysis takes from him a certain creative touch. The object of his thought is so vividly displayed that you seem to see all of it, instead of only some of it. But here, in speaking of ages past and gone, his object is reconstruction, and that direct touch of his imagination makes what he says seem like the report of an eye-witness. You know, after reading this book, what an investigator the trained understanding is, — a sort of original authority in itself. Nor is his humor gone or exiled from these solemn regions of thought. There is an intermittent touch of it even in what he says of the political force of religion. “Those kinds of morals and that kind of religion which tend to make the firmest and most

effectual character,” he explains, “are sure to prevail” in every struggle for existence between organized groups or nations of men, “all else being the same; the creeds or systems that conduce to a soft, limp mind tend to perish, except some hard extrinsic force keep them alive. Thus Epicureanism never prospered at Rome, but Stoicism did; the stiff, serious character of the great prevailing nation was attracted by what seemed a confirming creed, and deterred by what looked like a relaxing creed. The inspiriting doctrines fell upon the ardent character, and so confirmed its energy. Strong beliefs win strong men, and then make them stronger. Such is no doubt one cause why Monotheism tends to prevail over Polytheism; it produces a higher, steadier character, calmed and concentrated by a great single object; it is not confused by competing rites, or distracted by miscellaneous deities.” “Mr. Carlyle has taught the present generation many lessons, and one of these is that ‘God-fearing’ armies are the best armies. Before his time people laughed at Cromwell's saying, ‘Trust God, and keep your powder dry.’ But we now know that the trust was of as much use as the powder, if not of more. That high concentration of steady feeling makes men dare everything and do anything.” Is it a misuse of the word to say that a quiet, serious sort of humor lurks amidst these sentences, and once and again peeps out at you with solemn eyes? And there are bold, unconventional sallies of wit in the man as there were in the boy. Take, for example, what he said of one of the qualities which seemed to him very noticeable in that extraordinary and very uncomfortable man, Lord Brougham. “There is a last quality which is difficult to describe in the language of books, but which Lord Brougham excels in, and which has perhaps been of more value to him than all his other qualities put together. In the speech of ordinary men

it is called 'devil;' persons instructed in the German language call it 'the Dæmonic element.' . . . It is most easily explained by physiognomy. There is a glare in some men's eyes which seems to say, 'Beware! I am dangerous; *noli me tangere*.' Lord Brougham's face had this. A mischievous excitability is the most obvious expression of it. If he were a horse, nobody would buy him; with that eye no one could answer for his temper."

With what apparent irreverence, too, he opens his chapter on the Monarchy, in his English Constitution! "The use of the Queen in a dignified capacity," he begins, "is incalculable. . . . Most people, when they read that the Queen walked on the slopes at Windsor, that the Prince of Wales went to the Derby, have imagined that too much thought and prominence were given to little things. But they have been in error; and it is nice to trace how the actions of a retired widow and an unemployed youth become of such importance." And yet he is not laughing. "The best reason why monarchy is a strong government," he goes on, very seriously, "is that it is an intelligible government. The mass of mankind understand it, and they hardly anywhere in the world understand any other." His thought turns back to the Coup d'Etat which he had seen in France. "The issue was put to the French people," he says; "they were asked, 'Will you be governed by Louis Napoleon, or will you be governed by an assembly?' The French people said, 'We will be governed by the one man we can imagine, and not by the many people we cannot imagine.'" The man is a conservative; it is only his wit that is a radical.

His Lombard Street is the most outwardly serious of his greater writings. It is his picture of the money market, whose public operations and hidden influences he exhibits with his accustomed, apparently inevitable lucidity. He ex-

plains, as perhaps only he could explain, the parts played in the market by the Chancellors of the Exchequer, whose counselor he often was, by the Bank of England, and by the joint-stock banks, such as his own in Somersetshire; the influences, open and covert, that make for crisis or for stability,—the whole machinery and the whole psychology of the subtle game and business of finance. There is everywhere the same close intimacy between the fact and the thought. What he writes seems always a light playing through affairs, illuminating their substance, revealing their fibre. "As an instrument for arriving at truth," one of Bagehot's intimate friends once said, "I never knew anything like a talk with Bagehot." It got at once to the heart of a subject. He instantly appreciated the whole force and significance "of everything you yourself said; making talk with him, as Roscoe once remarked, 'like riding a horse with a perfect mouth.' But most unique of all was his power of keeping up animation without combat. I never knew a power of discussion, of coöperative investigation of truth, to approach to it. It was all stimulus, and yet no contest." The spontaneity with which he wrote put the same quality into his writings. They have all the freshness, the vivacity, the penetration of eager talk, and abound in those flashes of insight and discovery which make the speech of some gifted men seem like a series of inspirations. He does not always complete his subjects, either, in writing, and their partial incompleteness makes them read the more as if they were a body of pointed remarks, and not a set treatise or essay.

No doubt the best samples of his style are to be found in his literary and biographical essays, where his adept words serve him so discerningly in the disclosure of some very subtle things: the elements of individual genius, the motives and constituents of intellectual power, the diverse forces of differing men.

But you shall find the same qualities and felicities in his way of dealing with the grosser and more obvious matters of politics. Here, as everywhere, to quote his own language about Laurence Sterne, his style "bears the indefinable traces which an exact study of words will always leave upon the use of words." Here, too, there is the same illuminative play of sure insight and broad sagacity. You may illustrate his method by taking passages almost at random. "The brief description of the characteristic merit of the English constitution is," he says, "that its dignified parts are very complicated and somewhat imposing, very old and rather venerable; while its efficient part, at least when in great and critical action, is decidedly simple and rather modern. We have made, or rather stumbled on, a constitution which — though full of every species of incidental defect, though of the worst *workmanship* in all out-of-the-way matters of any constitution in the world — yet has two capital merits: it has a simple efficient part which, on occasion, and when wanted, *can* work more simply and easily and better than any instrument of government that has yet been tried; and it contains likewise historical, complex, august, theatrical parts, which it has inherited from a long past — which *take* the multitude — which guide by an insensible but an omnipotent influence the associations of its subjects. Its essence is strong with the strength of modern simplicity; its exterior is august with the Gothic grandeur of a more imposing age." He is interested to bring out the contrast between English political arrangements and our own. "When the American nation has chosen its President," he explains, "its virtue goes out of it, and out of the Transmissive College through which it chooses. But because the House of Commons has the power of dismissal in addition to the power of election, its relation to the Premier is incessant. They guide him,

and he leads them. He is to them what they are to the nation. He only goes where he believes they will go after him. But he has to take the lead; he must choose his direction, and begin the journey. Nor must he flinch. A good horse likes to feel the rider's bit; and a great deliberative assembly likes to feel that it is under worthy guidance. . . . The great leaders of Parliament have varied much, but they have all had a certain firmness. A great assembly is as soon spoiled by over-indulgence as a little child. The whole life of English politics is the action and reaction between the Ministry and the Parliament. The appointees strive to guide, and the appointors surge under the guidance." "The English constitution, in a word, is framed on the principle of choosing a single sovereign authority, and making it good; the American, upon the principle of having many sovereign authorities, and hoping that their multitude may atone for their inferiority. The Americans now extol their institutions, and so defraud themselves of their due praise. But if they had not a genius for politics; if they had not a moderation in action singularly curious where superficial speech is so violent; if they had not a regard for law, such as no great people have yet evinced, and infinitely surpassing ours, the multiplicity of authorities in the American constitution would long ago have brought it to a bad end. Sensible shareholders, I have heard a shrewd attorney say, can work *any* deed of settlement; and so the men of Massachusetts could, I believe, work *any* constitution. But political philosophy must analyze political history; it must distinguish what is due to the excellence of the people, and what to the excellence of the laws; it must carefully calculate the exact effect of each part of the constitution, though thus it may destroy many an idol of the multitude, and detect the secret of utility where but few imagined it to lie."

These are eminently businesslike sentences. They are not consciously concerned with style; they do not seem to stop for the turning of a phrase; their only purpose seems to be plain elucidation, such as will bring the matter within the comprehension of everybody. And yet there is a stirring quality in them which operates upon the mind like wit. They are tonic and full of stimulus. No man could have spoken them without a lively eye. I suppose their "secret of utility" to be a very interesting one indeed, — and nothing less than the secret of all Bagehot's power. Young writers should seek it out and ponder it studiously. It is this: he is never writing "in the air." He is always looking point-blank and with steady eyes upon a definite object; he takes pains to see it, alive and natural, as it really is; he uses a phrase, as the masters of painting use a color, not because it is beautiful, — he is not thinking of that, — but because it

matches life, and is the veritable image of the thing of which he speaks. Moreover, he is not writing merely to succeed at that: he is writing, not to describe, but to make alive. And so the secret comes to light. Style is an instrument, and is made imperishable only by embodiment in some great use. It is not of itself stuff to last; neither can it have real beauty except when working the substantial effects of thought or vision. Its highest triumph is to hit the meaning; and the pleasure you get from it is not unlike that which you get from the perfect action of skill. The *object* is so well and so easily attained! A man's vocabulary and outfit of phrase should be his thought's perfect habit and manner of pose. Bagehot *saw* the world of his day, saw the world of days antique, and showed us what he saw in phrases which interpret like the tones of a perfect voice, in words which serve us like eyes.

Woodrow Wilson.

GLAMOUR.

O WONDER days when heart and I were young,
 And all the world was radiant and new;
 When every little common flower that grew
 Interpreted to me an unknown tongue,
 Or seemed a fairy bell that late had rung
 Its silver peal across the morning dew;
 When skies were tapestries of living blue,
 And stars a mesh of jewels overhung!
 Now is my happy youth fulfilled, and I
 Am come to mine inheritance of pain;
 Yet does the brightness of the days gone by
 Still cast a glory over hill and plain;
 Still can I go beneath the open sky
 And feel the old world young and strange again!

Elizabeth Wilder.

AT THE TWELFTH HOUR: A TALE OF A BATTLE.

THERE was no pause in the clamor outside, which rose sometimes to a higher key, and then sank back to its level, like the rush of a storm. Every log and plank in the little house would tremble as if it were so much human flesh and blood, when a crash louder than the rest betokened the sudden discharge of all the guns in some battery. The loose windows rattled in their wooden frames alike before the roar of the artillery and the shriller note of the rifles, which clattered and buzzed without ceasing, and seemed to boast a sting sharper and more deadly than that of their comrades the big guns. Whiffs of smoke, like the scud blown about by the winds at sea, would pass before the windows and float off into the forest. Sometimes a yellow light, that wavered like heat-lightning, would shine through the glass and quiver for a moment or two across the wooden floor. In the east there was a haze, a mottled blur of red and yellow and blue, and whether the crash of the artillery rose or sank, whether the clatter of the rifles was louder or weaker, there came always the unbroken din of two hundred thousand men foot to foot in battle, — a shuffling, moaning noise, a shriek, then a roar.

The widow moved the table and its dim candle nearer the window, not that she might see better outside, but there she would have a stronger light on her sewing, which was important and must be finished. The blaze of the battle flared in at the window more than once, and flickered across her face, revealing the strong, harsh features, and the hundreds of fine wrinkles that crossed one another in countless mazes, and clustered under her eyes and around the corners of her mouth. She was not a handsome woman, nor had ever been, even on her bridal morning, but she was still tall and muscular, her figure clothed in a poor

print dress, — one who had endured much, and could endure more. As she bent over her humble sewing, the dim light of the candle was reflected in hopeless eyes.

The battle rolled a little nearer from the east, and the flashes of its light grew more frequent. The trembling of the house never ceased. On the hearthstone some tiny half-dead embers danced about under the incessant rocking, like popping grains of corn, and the windows in their frames droned out their steady rattle.

But the widow paid no heed, going on with her sewing. The battle was nothing to her. She did not care who won; she would not go out of her house to see. If men were such barbarians and brutes as to murder one another for they knew not what, then let them. The more human flesh and blood the war devoured, the greater its appetite grew; for upon such food it fattened and prospered. Her three sons had gone to the man-eater, gulped down, one, two, three, in the order of their age: first the eldest, then the second, and then her youngest, her best beloved. She had thought that he, at least, who would not be a man for years, might be left to her; but the news had come from Shiloh, in a meagre letter written by a comrade, that he had fallen there, mortally wounded, and the enemy who kept the field had buried him, perhaps.

She had the letter yet, but she never looked at it. There was no need, when she knew every line, every word, every letter, and just how they looked and stood on the page. The two older sons, like so many of the men of those wild hill regions, had been worthless, — drinkers of whiskey, tellers of lies, squalid loafers blinking at the sun; but the third, the boy, had been different, and she had

expected him to become a man such as a woman could admire, a man upon whom a woman could depend, — that is, one stronger than herself, and as good. He had been both son and daughter to her, for in that way a mother looks upon the youngest or only son when he has no sister; but fair hair and blue eyes and a girl face had not prevented him from following the others, and now she knew not even where his bones lay, save that the mould of a wide and desolate battlefield inclosed them, and, in some place, hid them.

This woman did not cry; no tears came from her eyes when the news of the boy's death was brought to her, and none came now, when she still saw him, fair-haired and white-faced, lying out there under the sky. She had merely become harsher and harder, and, never much given to speech, she spoke less than before.

The battle rolled yet a little nearer from the east, and the complaining windows rattled more loudly. Above the thud of the cannon and the unbroken crash of the rifles she could hear now the shouting of many men, a guttural tumult which brought to mind the roar and shriek of wild animals in combat. The coming of the twilight did not seem to diminish their ferocity, and, repeating her old formula, she said, "Let them fight on through the night, if it please them."

The earth rumbled and rocked beneath a mighty discharge of artillery, the old house shook, and the heap of coals rolled down and scattered over the hearth. She walked from the window and put them carefully in place with an iron shovel. Thrown back together they sent up little spears of flame, which cast a flickering light over the desolate room, — the bare wooden floor, the rough log walls spotted with a few old newspaper prints, the two pine tables, the cane-bottomed chairs, the home-made wooden stool, the iron kettle in one corner and the tin pans

beside it, the low bed covered with a brown counterpane in another corner, — a room that suited the mind and temper of the woman who owned it and lived in it.

The battle crept still closer; the departed sun, the twilight deepening into night, had no effect on the fury of the combatants. Gun answered gun, and the rifles hurled opposing showers of lead. The difference in the two notes of the battle, the sullen, bass thunder of the cannon with its curious trembling cadence, and the sharper, shriller crash of the small arms, like the wrath of little people, became clearer, more distinct. Over both, in irregular waves, swelled the shouting; the wild and piercing "rebel yell" and the hoarse Yankee cheer contending and mingling and rolling back and forth in a manner that would tell nothing to a listener save that men were in mortal combat.

She heard a shrieking noise, like the scream of a man, but far louder; a long trail of light appeared in the sky, curving and arching like a rainbow until it touched the earth, when it disappeared in one grand explosion, throwing red, blue, green, and yellow lights into the air, as if a little volcano had burst. She almost fancied she could hear pieces of the shell whizzing through the air, though it was only fancy; but she knew that the earth where it struck had been torn up, and the dead were scattered about like its own pieces. Up went another, and another, and the air was filled with them, shining and shrieking as if in delight because they gave the finish and crowning touch to the battle. She watched them with a certain pleasure as they curved so beautifully, and gave herself praise when she timed to the second the moment of striking the earth. Soon the air was filled with a shower of the curving lights, and then they ceased for a while.

Still the dim battle raged in the darkness. But presently a light flared up again and did not disappear. It burned

with a steady red and blue flame that indicated something more than the flashing of cannon and rifles, and, looking through a window-pane, the widow saw the cause. The forest was on fire, the exploding gunpowder having served as a torch ; the blaze ran high above the trees, adding a new rush and roar to the thunder and sweep of the battle. But she was calm ; for the forest did not come near enough to place her house in danger of the fire, and there was no reason why she need disturb herself. She blew out the candle, carefully put away in the cupboard the piece remaining, — economy being both a virtue and a necessity with her, — and returned to her seat by the window, now lighted only by the blaze of the battle and the burning trees. The light from the flaming forest grew stronger, and flared through the window all the way across the room. When the flash of the guns joined it, the glare was so vivid that the widow was compelled to shield her eyes with her hand ; she would have closed the shutter of the window and relighted the candle, had there been a shutter to close. Clouds of smoke — some light, white, and innocent-looking, others heavy and black — floated past the window. Such clouds were needed, she thought, to veil the horrors of the slaughter-yard outside. She looked at the little tin clock on the mantel, ticking placidly away, and saw that it was a quarter to ten. She would have gone to bed, but one could not sleep with all that noise outside and so near. She thought it wise to take her old seat by the window and watch the flames from the forest, because sparks driven by the wind might fall on her house and set it on fire. There were two buckets filled with water in the little lean-to that served as a kitchen, and she set them in a place that would be handy in case the dangerous sparks came.

But she did not think the water would be needed, since the wind, though light, was blowing the fire from her. This

was indicated clearly by the streams of flame, red in the centre, blue and white at the edges, which leaned eastward. The fire had gathered full volume now, and gave her a gorgeous spectacle, the flames leaping far above the trees, where they united into cones and pyramids, flashing with many colors and sending forth millions of sparks, which curved up, and then fell like showers of fireflies. Under this flaming cloud, the cannon spouted and the rifles flashed with as much steadiness and vigor as ever. It seemed to be a vast panoramic effect in fire planned for her alone, after the fashion of the Roman emperors, of whom she had never heard.

By the light of the fire and the battle she saw, for the first time, some figures struggling in the chaos of flame and smoke. Human beings she knew them to be, though they looked but little like it, being mere writhing black lines in a whirl of red fire and blue smoke. It was a living picture, to her, of the infernal regions, in which she was a firm believer ; those ghastly shapes straining and fighting among the eternal flames. She felt a little sympathy for the many — mostly boys like her own boy who had fallen at Shiloh — who were about to pass through the flames of this world into the flames of the next ; for she had been taught that only one out of a hundred could be saved, and she never doubted it. If she felt doubt at all, it was about the deserts of the hundredth man.

The thunder of the cannon sank presently to a mutter and a growl, the rifles ceased entirely, and the sudden drop in the noise of the battle caused the fire's roar to be heard above it like a tempest. She could still see the black figures, so many jumping-jacks, through the veil of flame and smoke ; but they were not now a confused and struggling heap, without plan or order ; they had drawn apart in two lines, and for two or three minutes remained motionless, save for a few figures which strutted up and down and

waved what looked through the fiery mist like little sticks, but which she knew to be long swords. She knew enough more to guess that one line was about to charge the other, or more likely, both would charge at the same time, and the sinking of the battle was but a pause to gather strength for a supreme effort.

She was interested, and her interest increased when she saw the opposing lines swing forward a little, as if making ready for the shock. The sudden ebb of the firing had made all other noises curiously distinct. The ticking of the little clock on the mantel became a steady drumbeat. She even fancied that she could hear the commands given to the two lines of puny black figures, but she knew it was only fancy.

This silence, so heavy that it oppressed her, after all she had heard, was broken by the discharge of hidden batteries, so many great guns at once that the widow sprang up from her chair; she thought at first that the house was falling about her, and she clapped her hands to her ears to shut out the penetrating crash, which was succeeded by the fierce, unbroken shrieking of the small arms. The cloud of smoke at once thickened and darkened, but she could see through it the two lines, now dim gray images of men, rushing upon each other. She watched with eager, intent eyes. The whirling smoke would hide parts of one line for a moment, leaving it a series of disconnected fragments; then would drift away, revealing the unbroken ranks again. She could hear the ticking of the clock no longer, for the pounding of the guns was so terrific now that continuous thunder roared in her ears, inside her head, and seemed not to come from anything without. A window-pane broke under the impact of so much sound, and the fragments of glass rattled on the floor, but she did not take her eyes from the battle.

Over the heads of the rushing lines the smoke formed in a cloud so thick,

so black, so threatening, and so low that it inclosed them, like a roof. The old likeness came back to the widow. It is the roof of hell, she said to herself; these walls and pillars of flame are its sides, and the men who fight in there, hemmed in by fire, are the damned, condemned to fight so forever.

On they rushed, some of the dim gray figures seeming to dance above the earth in the flames, like the imps they were, and the two lines met midway. She thought she could hear the smash of wave on wave above the red roar of the guns, and figures shot into the air as if hurled up by the meeting of tremendous and equal forces. A long cry, a yell, a shriek, and a wail, which could come only from human throats, thousands of them together, swelled again above everything else, — above the roar of the fire, above the crash of the rifles, above the thunder of the cannon.

In spite of her stoicism the watcher quivered a little and turned her eyes away from the window, but she turned them back again. The cry sank to a quaver, then rose again to a scream; and thus it sank and rose, as the battle surged from side to side in the flaming pit. She thought she could hear the clash of arms, bayonet on bayonet, sword on sword, and all the sounds of war became confused and mingled, like the two lines of men which had rushed so fiercely together. There were no longer two lines, — not even one line, — but a medley; struggling heaps, red whirlpools which threw out their dead and whirled on, grinding up the living like grain in a hopper. The soldiers fought in the very centre of the pit, and the shifting red curtain of flame between gave them strange shapes, enlarging some, belittling others, and then blending all into a blurred mass, a huddle of men without form or number.

Fantastic and horrible, the scene appealed strongly to the widow's hard religious sense. She could no longer doubt

that the red chaos upon which she was looking was a picture of life from the regions of eternal torture, reserved for the damned, reproduced on earth for the benefit of men. It was, then, with a feeling of increased interest that she watched the battle as it blazed and shrieked to and fro. The thunder of the cannon and the crash of the rifles were still as steady as the rush of a tempest, and the wild shouting of the men now rose above the din, then was crushed out by it, only to be heard again, fiercer and shriller than before.

The great clouds which lowered over the pit grew blacker and bigger, and rolled away in sombre waves on every side. Their vanguard reached even to her house and passed over it. The loathsome smell of burnt gunpowder and raw and roasted human flesh came in at the broken window. She stuffed a quilt into the open space, until neither smoke nor smell could enter; but some of the droppings of the black cloud, little balls and curls of smoke, came down the chimney and floated about the room, to remind the woman that the whirlwind of the battle whirled widely enough to draw her in, too. Her throat felt hot and scaly, and she took a gourd of water from one of the buckets and drank it. It was cool to the throat, and as smooth as oil. How some of those men lying out there, helpless on the ground, longed for water, cold water! How her own boy, doubtless, had longed for it, as he lay on the field of Shiloh waiting for the death that came! A feeling of pity, a strong feeling, swelled up in her soul. She walked again across the room and looked at the little tin clock on the mantel. Ten forty-five! It was time for the battle to close; it had been time long ago.

Then she went back as usual to the window, and she noticed at once that the roar and blaze of the battle were sinking. The thunder of the guns was not continuous, and the intervals increased in number and became longer.

The fire of the rifles was broken into crackling showers, and spots of gray or white, where the air was breaking through, appeared in the wall of flame. The black roof of smoke lifted a little, and seemed to be losing length and breadth as the wind swept off cloudy patches and carried them away. The fire in the forest was dying, and she ceased to hear the rush of the flames from tree to tree. Once the human shout or shriek — she could not tell which — came to her ear, but she heard it no more just then. The men, more distinct now as the veil of flame thinned away or rose in vapor, still struggled, but with less ferocity. The groups were breaking up, and the two lines shrank apart, each seeming to abandon the ground for which it had fought.

It was nearly eleven o'clock, and the moon, able for the first time to send its beams through the battle-smoke, was beginning to cast a silvery radiance over the field. The flames sank fast. The fire in the forest burnt out. The great cloud of smoke broke up into many little clouds which drifted away westward before the wind. The showers of sparks ceased, and the bits of charred wood no longer fell. A fine cloud of ashes blown through the air began to form a film over the window-panes.

The battle died like the eruption of a volcano, which shoots up with all its strength, and then sinks from exhaustion. The human figures melted away, and the last was gone, though the widow knew that many must be lying in the ravines and on the hillsides beyond her view. There were four cannon-shots at irregular intervals, the fourth a long time after the third, a volley or two from the rifles, a pop-pop or two, and the firing was over. Some feeble flames from grass or bush still spurted up, but they fought in a lost cause, for the silver radiance of the moon grew, and they paled and sank before it.

The ticking of the clock made the

cessation of noise outside more noticeable. She opened the window, and the air that came in was strong with a fleshy smell. But so much smoke had come down the chimney, and the room was so close, that she kept the window open and let the air seek every corner. Outside, the unburnt trees were swaying in the west wind, but there was no other noise. The battlefield, unlighted by the fire of cannon and rifles, had become invisible; but she knew that many men were lying there, and the wind sobbing through the burnt and unburnt forest was their dead march.

Fine ashes, borne by the wind from the burnt forest, still fell; some came in at the open window, and fell in a faint whitish powder on the floor. The widow took her wisp broom and brushed the ashes carefully into the fire; but she did not close the window, for the fresh air which blew in had a tonic strength, though there was still about it some of that strange odor, the breath of slaughter.

She resolved to watch the field a little longer, and then she would go to bed; she had wasted enough time watching the struggles of lost souls. The light of the moon was beginning to wane, and the trees and hills were growing more shadowy; their silver gray was changing to black, the sombre hue borrowed from the skies above them. Flecks of fire like smouldering coals gleamed through the darkness, showing where a tree-trunk or a bush still burned in the wake of the battle or the fire. The wind rose again, and these tiny patches of flame blazed before it more brightly for a time, and then went out. But the wind moaned more loudly as it blew among the burned tree-trunks and the dead branches. Some trees, eaten through by the fire, fell, and the night, so still otherwise, echoed with the sound.

All the lights from the fire went out, but others took their place. She could see them far apart, but twinkling like little stars fallen to earth; probably the

lanterns, she thought, of surgeons and soldiers come to look for those whose wounds were not mortal. Why not let them lie there and pay the price of their own folly? They had gone into the battle knowing its risks, and they should not seek to shun them. She would go to bed, and she put up her hand to pull down the window. She heard a prolonged cry, a wail and a sob; distant, perhaps, and feeble, but telling of pain and fear.

It came direct from the battlefield. She would have dismissed the sound, as she had dismissed all other signs of the battle, but it came again and was more penetrating. She thought that she had no fancy, no imagination, and that the battle had passed leaving her mind untouched, but the cry lingered. It rose for the third time, louder, fuller, more piercing than before, and the air ached with it. She was sure now that it was many voices in one, all groaning in their agony, and their groans uniting in a single lament, which rose above that of the wind and filled all the air with its wailing. She tried again to crush down her thoughts, and to hide the scenes that she saw with her mind, and not with her eyes; but her will refused to obey her, and yielded readily to imagination, which, held back so long, took possession of its kingdom with despotic power. Her face and hands became cold and wet at the sights and scenes that her fancy made her hear and see. It was easy to turn this field into the field of Shiloh, and her ready imagination, laughing at her will, did it for her. In that other battle her boy was lying at the foot of a hillock, his white face growing whiter, turned up to the stars; the dead lay around him, and there was no sound but his groans.

She closed the window with a sudden and violent gesture, as if she would shut out the sight, and would shut out too those cries which had stirred her imagination into such life. She walked angrily to the hearth and banked the coals for the last time, firmly resolved to go to bed and

sleep. The clock ticked away loudly and clearly, as if to show its triumph over the battle, which was now gone, while it ticked on.

But the cry of anguish from the field reached her there; fainter, more muffled, but not to be mistaken. Whether it came through the glass or how else, she knew not, but she heard it, — a cry to her, a cry that would reach her even in bed and would not let her sleep. It was as if her own son had been crying to her for help, for water. She threw up the window again, and looked toward the battlefield. The air was filled with the cries of the wounded like the chorus of the lost, but of the field itself she could see nothing. The night had darkened fast, and the ground on which the men had fought was clothed in a ghostly vapor. The burnt trees were but a faint tracery of black, and the wind had ceased, leaving the night hot, close, and breathless. The fine ashes from the fire no longer fell, and the air was free from them, but it was thick and heavy, and the repellent smell of human flesh lingered. It was a terrible night for the wounded. They would lie on the ground in the close heat and gasp for air, which would be like fire to their lungs.

The little clock struck midnight with a loud, emphatic tang, each stroke echoing and reminding her that it was time to go.

The two buckets filled with water, which she had brought to save her house from fire, still stood by the window. She put the drinking-gourd into one of them, lifted both, and passed out of the house. She was a strong woman, and she did not stagger beneath the weight of the water. This, she knew, was what they would want most; for in all that she had ever heard of battlefields the cry for water was loudest. Yet all her pity in that moment was for one, — not one of those who lay there, but her own boy on that other battlefield. She saw only him, only his face; like a girl's it had always

looked to her, with its youthful flush and the fair hair around it. It was he, not the others, who was taking her out on the field, and she walked on with straight, strong steps, because he led her.

The mists and vapors seemed to drift away as she approached the battlefield, and the trees, holding out their burnt arms, rose distinct and clear from the darkness. The cries of the wounded increased, and were no longer a steady volume like the moaning of the wind; but she could distinguish in the tumult articulate sounds, even words, and they were always the same, — the cry for water rising above all others, just as she had been told. She reached the ground over which the fire had swept. Some clusters of sparks, invisible from the window, lingered yet in the clefts of roots and rocks, and glimmered like marsh lights.

The strange repellent odor that reminded her of the drippings of a slaughter-house attacked her with renewed strength. She turned a little sick, but she conquered her faintness and went on. Wisps of smoke were still drifting about, and she stumbled on something and nearly fell; but she saved the precious water, and saw that her foot had struck against a cannon-ball, which lay there, half buried in the earth, spent, after its mission. To her eyes the earth upon it was the color of blood, and giving it a look of repulsion she passed on. She saw two or three rifles upon the ground, abandoned by their owners; and here was a broken sword, and there a knapsack, still full, which some soldier had thrown away. Under the half-burned trunk of a tree was something dark and shapeless, and charred like the tree; but she knew what it was, and after the first glance kept her head turned away. She passed more like it, but all were motionless, for the fire had spared nothing over which it had gone.

The smell of roasted flesh was strong here, but the silence appalled her. All

the cries came from the further part of the field, and around her no voice was raised. The figures, half hidden in the dark, did not stir. The trees waved their burnt arms, and gave forth a dry, parched sound when a whiff of wind struck them, like the rustle of a field of dead broom sedge.

She crossed the strip over which the fire had swept and burned out everything living, and entered the red battle-field beyond. It was lighter here, for there were fewer trees and the moon had cleared somewhat. She saw many figures of men: some motionless as they had been in the burnt woods; others twisting and distorting themselves like spiders on a pin; and still others half sitting or leaning against a stone or a stump, and trying to bind up their own wounds. The cries were a medley, chiefly groans and shrieks, but sometimes laughter, and twice a song. She had never seen ground so torn, for here the battle had trod to and fro in all its strength and ferocity. Three or four trees, cut down by cannon-balls, had fallen together, their boughs interlaced, and a hole in the earth showed where a huge shell had burst. Some sharp pieces of the exploding iron had been driven into a neighboring tree, and a little further on a patch of bushes had been mowed down like grass in a hayfield.

A man, shot in the legs, who had propped himself against a rock, saw the water that she carried, and cried to her to come to him with it. He damned her from a full vocabulary because she did not make enough haste, and when she came tried to snatch the gourd from her hand. But with her stronger hand she pushed his away, and made him drink while she held the gourd. He was young, but it did not seem strange to her to hear such volleys of profanity from one who had the splendor of youth, for her older sons had been of his kind. She left him cursing her because she did not give him more water, and went on; for

the face of her boy was still leading her, and the one she left was not like his.

The field extended further than she could see, but all around her was the lament of after-the-battle. Lights trembled or glimmered over the field; the surgeons and soldiers holding them were seeking the wounded, and she saw that some wore the blue and others the gray. Such a shambles as this was the only place in which they could meet like brethren, and here they passed each other without comment; nor did they notice her, save one, an old man with the shining tools of a surgeon in his hand, who gave her an approving nod.

She heard a moan which seemed to come from a little clump of bushes spared by the cannon-balls. A man, — a boy, rather, — with the animal instinct, had crawled in there that he might die unseen. He was in delirium with fever, and cried for his mother. The widow's heart was touched more deeply than before, for it was to such as he that her boy's face was leading her. She took him from out the bushes, stanching his wounds, and gave him of the cold water to drink. The fever abated, and his delirious talk sank to a mere mutter, while she stood and watched until one of the wagons gathering up the wounded came by; then she helped put him in, and passed on with the water to the others. She was eager to help; it was true pity, not a mere sense of duty, for she was now among the boys, the slender lads of eighteen and seventeen and sixteen; and very many of them there were, too, and she knew that her own boy had called her to help these. They lay thick upon the ground, — children they seemed to her; yet this war had such in scores of thousands, who went from the country schoolhouses to the battlefield.

Most of them were dead: sometimes they lay in long rows, as if they had been made ready for the grave; sometimes they lay in a heap, their bodies crossing; and here and there lay one who had found

death alone. But amid the dead were a few living, and the widow's hands grew tenderer and more gentle as she raised their heads and let them drink. The water in her buckets was three fourths gone, and she was very careful of it now, for a little might mean a life.

The vapors still hung over the field, and the thick, clammy air was often death to the wounded who could not breathe it. The widow wished more than once for a little of the water, herself, but there were others who needed it far more, and she went on with her work among the boys. She thought often, as she looked at the white young faces around her, of that slaughter of the innocents of which the Bible told, and it seemed to her that this was as wicked and fruitless as that.

The lights were growing fewer, and the carts with the wounded rumbled past her less often; the cries, a volume of sound before, became solitary moans. The darkness, cut here and there by the vapors, hid most of the field, and she was forced to search closely to tell the living from the dead. She was tired, weary in bone and sinew, but the face of her boy led her on, and, while any of the living remained there, she would seek. She stumbled once, in the darkness, on a dead body, and, springing back with a shudder when she felt the yielding flesh under her feet, walked on into a little hollow.

She heard a boy groan, — very feebly, but still she could not mistake the sound for any of the fancied noises of the battlefield; and then the same faint voice calling his mother. She had heard other boys, on that night, calling for their mothers, but there was a new tone in this cry. She trembled and stood quite still, listening for the groan, which came again, feebler than before. It was so faint that she could not tell from what point it came, and all the shadows seemed to have gathered in the hollow. If she had only a light! She saw one of the

lanterns glimmering far off in the field, but even if she obtained it she might not be able to find the place again. She advanced into the hollow, bending down low and searching the thick weeds and tangled bushes with her eyes. One of the buckets she had left behind; the other yet contained a gourdful of water, and she preserved it as if it were so much gold, now more jealously than ever.

She saw nothing. The place was larger than she had thought, and was thick with vines and weeds and heaped-up stones. She stumbled twice and fell upon her knees, but each time she held the water so well that not a drop was spilled. She stood erect again, listening, but hearing nothing. She called aloud, saying that help was there, but no answer came. Her heart was beating violently, but she neither wept nor cried aloud, for she was a woman of strength, and had always been of few words and less show.

Where she stood was the lowest point of the battlefield, and was on its outer edge. It was likewise the darkest spot, and the remainder of it seemed to curve before and above her in a great dusky amphitheatre, broken faintly by a few points of light where the lanterns burned. She saw the formless bulk of a single cart moving slowly. In a little while the field would be abandoned to her and the dead.

She turned and continued the search, feeling her way through the mass of vegetation, and listening for the guiding groan. Again she stopped, and her heart was in the grip of fear lest she should not find him. She bent her ear close to the ground, and then she heard a cry so faint that it was but a sigh. She pushed her way through some bushes, and there he lay, his back against a rock, his white girlish face with its circle of fair hair turned up to the sky. The eyes were closed, and the chest seemed not to move. A great clot of blood hung upon his left shoulder and made a red gleam against the cloth of his coat.

Let it be said again that she was not a woman who showed her emotions, though at that first glance her face perhaps turned as white as his. She set the bucket down, knelt at his side, and, putting her face close to his, found that he was not dead, for she felt his breath upon her lips. She raised the head a little, and a sigh of pain, scarcely to be heard, escaped him. She poured some of the water, every drop more precious now than ever, into the gourd, and moistened his lips, which burned with the fever. Then she raised his head higher and dropped a little into his mouth. He sighed again, and his eyelids quivered and were lifted until a faint trace of the blue beneath appeared; then they closed. But she poured water into his mouth and down his throat a second time, and she could feel that pulse and breathing were stronger.

The blood was clotted and caked over his wound, but with wisdom she let it alone, knowing that there was no better bandage to stop the flow. She wet his hands and his face with water and gave him more to drink, and saw a trace of color appear in his cheeks. His eyes opened partly two or three times, and he talked, but not of anything she knew, speaking in confused words of other battlefields and long marches; and before a sentence or its sense was finished another would be begun. She wanted no help; she looked around in jealousy lest another should come, and saw how small was the chance of it. The last cart had disappeared from the field, so far as she could see; she could count but four lights, and they were far off. In that part of the field, she, the living, was alone with the dead and the boy who hung between life and death.

Never had she felt herself more strong of body and mind, more full of resource; never had she felt herself more ready of head and hand. She gave him the last of the water, and saw the spot of color in his cheek, which was not of

fever, grow. Then she lifted him in her arms, and began to walk with her burden across the battlefield. She looked at the wound, and seeing no fresh blood knew that she had not strained it open in lifting. With that she was satisfied, and she went on with careful step.

She felt her way through the roughness of the hollow, where the bushes and the weeds clung to her dress and her feet and tried to trip her; but she thrust them all aside and went on toward the house. She passed out of the hollow, and into the space which had received the full sweep of the cannon-balls and bullets.

The field was clothed in vapors which floated around her like little clouds. The white faces of the dead looked up at her, and she seemed to be going between rows of them on either side.

She walked on with sure and steady step, not feeling the weight in her arms and against her shoulder, unmoved by the ghastly heaps and the dead faces. She reached the burnt ground, where the little patches of fire that she had seen as she passed the other way had ceased to burn, but the smoke was still rising and the ground was yet warm. She feared that the smoke would get into his throat and choke down the little life that was left. So she ran, and the burnt arms of the trees seemed to wave at her and to jeer her, as if they knew she would be too late. She stumbled a little, but recovered herself. The boy stirred and groaned. She was in dread lest the rough jolt had started his wound, but her hand could not feel the warmth of fresh blood, and, reassured, she hastened through the burnt strip and toward home.

The house was silent and dark; apparently, no one had noticed the log cabin, its secluded position and the clump of woods perhaps hiding it from men whose attention had been devoted solely to the battle. She pushed open the door, and entered with her helpless burden. Some coals still glowed on the hearth, and threw out a warm light which bade

her welcome. She put the boy on the bed, and covered the coals with ashes, for it was hot and close in the house. Then she lighted the piece of candle, and setting it where it could serve her with its light, and yet not shine into his eyes, she proceeded with her work.

Women who live such lives as hers must learn a little of all things, and she knew the duties of a surgeon. Twice she had bound up the wounds of her husband, received in some mountain fray. She undressed the young soldier, and as she did so she noticed the scar of a year-old wound under the shoulder, — a wound that might well have been mortal. The bullet of to-night had gone almost through, and she could feel it against the skin on the other side. She cut it out easily with the blade of a pocket-knife, and put it in the cupboard. Then she bound up the wound the late bullet had made when it entered, leaving the congealed blood upon it as help against a fresh flow, and sat down to wait.

He was still talking, saying words that had no meaning, and threw his arms about a little; but he was stronger, and she hoped, though she knew, too, that he trembled on the edge.

She sat for a long time watching every movement, even the slightest. The little clock ticked so loudly that she thought once of stopping it; but the sound was so steady and regular that it lulled them, the boy as well as herself, and she let it alone.

He became quieter and grew stronger, too, as she could tell by his breathing, and slept. She spread a sheet over him, and opened the window that a little air might enter the close, warm room. She stood there for a while and looked toward the battlefield, but she could see nothing now to tell her of the combat. The vapors that floated over it hid it and all its ruin.

The wind rose, stirring the hot, close air and cooling the night. It whistled softly through the trees and among the hills,

but it did not bring the smell of battle. That had vanished with the combat that had been so unreal itself, as she looked at it from her window. Now she could not see a human figure nor any sign of war. The cabin was just the same lone cabin among the hills that it had always been. She went outside and made the circuit of the house, but there was nothing for eye or ear to note. The night was darkening again, the wind had blown up clouds which hid the face of the moon, and but a few stars twinkled in the sky. The air felt damp, and scattered drops of rain whirled before the wind which was whistling, far off, as it drove away through the hills.

She went back into the house, — for she could not leave the boy more than a minute or two, — and found that he was sleeping well. She prepared some stimulants, and put them where they would be ready to her hand. Then she made over all her arrangements for the morrow, for two instead of one, and placed everything about the house in order, that it might put on its best look in the daylight. She finished her task, and sat down by the bed. Presently the sufferer began to talk of battle and strive to move, thinking he was in action on the field again. When she felt of his wrist and forehead, she saw that the fever was rising, and she thought he was going to die. She did all that her experience told her, and waited. Her bitterness came back, and she called them fools and barbarians once more; she was a fool herself to have had pity upon them.

The boy's wild talk was all of war. She followed him through march and camp, skirmish and battle, charge and retreat, and saw how they had taken their hold upon him, and what courage and energy he had put into his part. In half an hour he became quieter, and the fever sank. A cannon-shot boomed among the hills, — so far away that the sound was softened by the distance. But it echoed long; hill and valley took

it up and passed it on to farther hill and valley; and she heard it again and again, until it died away in the farthest hills like the last throb of a distant drumbeat. It was as if it had been a minute gun for the dead, and she went in terror to the bed; but the boy was not dead. He had passed again from delirium to sleep, and, fearing everything now, she went outside to see if the cannon-shot, by any chance, foretold a renewal of the battle; but it must have been a stray shot, for, as before, nowhere could she see a light, nowhere a living figure, nor could she hear any sound of human beings. The air was cooler, and, shivering, she went back into the house.

Presently the drops changed to steady rain, which beat upon the windows; but it was peaceful and sheltered in the little house, and as she looked out at the rain, dashed past by the wind, there was a softness in her heart. The rain ceased after a while, and the trees and bushes dripped silver drops. The boy stirred; but it was some thought in his sleep that made him stir, not fever. She looked at him closely. His breathing was regular and easy, and she knew that he would live.

Going once more to the window, and with eyes to the skies, she gave her wordless thanks to God.

A broad bar of light appeared in the east. The day was coming.

Joseph A. Altsheler.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

By the results of the war with Spain we are brought face to face with the beginning of a new epoch not only of our national development, but possibly of the world's progress; and, as in former great epochs of the world's progress the chief actors have found themselves borne onward by an irresistible force far beyond their original intent, so does it seem that we are irresistibly borne onward to duties and responsibilities new to us and momentous in character, by the course of events during the past six months. It is unquestionable that our original intention was as honest as were the original intentions of Washington and Lincoln at the beginning of their great life-work; yet the result of their life-work in each case was the reverse of their original purpose, without any intentional breach of their good faith. Of such may truly be repeated the profound remark of Cromwell, "One never goes so far as when he planneth not."

Whatever may be the theories of moralists, the world's life and progress

proceed upon facts. That the colonial empire of Spain is overthrown by this war is a fact as absolute as that the Rome of the Cæsars has fallen. It is also a fact that, whatever may have been our original intent last April, we are the successors of Spain in the West Indies and, to an undefined extent, in the Pacific. We cannot escape the consequences of that fact, nor the duties and responsibilities that follow from it.

If we destroy the military forces of the rulers of a province, we not only break the enemy's prestige and power, but we must assume the responsibility of the expelled government for the preservation of peace and order. As a corollary, it follows that if we should merely content ourselves with taking a coaling station, and should not provide for the orderly government of the conquered district, we should become accountable for the anarchy that would ensue. On the other hand, if, after taking a coaling station as a prize of war, we should sell or otherwise divide the rest of a conquered de-

pendency, should we not be acting the part of a robber nation, dividing the spoils of war with other nations for our own profit, and to silence their demands and obtain their acquiescence?

However bad may have been the Spanish colonial government, it was a government; it did give a certain degree of peace and order both in the Philippines and in the West Indies; it was better than anarchy, probably better than any semi-barbaric government which it is in the power of the Philippine insurgents to establish without our protection and supervision for a period, at least; and in Cuba, perhaps better than the Cuban insurgents can establish at the present time without our friendly assistance. It therefore seems our duty, however undesired, to continue for the present in control of whatever territory may be taken from Spain as the fruit of our victories, and to administer the government for the benefit of the inhabitants until we are satisfied of their willingness and ability to maintain in a reasonable degree peace and order, law and justice. We, as trustees and guardians of several millions of people of different races from our own, have become the political arbiters of their destiny, and are bound to provide against civil war among them.

Our responsibility for the administration of this trust cannot be transferred by accepting the professions of native insurgent leaders and their production of paper constitutions and forms of government. We cannot terminate our trust, even though unsought and onerous, until the conquered dependency is under a government which does give it a reasonable degree of peace, law, and equity, and whose permanence may be assumed from the general confidence and support of the inhabitants. Indeed, war assumes a promise to abide by its consequences, for better and for worse; to accept the responsibilities of victory as well as its glory, with the same manly courage with which we face wounds and death in bat-

tle, sickness and pestilence in hospital, and the public cost and private sorrow at home which may result from it. Let us not hesitate to perform our duty like men, and, like prudent men, let us examine our position so as to measure the difficulties of our task.

The long-established foreign policy of the United States was originally formulated in Washington's Farewell Address, and was more fully defined in the Monroe Doctrine message and in subsequent expositions of its application by successive secretaries of state.

In all these state papers the principles and doctrines were set forth as the "declarations" of a sovereign nation. As in all declarations of intent, the nation necessarily reserved the right to change or modify these principles and doctrines when cases should arise for their practical application in the promotion of great permanent interests of the nation. For, be it distinctly understood, such declarations are "unilateral," and without covenant, direct or implied, to bind our hands to act against what may seem our public interests. To deny this principle of national life would be to hang about the nation's neck, like a constantly increasing weight, the accumulating errors of successive generations, and thus ultimately to destroy the nation, — a doctrine directly opposed to the paramount duty of self-preservation. Indeed, a declaration of intent, announced as an act of courtesy or warning to foreign nations, and not for valuable consideration, establishes no prescriptive rights, however long enjoyed, but may be resumed or reversed at the will of the nation without prejudice to its good faith. Nor can such change of policy be made a ground by other nations for demanding an explanation; a nation's sovereignty and the exercise of its sovereign rights are not open to the adjudication of other nations, its possible rivals or enemies.

Therefore, whatever may be the for-

eign policy which the United States may adopt in the West Indies or in the Pacific, no European power has a right to demand an explanation of our intentions, or even of particular acts, unless they threaten immediate hostilities. Much less can the right be claimed that such policy nullifies our general foreign policy or our local foreign policy in a distant part of the world. Such a claim could be looked upon only as an intolerable insolence on the part of the government making it, and should be sternly rejected.

But assuming that the results of this war require the adoption by the United States of a colonial policy in the West Indies and the Philippines, it has been held — doubtless with perfect sincerity by many — that we should thereby definitely abandon our traditional foreign policy as defined in Washington's Farewell Address, the Monroe Doctrine message, and official expositions of the same by our state department; and fear has been expressed that we should give a provocation for European intervention in American affairs, to say nothing of the ruinous consequences to our republic inevitable to the control of colonies, as shown by the corruption and failure of Spain herself because of these very colonies. To see whether there be such grave danger, let us briefly review the first applications of the Farewell Address and the Monroe Doctrine, and determine to what extent they truly apply to the conditions that now face us.

The doctrine of the balance of power in Europe furnishes the key to European political history for the past three centuries. It had been intended that the *status quo* established by the Peace of Westphalia (1648), when western Europe was politically redistributed among the several rulers, should be permanent. It was held to be an outrage against the peace of Europe to attempt a material change of the territorial distribution then established; to avert this, standing armies were maintained and endless di-

plomatic negotiations kept up, requiring permanent legations at all important capitals.

Richelieu is credited with devising this scheme for the purpose of assuring the superiority in Europe of France and the house of Bourbon over the Hapsburg dynasties in Austria and Germany and in Spain; his central idea was to keep Germany from unification, and to this end to reorganize the German Empire into groups of independent states according to their religion, preserving a nominal allegiance to elective emperors and state-rights to the princes, not only in local affairs, but in foreign relations. As thus organized there were two hundred and three sovereignties, separated by religious differences and by local jealousies and interests, — an ideal arrangement for foreign intrigues and combinations, controversies and wars, as the normal political condition of Europe for centuries to come. Thus Richelieu won the name "Father of European Diplomacy." So effective was this arrangement that Germany was kept weak and divided until the Sadowa campaign obliterated Austria from German politics in 1866, and the Franco-German war resulted in the complete unification of Germany under the Hohenzollerns.

Now the keystone of the doctrine of the balance of power was perpetuation of the political distribution of power in Europe established by the Peace of Westphalia, — political stagnation fatal to national development. The constant wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were manifestations of the impossibility that the world should stand still; the readjustments, at the close of such wars, were all based on throwing in "makeweights" to restore the balance of power in Europe; for all Europe had come to look upon the rest of the world — her colonial dependencies in America, Asia, and Africa — as created solely for her benefit. This balance of power in Europe, up to the close of the eighteenth

century, was the struggle between France and Austria for supremacy in Europe, — a dynastic question with which America had no direct intrinsic concern. Washington's Farewell Address happily describes it as "broils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice."

Our revolutionary statesmen personally understood how fatal to peace in America would be the continued extension of this European doctrine of balance of power to America, — to the United States as an ally, to the European colonies in America if they were to continue to be used as makeweights. Washington's own military career opened in the Virginia forests because England and Prussia had become involved in war with France and Austria over dynastic questions growing out of this European balance of power; they knew how Louisburg had been besieged and taken by New England troops in 1745, and by the treaty of peace in 1748 had been given back to France in exchange for the French trading factory at Madras.

Indeed, these American dependencies of Europe were sold and exchanged like West India negroes: some of the West India islands had changed owners ten times in less than two centuries; the Dutch province of New York was obtained by the English in exchange for the English colony of Surinam in Guiana. After being held by Holland, England, and Spain in turn, the island of Santa Cruz was sold successively to the Knights of Malta, the French West India Company, the king of France, and the government of Denmark (by which it was recently offered for sale to the United States). In like manner, after similar transfers, the island of St. Bartholomew was given to the king of Sweden by France in exchange for the right of French merchants to trade at the Swedish port of Gottenburg.

All these facts were notorious, and were acutely realized by our revolution-

ary statesmen. Hamilton used them as arguments in favor of the adoption of the Constitution: we should thus "concur in creating a great American system, superior to all transatlantic force and influence, and able to dictate the terms of connection between the Old World and the New World."¹ John Adams noted in his Diary this remark of his to the British plenipotentiary in negotiating our treaty of peace with Great Britain in 1783: "It is obvious that all the powers of Europe will be continually manoeuvring to work us into their real or imaginary balances of power; they will all seek to make of us a makeweight candle in weighing out their pounds."

That this makeweight system would be a menace to our peace as a nation was fully understood; for what security should we have if European powers, owning West India islands commanding our coast and commerce, could sell them to our rivals or enemies?

Thus we see that the two desiderata set forth in Washington's Farewell Address were — no political entanglements of the United States in European political broils, and an American system apart and separate from that of Europe. These points were finally embodied in Monroe's famous message of December 2, 1823.

The scheme of the balance of power had its own development, and was followed by other plans to secure similar ends. The Napoleonic wars made a new readjustment of European boundaries necessary, but first of all Europe must overthrow the military domination of Napoleon. Hence the Holy Alliance of the five great Powers, arranged by Lord Castlereagh in the Treaty of Chaumont, March 1, 1814. Lord Castlereagh's circular of June 19, 1821, officially states its purpose: "It was a union for the reconquest and liberation of a great portion of the continent of Europe from the military despotism of France; and, having subdued the conqueror, it

¹ *Federalist*, xi.

took the state of possession, as established by the peace, under its protection. It never was, however, intended for the government of the world or for the superintendence of the internal affairs of other states." This is a most important exposition for us to bear in mind, because it led to the announcement of our Monroe Doctrine.

The formation of the Holy Alliance was essentially the overthrow of the doctrine of political equality of sovereign states, which had been an important factor in the scheme of balance of power. It set up the primacy of the great Powers as trustees for settling European questions; it made the settlement of questions of European interest depend upon the common consent of the great Powers; hence the later name "concert of Europe."

The Holy Alliance, after reorganizing Europe, undertook to reestablish Spain in her revolted American colonies. At this England protested, and withdrew from the Alliance. Isolated, she decided to invite the United States to join her in formal protest against the proposed interference of the Holy Alliance in Spanish America. Mr. Canning suggested this joint action to United States minister Rush, who submitted the correspondence to President Monroe, and the latter sent the papers to ex-Presidents Jefferson and Madison, asking their views. The reply of Jefferson, dated October 24, 1823, shows how logically he deduced the Monroe Doctrine from the principles of Washington's Farewell Address: "The question presented by the letters you have sent me is the most momentous which has been offered to my contemplation since that of Independence. *That* made us a nation; *this* sets the compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening

to us. . . . Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe; our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle in cisatlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe and peculiarly her own; she should have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. . . . We will oppose with all our means the forcible interposition of any other power" (in American colonial questions) "as auxiliary, stipendiary, or under any other form or pretext; and most especially their transfer to any other power by conquest, cession, or acquisition in any other way." This is a concrete statement of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine, if we add the claim, already then announced, that as all American territory belonged to some Christian power, none of it was subject to European colonization.

Thus we have the Monroe Doctrine for the protection of America, North and South, from the European political schemes of balance of power, primacy of the great Powers, and European concert.

England's refusal to consent to the restoration of the Spanish Bourbons in Spanish America, largely because of her opposition to the Spanish system of colonial monopoly, led to the downfall of the Holy Alliance. But the idea of common consent had become a fixed principle of European politics and was extended to the Eastern Question, which has been the disturbing question of European politics for three quarters of a century.

It was because the concert of Europe could not agree upon intervention in Turkey that the recent Armenian massacres were allowed to go unpunished, although all the great Powers individually abhorred the outrages.¹

¹ The status of the Suez Canal, being an Egyptian and therefore a Turkish question, was recognized as of general European interest, and, after much fruitless negotiation, the canal

was neutralized by the convention of 1888 between the six great Powers, to which Turkey, Spain, and the Netherlands subsequently became parties by accession. But let it be dis-

We see, then, that European political questions are as distinct and apart from American questions to-day as they have been at any time during the past century; and that an American system has grown out of the Monroe Doctrine through its acceptance as their own policy also by many if not all the other American republics. We claim no right of intervention in the domestic or foreign concerns of any American state, except so far as to prevent European intermeddling with its political destiny. We stood as defender of the Mexican people against the establishment of an empire under a European intruder backed by a European army of invaders; we extended our friendly offices in the settlement of the Venezuela-Guiana boundary dispute, which — after chronic controversies — was finally referred to international arbitration; on several occasions we have consented to adjudicate boundary disagreements between American nations at their mutual request; and we engaged in a costly general war to put an end to an intolerable condition of barbarity in a European colony at our door, and assure its people due security of life and property, peace, law, and equity; nor could we allow any European power to redress these wrongs, any more than we could permit a European power to transfer its American dependencies to another European power.

It has been said by a very eminent European writer on international law that "the position of the United States

on the American continent is in some respects like, and in others exceedingly unlike, that which is accorded in Europe to the six great Powers. . . . If it be true that there is a primacy in America comparable to that which exists in Europe, it must be wielded by her, and by her alone."¹

It may be truly said that the United States does exercise a primacy in America, but it is confined to the protection of American states against the land-hunger of Europe. We have never intervened in the internal dissensions of any American state, nor in controversies or wars between American states; we have never pushed unsought our good offices or mediation upon them in their difficulties, nor have we objected to their choice of European Powers as arbitrators. We have strictly confined ourselves to the part of a good friend to each of them, whose friendly offices are always at their command for the honorable settlement of controversies among themselves or with European Powers.

If this be primacy in America, most assuredly it is a kind of primacy radically different from that which has arrayed armies of millions in Europe, and established a European concert to "superintend the solution of the Eastern Question, — in other words, to regulate the disintegration of Turkey,"² without producing a general war in the scramble for desirable bits of the crumbling Turkish Empire. Whatever may be the theory of the concert of Europe, the fact

tinently noted that this neutralization was accounted a *European* question, and that every one of the signatory Powers (except Austria) had colonies in Asia or Africa, to which this canal was a necessary waterway, — the shortest line of approach. On the other hand, the European Powers which had no colonies to be reached by the Suez Canal were not parties to the convention. The German canal from Kiel on the Baltic to the North Sea, the Caledonian canal across Scotland, the canal across the Isthmus of Corinth, and the projected French canal from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterra-

nean — all ship canals — are considered local, and not of general European interest.

For a similar reason, the construction of an American Isthmus canal, whether at Nicaragua or at Panama, cannot be claimed to be a European question, or in any way under the control of the concert of Europe. On the contrary, it is purely an American question, for the same reason that the Suez Canal is purely a European question.

¹ Professor T. J. Lawrence, *International Law*, § 136.

² Professor T. E. Holland, *European Concert*.

is that the Crimean war was made to prevent Russia getting a larger share of Turkey than seemed fair to the other Powers; this same spirit of jealous rivalry, perhaps of self-defense, compelled Russia to yield the fruits of victory extorted from Turkey by the Peace of S. Stefano two decades ago.

The foreign policy of this country has been to have no political connection with foreign countries in the local European schemes of European balance of power, primacy in Europe, concert of Europe, Triple Alliance, or whatever other names may represent European politics. But our policy is settled in regard to the intervention of European Powers in America for controlling the political destiny of any American nation or for the control by transfer of any European dependency in America. Hence the escape of the weaker nations of Latin America from the toils of European intervention and land-hunger.

Whatever may be our policy, moreover, in regard to purely American questions, as belonging to a system separate and apart from that of Europe, we are perfectly free to adopt whatever foreign policy we may deem proper in regard to other than American questions; nor can such policy be held in any way to militate against or nullify our American policy.

When we note the recent land scramble in Africa, and the partition of that continent among the great Powers of western Europe, in some way based on the doctrine of "equivalents," we behold a disposition to extend the European system of balance of power beyond Europe. And in the Far East to-day we see, in process of accomplishment, a partition of China remarkably resembling the recently accomplished partition of Africa. Whether in Africa or in the Far East, the fundamental cause is the same, — a scramble for foreign markets, with political dominion thrown in to assure their permanence.

At this juncture the United States wins a notable naval victory at Manila, which presumably puts us in practical control at least of a part of a tropical archipelago about as large as Japan, inhabited by some ten million people. We know that the Philippines, despite Spanish misgovernment and corruption, have an average foreign trade of fifty million dollars a year, — as great as Japan's twenty years ago, and one fifth that of China to-day. Though our knowledge of the natural resources of the Philippines is still vague, the general opinion is that in natural resources they will compare favorably with any part of the Far East. And we may believe that, under honest government, peace and order will reign, and within a score of years, under the protection of the United States, they may become a commercial rival of Japan.

The opening of this group of islands as a foreign market of increasing purchasing power, as a goal for our commerce and navigation on the Pacific, comes when a large and increasing foreign market seems to this country, as it has seemed to European Powers, an absolute necessity not only for industrial prosperity, but for mitigating the conflict between labor and capital.

With China already partly partitioned between Russia, Germany, and France, after their colonial system in the antiquated interest of colonial monopoly; with Great Britain and Japan also sharers of China, but on the principle of the "open door," — that is, all nations to trade on equal terms, — we are brought face to face with two radically different policies for colonial dependencies. To the people not only of the Philippines, but of China, the question involved by these two divergent policies is momentous, involving the destiny of quite a fifth of the world's inhabitants. That question is whether they shall be the slaves of commercial monopoly under Russian, German, and French task-masters, or whether they shall be open to modern life

and thought on the "open door" system of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

We can well understand how the partition of China has been arranged on the doctrine of equivalents, and how an equilibrium has thus been created. But, assuming that Spain permanently loses the Philippines, who is to take control? It is evident that the apparent equilibrium between England, France, Germany, Russia, and Japan would be entirely destroyed by adding the Philippines to the holdings of either of those five Powers, and this would bring grave controversy, if not war, against the recipient, from the other four Powers. There seems but one thing that can avert this terrible result, namely, the advent of a new first-class Power in the Far East, which is on terms of perfect friendship with all five Powers.

Whether we like it or not, of all the nations of the world to-day, the United States is the only Power which can take these islands and develop them without disturbing the politico-commercial equilibrium in the Far East.

When we look back upon the bureaucratic methods adopted by the continental Powers in colonization, and see how little of genuine civilization has accrued to their colonies; when we compare this meagre exhibit with the steady and noble progress of every Anglo-Saxon state, territory, colony and dependency — whether Caucasian or of lower race — in all that makes man happy, prosperous, and progressive, the victory at Manila does seem as an awakening of the Philippines, and such an awakening as may hasten the spread throughout eastern Asia of the blessings of modern civilization.

What is the grand central Anglo-Saxon

idea in the founding of states? It is first of all, and above all, that government is organized, according to the condition of the people to be governed, for a single practical purpose, and that purpose is to establish peace, law, and equity; so that, under it, all men shall be equal before the law and shall have equal justice; that all men shall be at peace with one another under the law, and shall enjoy equal protection in accumulating and using their property; that there shall be no military overlord or military caste to tyrannize over the plain men of the people; that there shall be no religious overlord or religious caste to tyrannize over their souls; that the poor and unfortunate shall not become outcasts, and their children after them; that public education shall be freely dispensed as a means of uplifting men's souls and lives and making them good citizens, — self-respecting and intelligent, and able to take a constantly increasing part in the affairs of government.

The Anglo-Saxon of to-day is the product of a thousand years of continuous effort to make brave and honest men. For centuries we have practiced the art of self-government, until to govern has become an instinct, and to be self-governed a habit. To us power means opportunity to help others; it also means responsibility, not to man only, but to God, for the wise use of the power thus given us. And for this reason we are especially fitted to act as trustees and guardians of inferior races, and peculiarly qualified to fit them eventually to govern themselves. That this is very truth, compare India and Egypt to-day with what they were before the advent of their Anglo-Saxon rulers.

Horace N. Fisher.

BISMARCK AS A NATIONAL TYPE.

It was a spring day in 1883. The crafts and trades of Berlin were celebrating the anniversary of the founding of one of their guilds some four or five centuries ago. In good German fashion, there was an abundance of solemn and sonorous jollification throughout the day, but the climax of the exercises was reached in an historical pageant representing the growth of Berlin commerce and manufactures from the Middle Ages down to the present time.

It had been given out that this pageant was to be reviewed by the old Emperor from his familiar corner window; it was rumored that it would also pass by the imperial Chancellery, and that Prince Bismarck would probably be there to see it pass. In anticipation of this event, a dense multitude had taken possession of the square in front of Bismarck's official residence — the Wilhelmsplatz — hours before the procession had even begun to move. An eager, nervous expectation seemed to hover over the surging masses. Will the procession really come this way? If it does, will he appear, — he who is so indifferent to pompous demonstrations, so averse to appeals to the crowd? As yet there was no sign of life in the Bismarck mansion: the windows were closed; most of the curtains were drawn. Perhaps the prince is not even at home, or is too engrossed in public business to have given any attention to this local holiday. In spite of such misgivings, the populace held out unfalteringly; every minute swelled its numbers. Now, not only the square, but the adjoining streets also were literally packed. Presently there was heard from the direction of Unter den Linden the low thunder of tumultuous cheering, interspersed now and then with some distant strains of martial music; evidently the procession was passing the Emperor's palace. Nearer and

nearer the sounds came, and higher and higher ran our feverish excitement.

Presently in a wing of the Chancellery nearest to the Wilhelmstrasse a window was thrown open: the Princess Bismarck and Count Herbert leaned out, and far back in the darkness of the room there loomed up a shadowy form, from which a mighty head seemed to be shining forth with something like electric energy. To attempt to describe the frenzy which seized the thousands in the street at this sight would be a futile task. It was as though we had had a vision, as though something superhuman had suddenly flashed down upon us and extinguished every other feeling except the impulse to worship. How long we had been cheering before he came forward to the window I cannot tell, but I venture to say that even an American football enthusiast would have been pleased with our efforts.

At last, however, he did come forward, and, putting on a pair of immense spectacles which his wife handed to him, looked down upon us with an expression of grave satisfaction. Meanwhile, the procession of the guilds had swung into the Wilhelmstrasse, and now passed by the Chancellery in seemingly endless array, every band striking up *The Watch on the Rhine* just before it reached the prince's window, every banner being dipped as long as his eye was upon it, and every man straightening himself up and feeling raised above his own narrow self while looking up to that stern and awe-inspiring face.

What was it that moved the multitude so profoundly during those hours, that gave to that impromptu demonstration the significance and dignity of a national event? Was it the consciousness of standing in the presence of the greatest diplomat of modern times, the

maker and unmaker of kings and emperors, the founder of German unity, the arbiter of Europe? Undoubtedly this was a large part of it. But political achievements alone are not sufficient to stir the people's heart. What called forth this extraordinary outburst of enthusiasm, what gave to every one in that crowd the sense of heightened existence, was, after all, the man, not his work; it was the instinctive feeling that in this one man yonder there were contained the lives of many millions of Germans, their dreams and struggles, their eccentricities and yearnings, their mistakes and triumphs, their prejudices, passions, ideals, their love, hate, humor, poetry, religion.

Let us single out a few of these affinities between Bismarck and the German people, in order to understand, however imperfectly, why the news of his death that has burst so suddenly upon us means for the sons of the Fatherland, all over the globe, the severing of their own lives from what they feel to have been the most complete embodiment of German nationality since Luther.

I.

Perhaps the most obviously Teutonic trait in Bismarck's character is its martial quality. It would be preposterous, of course, to claim warlike distinction as a prerogative of the German race. Russians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, undoubtedly, make as good fighters as Germans. But it is not an exaggeration to say that there is no other country in the world where the army is as enlightened or as popular an institution as it is in Germany. I do not underrate the evils of militarism. I believe the struggle against these evils will be the foremost task of the next twenty-five years in German political life. Yet I fail to see how it can be denied that the introduction of universal military service, which we owe to the inner regeneration of Prussia after the downfall of 1806, has

been the very corner-stone of German greatness in this century.

The German army is not composed of hirelings, of professional fighters whose business it is to pick up quarrels, no matter with whom. It is, in the strictest sense of the word, the people in arms. Among its officers there is a large percentage of the intellectual élite of the country; its rank and file embrace every occupation and every class of society, from the scion of royal blood down to the son of the seamstress. Although it is based upon the unconditional acceptance of the monarchical creed, nothing is farther removed from it than the spirit of servility. On the contrary, one of the very first teachings inculcated upon the German recruit is that in wearing the "king's coat" he is performing a public duty, and that by performing this duty he is honoring himself. Nor can it be said that it is the aim of German military drill to reduce the soldier to a mere machine, at will to be set in motion or be brought to a standstill by his superior. The aim of this drill is rather to give each soldier increased self-control, mentally no less than bodily; to develop his self-respect; to enlarge his sense of responsibility, as well as to teach him the absolute necessity of the subordination of the individual to the needs of the whole. The German army, then, is by no means a lifeless tool that might be used by an unscrupulous and adventurous despot to gratify his own whims or to wreak his private vengeance. The German army is, in principle at least, a national school of manly virtues, of discipline, of comradeship, of self-sacrifice, of promptness of action, of tenacity of purpose. Although the most powerful armament which the world has ever seen, it makes for peace rather than for war. Although called upon to defend the standard of the most imperious dynasty of western Europe, it contains more of the spirit of true democracy than many a city government on this side of the Atlantic.

All this has to be borne in mind, if we wish to judge correctly of Bismarck's military propensities. He has never concealed the fact that he felt himself above all a soldier. One of his earliest public utterances was a defense of the Prussian army against the sympathizers with the Revolution of 1848. His first great political achievement was the carrying through of King William's army reform in the face of the most stubborn and virulent opposition of a parliamentary majority. Never did his speech in the German Diet rise to a higher pathos than when he was asserting the military supremacy of the Emperor, or calling upon the parties to forget their dissensions in maintaining the defensive strength of the nation, or showering contempt upon Liberal deputies who seemed to think that questions of national existence could be solved by effusions of academic oratory. Over and over, during the last decade of his official career, did he declare that the only thing which kept him from throwing aside the worry and vexation of governmental duties, and retiring to the much coveted leisure of home and hearth, was the oath of vassal loyalty constraining him to stand at his post until his imperial master released him of his own accord. At the very height of his political triumphs he wrote to his sovereign: "I have always regretted that my parents did not allow me to testify my attachment to the royal house, and my enthusiasm for the greatness and glory of the Fatherland, in the front rank of a regiment rather than behind a writing-desk. And even now, after having been raised by your Majesty to the highest honors of a statesman, I cannot altogether repress a feeling of regret at not having been similarly able to carve out a career for myself as a soldier. Perhaps I should have made a poor general, but if I had been free to follow the bent of my own inclination I would rather have won battles for your Majesty than diplomatic campaigns."

It seems clear to me that both the defects and the greatness of Bismarck's character are intimately associated with these military leanings of his. He certainly was overbearing; he could tolerate no opposition; he was revengeful and unforgiving; he took pleasure in the appeal to violence; he easily resorted to measures of repression; he required insults with counter-insults; he had something of that blind *furor Teutonicus* which was the terror of the Italian republics in the Middle Ages. These are defects of temper which will probably prevent his name from ever shining with that serene lustre of international veneration that has surrounded the memory of a Joseph II. or a Washington with a kind of impersonal immaculateness. But his countrymen, at least, have every reason to condone these defects; for they are concomitant results of the military bent of German character, and they are offset by such transcendent military virtues that we would almost welcome them as bringing this colossal figure within the reach of our own frailties and shortcomings.

Three of the military qualities that made Bismarck great seem to me to stand out with particular distinctness: his readiness to take the most tremendous responsibilities, if he could justify his action by the worth of the cause for which he made himself responsible; his moderation after success was assured; his unflinching submission to the dictates of monarchical discipline.

Moritz Busch has recorded an occurrence, belonging to the autumn of 1877, which most impressively brings before us the tragic grandeur and the portentous issues of Bismarck's career. It was twilight at Varzin, and the Chancellor, as was his wont after dinner, was sitting by the stove in the large back drawing-room. After having sat silent for a while, gazing straight before him, and feeding the fire now and anon with fir cones, he suddenly began to complain

that his political activity had brought him but little satisfaction and few friends. Nobody loved him for what he had done. He had never made anybody happy thereby, he said, — not himself, nor his family, nor any one else. Some of those present would not admit this, and suggested that “he had made a great nation happy.” “But,” he continued, “how many have I made unhappy! But for me three great wars would not have been fought; eighty thousand men would not have perished; parents, brothers, sisters, and wives would not have been bereaved and plunged into mourning. . . . That matter, however, I have settled with God.” “Settled with God”! — an amazing statement, a statement which would seem the height of blasphemy, if it were not an expression of noblest manliness; if it did not reveal the soul of a warrior dauntlessly fighting for a great cause, risking for it the existence of a whole country as well as his own happiness, peace, and salvation, and being ready to submit the consequences, whatever they might be, to the tribunal of eternity. To say that a man who is willing to take such responsibilities as these makes himself thereby an offender against morality appears to me tantamount to condemning the Alps as obstructions to bicycling. At any rate, a people that glories in the achievements of Luther has no right to cast a slur upon the motives of Bismarck.

Whatever one may think of the worth of the cause for which Bismarck battled all his life, — the unity and greatness of Germany, — it is impossible not to admire the policy of moderation and self-restraint pursued by him after every one of his most decisive victories. Here again we note in him the peculiarly German military temper. German war-songs do not glorify foreign conquest and brilliant adventure; they glorify dogged resistance, and bitter fight for house and home, for kith and kin. The German army, composed as it is of millions of peaceful

citizens, is essentially a weapon of defense. And it can truly be said that Bismarck, with all his natural aggressiveness and ferocity, was in the main a defender, not a conqueror. He defended Prussia against the intolerable arrogance and un-German policy of Austria; he defended Germany against French interference in the work of national consolidation; he defended the principle of state sovereignty against the encroachments of the papacy; he defended the monarchy against the republicanism of the Liberals and Socialists; and his last public act was a defense of ministerial responsibility against the new-fangled absolutism of his young imperial master.

The third predominant trait of Bismarck's character that stamps him as a soldier — his unquestioning obedience to monarchical discipline — is so closely bound up with the peculiarly German conceptions of the functions and the purpose of the state, that it will be better to approach this part of his nature from the political instead of the military side.

II.

In no other of the leading countries of the world has the *laissez faire* doctrine had as little influence in political matters as in Germany. Luther, the fearless champion of religious individualism, was in questions of government the most pronounced advocate of paternalism. Kant, the cool dissector of the human intellect, was at the same time the most rigid upholder of corporate morality. It was Fichte, the ecstatic proclaimer of the glory of the individual will, who wrote this dithyramb on the necessity of the constant surrender of private interests to the common welfare: “Nothing can live by itself or for itself; everything lives in the whole; and the whole continually sacrifices itself to itself in order to live anew. This is the law of life. Whatever has come to the consciousness of existence must fall a victim to the progress of all existence. Only there is a difference

whether you are dragged to the shambles like a beast with bandaged eyes, or whether, in full and joyous presentiment of the life which will spring forth from your sacrifice, you offer yourself freely on the altar of eternity."

Not even Plato and Aristotle went so far in the deification of the state as Hegel. And if Hegel declared that the real office of the state is not to further individual interests, to protect private property, but to be an embodiment of the organic unity of public life; if he saw the highest task and the real freedom of the individual in making himself a part of this organic unity of public life, he voiced a sentiment which was fully shared by the leading classes of the Prussia of his time, and which has since become a part of the political creed of the Socialist masses all over Germany.

Here we have the moral background of Bismarck's internal policy. His monarchism rested not only on his personal allegiance to the hereditary dynasty, although no mediæval knight could have been more steadfast in his loyalty to his liege lord than Bismarck was in his unswerving devotion to the Hohenzollern house. His monarchism rested above all on the conviction that, under the present conditions of German political life, no other form of government would insure equally well the fulfillment of the moral obligations of the state.

He was by no means blind to the value of parliamentary institutions. More than once has he described the English Constitution as the necessary outcome and the fit expression of the vital forces of English society. More than once has he eulogized the sterling political qualities of English landlordism, its respect for the law, its common sense, its noble devotion to national interests. More than once has he deplored the absence in Germany of "the class which in England is the main support of the state, — the class of wealthy and therefore conservative gentlemen, independent of material

interests, whose whole education is directed with a view to their becoming statesmen, and whose only aim in life is to take part in public affairs;" and the absence of "a Parliament, like the English, containing two sharply defined parties, whereof one forms a sure and unswerving majority which subjects itself with iron discipline to its ministerial leaders." We may regret that Bismarck himself did not do more to develop parliamentary discipline; that indeed he did everything in his power to arrest the healthy growth of German party life. But it is at least perfectly clear that his reasons for refusing to allow the German parties a controlling influence in shaping the policy of the government were not the result of mere despotic caprice, but were founded upon thoroughly German traditions, and upon a thoroughly sober, though one-sided view of the present state of German public affairs.

To him party government appeared as much of an impossibility as it had appeared to Hegel. In his opinion the attempt to establish it would have led to nothing less than chaos. The German parties, as he viewed them, represented, not the state, not the nation, but an infinite variety of private and class interests, the interests of landholders, traders, manufacturers, laborers, politicians, priests, and so on; each particular set of interests desiring the particular consideration of the public treasury, and refusing the same amount of consideration to every other. It seemed highly desirable to him, as it did to Hegel, that all these interests should be heard; that they should be represented in a Parliament based upon as wide and liberal a suffrage as possible. But he thought that to entrust any one of these interests with the functions of government would have been treason to the state; it would have been class tyranny of the worst kind.

The logical outcome of all this was his conviction of the absolute necessity, for

Germany, of a strong non-partisan government: a government which should hold all the conflicting class interests in check, which should force them into continual compromises with one another; a government which should be unrestricted by any class prejudices, pledges, or theories, — which should have no other guiding star than the welfare of the whole nation. The only basis for such a government he found in the Prussian monarchy, with its glorious tradition of military discipline, of benevolent paternalism, and of self-sacrificing devotion to national greatness; with its patriotic gentry, its incorruptible courts, its religious freedom, its enlightened educational system, its efficient and highly trained civil service. To bow before such a monarchy, to serve such a state, was indeed something different from submitting to the chance vote of a parliamentary majority; in this bondage even a Bismarck could find his highest freedom.

For nearly forty years he bore this bondage; for twenty-eight he stood in the place nearest to the monarch himself; and not even his enemies have dared to assert that his political conduct was guided by other motives than the consideration of public welfare. Indeed, if there is any phrase for which he, the apparent cynic, the sworn despiser of phrases, seems to have had a certain weakness, it is *salus publica*. To it he sacrificed his days and his nights; for it he more than once risked his life; for it he incurred more hatred and slander than perhaps any other man of his time; for it he alienated his best friends; for it he turned not once or twice, but one might almost say habitually, against his own cherished prejudices and convictions. The career of few men shows so many apparent inconsistencies and contrasts. One of his earliest speeches in the Prussian Landtag was a fervent protest against the introduction of civil marriage; yet the civil marriage clause in the German constitution is his work. He

was by birth and tradition a believer in the divine right of kings, yet the king of Hanover could tell something of the manner in which Bismarck dealt with the divine right of kings if it stood in the way of German unity. He took pride in belonging to the most feudal aristocracy of eastern Europe, the Prussian Junkerdom; yet he has done more to uproot feudal privileges than any other German statesman since 1848. He gloried in defying public opinion; he was wont to say that he felt doubtful about himself whenever he met with popular applause; yet he is the founder of the German Parliament, and he founded it on direct and universal suffrage. He was the sworn enemy of the Socialist party, — he attempted to destroy it root and branch; yet through the nationalization of railways and the obligatory insurance of workmen he infused more Socialism into German legislation than any other statesman before him. He began as a quixotic champion of royal autocracy; he died the advocate of the German nation against the capricious mysticism of imperial omnipotence.

Truly, a man who could thus sacrifice his own wishes and instincts to the common good; who could so completely sink his own personality in the cause of the nation; who with such matchless courage defended this cause against attacks from whatever quarter, — against court intrigue no less than against demagogues, — such a man had a right to stand above parties; and he spoke the truth when, some years before leaving office, in a moment of gloom and disappointment he wrote under his portrait, "*Patriæ inserviando consumor.*"

III.

There is a strange, but after all perfectly natural antithesis in German national character. The same people that instinctively believes in political paternalism, that willingly submits to restrictions of personal liberty in matters of

state such as no Englishman would ever tolerate, is more jealous of its independence than perhaps any other nation in matters pertaining to the intellectual, social, and religious life of the individual. It seems as if the very pressure from without had helped to strengthen and enrich the life within.

Not only all the great men of German thought, from Luther down to the Grimms and the Humboldts, have been conspicuous for their freedom from artificial conventions, and for the originality and homeliness of their human intercourse, but even the average German official — wedded as he may be to his rank or his title, anxious as he may be to preserve an outward decorum in exact keeping with the precise shade of his public status — is often the most delightfully unconventional, good-natured, unsophisticated, and even erratic being in the world, as soon as he has left the cares of his office behind him. Germany is the classic land of queer people. It is the land of Quintus Fixlein, Onkel Bräsig, Leberecht Hühnchen, and the host of Fliegende Blätter worthies; it is the land of the beer-garden and the *Kaffekränzchen*, of the Christmas-tree and the Whitsuntide merrymaking; it is the land of country inns and of student pranks. What more need be said to bring before one's mind the wealth of hearty joyfulness, jolly good fellowship, boisterous frolic, sturdy humor, simple directness, and genuinely democratic feeling that characterizes social life in Germany?

Still less reason is there for dwelling on the intellectual and religious independence of German character. Absence of constraint in scientific inquiry and religious conduct is indeed the very palladium of German freedom. Nowhere else is higher education so entirely removed from class distinction as in the country where the imperial princes are sent to the same school with the sons of tradesmen and artisans. Nowhere else is there so little religious formalism coupled with

such deep religious feeling as in the country where sermons are preached to empty benches, while *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, *Wallenstein* and *Faust*, are listened to with the hush of awe and bated breath by thousands upon thousands.

In all these respects — socially, intellectually, religiously — Bismarck was the very incarnation of German character. Although an aristocrat by birth and bearing, and although, especially during the years of early manhood, passionately given over to the aristocratic habits of dueling, hunting, swaggering, and carousing, he was essentially a man of the people. Nothing was more utterly foreign to him than any form of libertinism; even his eccentricities were of the hardy homespun sort. He was absolutely free from social vanity; he detested court festivities; he set no store by orders or decorations; the only two among the innumerable ones conferred upon him which he is said to have highly valued were the Prussian order of the Iron Cross, bestowed for personal bravery on the battlefield, and the medal for "rescuing from danger" which he received in 1842 for having saved his groom from drowning by plunging into the water after him. What he thought of meaningless titles may be gathered from his remark anent the bestowal upon him by the present Emperor of the ducal dignity: "If ever I wish to travel incognito, I shall call myself Duke of Lauenburg."

All his instincts were bound up with the soil from which he had sprung. He passionately loved the North German plain, with its gloomy moorlands, its purple heather, its endless wheat-fields, its kingly forests, its gentle lakes, and its superb sweep of sky and clouds. Writing to his friends when abroad, — he traveled very little abroad, — he was in the habit of describing foreign scenery by comparing it to familiar views and places on his own estates. During sleepless nights in the Chancellery at Berlin there would often rise before him a

sudden vision of Varzin, his Pomeranian country-seat, "perfectly distinct in the minutest particulars, like a great picture with all its colors fresh, — the green trees, the sunshine on the stems, the blue sky above. I saw every individual tree." Never was he more happy than when alone with nature. "Saturday," he writes to his wife from Frankfort, "I drove to Rüdesheim. There I took a boat, rowed out on the Rhine, and swam in the moonlight, with nothing but nose and eyes out of water, as far as the Mäusethurm near Bingen, where the bad bishop came to his end. It gives one a peculiar dreamy sensation to float thus on a quiet warm night in the water, gently carried down by the current, looking above on the heavens studded with moon and stars, and on each side the banks and wooded hill-tops and the battlements of the old castles bathed in the moonlight, whilst nothing falls on one's ear but the gentle splashing of one's movements. I should like to swim like this every evening." And what poet has more deeply felt than he that vague musical longing which seizes one when far away from human sounds, by the brookside or the hillside? "I feel as if I were looking out on the mellowing foliage of a fine September day," he writes again to his wife, "health and spirits good, but with a soft touch of melancholy, a little homesickness, a longing for deep woods and lakes, for a desert, for yourself and the children, and all this mixed up with a sunset and Beethoven."

His domestic affections were by no means limited to those united to him by ties of blood; he cherished strong, patriarchal feelings for every member of his household, past or present. He possessed in a high degree the German tenderness for little things. He never forgot a service rendered to him, however small. In the midst of the most engrossing public activity he kept himself informed about the minutest details

of the management of his estates, so that his wife could once laughingly say that a turnip from his own fields interested him vastly more than all the problems of international politics.

His humor, also, was entirely of the German stamp. It was boisterous, rollicking, aggressive, unsparing, — of himself as well as of others, — cynic, immoderate, but never without a touch of good nature. His satire was often crushing, never venomous. His wit was racy and exuberant, never equivocal. Whether he describes his vis-à-vis at a hotel table, his Excellency So and So, as "one of those figures which appear to one when he has the nightmare, — a fat frog without legs, who opens his mouth as wide as his shoulders, like a carpet-bag, for each bit, so that I am obliged to hold tight on by the table from giddiness;" whether he characterizes his colleagues at the Frankfort Bundestag as "mere caricatures of periwig diplomats, who at once put on their official visage if I merely beg of them a light to my cigar, and who study their words and looks with Regensburg care when they ask for the key of the lavatory;" whether he sums up his impression of the excited, emotional manner in which Jules Favre pleaded with him for the peace terms in the words, "He evidently took me for a public meeting;" whether he declines to look at the statue erected to him at Cologne, because he "does n't care to see himself fossilized;" whether he speaks of the unprecedented popular ovations given to him at his final departure from Berlin as a "first-class funeral," — there is always the same childlike directness, the same naïve impulsiveness, the same bantering earnestness, the same sublime contempt for sham and hypocrisy.

And what man has been more truthful in intellectual and religious matters? He, the man of iron will, of ferocious temper, was at the same time the coolest reasoner, the most unbiased thinker.

He willingly submitted to the judgment of experts, he cheerfully acknowledged intellectual talent in others, he took a pride in having remained a learner all his life, but he hated arrogant amateurishness. He was not a churchgoer; he declined to be drawn into the circle of religious schemers and reactionary fanatics; he would occasionally speak in contemptuous terms of "the creed of court chaplains," but writing to his wife of that historic meeting with Napoleon in the lonely cottage near the battlefield of Sedan, he said: "A powerful contrast with our last meeting in the Tuileries in '67. Our conversation was a difficult thing, if I wanted to avoid touching on topics which could not but affect painfully the man whom God's mighty hand had cast down." And more than once he gave vent to reflections like these: "For him who does not believe — as I do from the bottom of my heart — that death is a transition from one existence to another, and that we are justified in holding out to the worst of criminals in his dying hour the comforting assurance, *mors janua vitæ*, — I say that for him who does not share that conviction, the joys of this life must possess so high a value that I could almost envy him the sensations they must procure him." Or these: "Twenty years hence, or at most thirty, we shall be past the troubles of this life, whilst our children will have reached our present standpoint, and will discover with astonishment that their existence (but now so brightly begun) has turned the corner and is going downhill. Were that to be the end of it all, life would not be worth the trouble of dressing and undressing every day."

IV.

We have considered a few traits of Bismarck's mental and moral make-up which seem to be closely allied with German national character and tradi-

tions. But after all, the personality of a man like Bismarck is not exhausted by the qualities which he has in common with his people, however sublimated these qualities may be in him. His innermost life belongs to himself alone, or is shared, at most, by the few men of the world's history who, like him, tower in splendid solitude above the waste of the ages. In the Middle High German Alexanderlied there is an episode which most impressively brings out the impelling motive of such Titanic lives. On one of his expeditions Alexander penetrates into the land of Scythian barbarians. These childlike people are so contented with their simple, primitive existence that they beseech Alexander to give them immortality. He answers that this is not in his power. Surprised, they ask why, then, if he is only a mortal, he is making such a stir in the world. Thereupon he answers: "The Supreme Power has ordained us to carry out what is in us. The sea is given over to the whirlwind to plough it up. As long as life lasts and I am master of my senses, I must bring forth what is in me. What would life be if all men in the world were like you?" These words might have been spoken by Bismarck. Every word, every act of his public career, gives us the impression of a man irresistibly driven on by some overwhelming, mysterious power. He was not an ambitious schemer, like Beaconsfield or Napoleon; he was not a moral enthusiast, like Gladstone or Cavour. If he had consulted his private tastes and inclinations, he would never have wielded the destinies of an empire. Indeed, he often rebelled against his task; again and again he tried to shake it off; and the only thing which again and again brought him back to it was the feeling, I must; I cannot do otherwise. If ever there was a man in whom Fate revealed its moral sovereignty, that man was Bismarck.

Kuno Francke.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GEORGE SAND.

THE long-promised letters of George Sand to Alfred de Musset appeared recently in the *Revue de Paris*, and were followed by a second series addressed to Sainte-Beuve.¹ Even before the publication of these letters there were signs of a revival of interest in George Sand. Her reputation had suffered an eclipse during the triumph of naturalism. But now that naturalism has "grown to a pleurisy and died in its own too much," the younger generation of French writers is making earnest, one is almost tempted to say desperate, efforts to arrive at some form of idealistic art; and this movement promises to result in an increase in the vogue of George Sand, as it has already resulted in a falling off in the vogue of Balzac.

Taine says that there is in the whole history of literature no other writer whose career is as instructive as that of George Sand, — no writer for the study of whose life there is such abundant material, and none to whom it is possible to apply so perfectly the method of Sainte-Beuve. The world at present shows signs of growing weary of the method of Sainte-Beuve as it has grown weary of naturalism; we are coming to be less concerned with the natural origins of a writer's talent, and more concerned with getting at this talent in itself, with measuring its absolute elevation, with finding out how far it is the product of the writer's will as well as of his environment. The life of George Sand lends itself even more to the latter method of treatment — the method of the new criticism — than to that of Sainte-Beuve. Taine himself, with the sympathy he showed toward the last for the points of view most different from his own, has remarked that an admirable

¹ The two series have since been reissued in book form by Calmann Lévy.

study might be made of the evolution of George Sand's character as revealed in her works. Nothing she has written is richer in material for a study of this kind than her letters, and among the letters themselves the most interesting are those she exchanged with Flaubert. Her talent as an artist reached its maturity no doubt in the country idyls, but it is rather in these letters to Flaubert that we are to seek the clearest and fullest expression of her character and views of life.

For the beginning of George Sand's career we need to turn, not to the correspondence, but to her autobiography, — *L'Histoire de ma Vie*, — especially to the chapters devoted to the years spent in the *Couvent des Anglaises* at Paris. It is well to remember that during her convent life she passed through a period of fervent Catholic mysticism. "I feel," we read in one of her later letters, "a foretaste of infinite ecstasies, and of ravishments like those of my childhood when I thought I saw the Virgin, like a white blur on a sun floating over my head." Her early letters contrast curiously in their simple and unaffected tone with those she wrote after coming under the influence of romanticism, toward the end of her unhappy married life with the Baron Dudevant. George Sand doubtless had real grievances against her husband, but her main grievance seems to have been that he was not a man of genius. She finally decided on a separation, and early in 1831 came to Paris, and "embarked," as she expresses it, "on the stormy sea of literature." The years immediately following have been appropriately termed by Matthew Arnold the period of "agony and revolt." She strove to escape from every form of convention, and took delight in shocking all the ordinary notions of bourgeois propriety. She dressed in men's cloth-

ing and frequented Bohemian society. She informs one of her correspondents that her main item of expense is for tobacco. Like all the romantic writers, she professed the religion of passion, an ideal to which she has given expression in *Lélia*. "For poetic souls," she says in this work, "the sentiment of worship enters even into the love of the senses." Of this mixture of idealism and sensuality there is only too much in the whole modern conception of love. We find in Petrarch one of the earliest instances of this epicurean use of the religious sentiment, that would bring the ideal down from heaven and throw its celestial glamour over earthly passions. But the whole tendency has perhaps reached its culmination in the extraordinary product known as romantic love, that "mortal chimera" which, in the words of M. René Doumic, "has raged for a century in French literature, — which has infected people's minds, perverted their ideas, disturbed society, undermined morality, and made thousands of victims, of whom George Sand and Alfred de Musset are only the most illustrious." Her affair with Alfred de Musset, we need hardly add, as well as one or two other like experiments in romantic love, ended for her only in disillusion, — disillusion so complete that for a time she fell into utter despair, and contempt for herself and others. "If I should tell you," she confesses later to a friend, "the point to which I pushed my abhorrence of everything, my horror of existence, I should seem to you to be relating an idle tale." She speaks of her "anti-social spirit," of her "hatred of all men," and says she would not stir to save her neighbor's child from drowning. She was haunted by thoughts of suicide. "Ten years ago," she wrote in 1845 to Mazzini, "I was in Switzerland; I was still in the age of tempests; I made up my mind even then to meet you, if I should resist the temptation to suicide which pursued me upon the glaciers." She finally re-

tired to Nohant, where she was to pass the rest of her life. Her youth, to use her own expression, had come to an end "in the midst of convulsions and groans." We can follow in her letters the process of reflection by which she arrived at a state of comparative calm. "I have had a terrible duel with myself, a gigantic struggle with my ideal; I have been profoundly broken and wounded; now I am vegetating quietly enough." Her return to sanity and self-possession was made easier by her freedom from self-love; for, whatever misuse she had made of the ideal, she had not used it to *idealize* herself. She was not "infected," to borrow her own phrase, "with that immense vanity which characterizes the men of the reign of Louis Philippe." She began to have doubts about the divine nature of romantic love. "At present I am going to have the courage to say it," she writes in one of her recently published letters to Sainte-Beuve: "the loves which make us suffer are not the loves that God intended for us; and we are deceived in thinking so." "Let the reign of truth once come, — and I believe in this reign of truth, though I know it will not be in my day, — and what we suffered will no longer have a name in human language."

In the meanwhile, a new form of faith was beginning to rise in the mind of George Sand on the ruins of the religion of passion. "As for me," she declares, "the teachings of Leroux have resolved my doubts and founded my religious faith." "I am plunged in the doctrines of socialism. I have found in them strength, faith, hope, and the patient and persevering love of humanity, — treasures of my youth, which I had dreamed of in Catholicism." It is worth noting that almost at the same time that George Sand was thus arriving at the gospel of humanity, Renan, escaped from St. Sulpice, was proclaiming the religion of science. It is curious to observe, in the case of both Renan and George Sand,

how much easier it is to throw off the old dogmas than to free the mind from the forms of thought and feeling in which a century-long inheritance of Catholicism has moulded it. Just as Renan in his earlier work arrives at the conception of a scientific infallibility, a scientific pope, a scientific heaven and hell, and even of a God created by scientists, so George Sand transfers to socialism the whole vocabulary of Christian mysticism. She speaks of the "social rebirth" to be brought about by France, that "Christ of nations," of "social saints," of "social martyrs," and so on. At the news of the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848, she hurried to Paris in boundless exultation. And then, on the complete collapse of all the social dreams and social dreamers, she again fell into deep discouragement. She found that Leroux, "such an admirable man in the ideal life," floundered hopelessly when brought into contact with reality. And Leroux, in this respect, was symbolical of the whole movement. She speaks of her "utter depression" after the days of June. She had made the painful discovery that there entered into the composition of that humanity she had so idealized "a large number of knaves, a very large number of lunatics, and an immense number of fools." George Sand remained almost to the very end more or less the dupe of those three great words, Nature, Progress, and Humanity, the indiscriminate use of which has worked such havoc in the thinking of the past two centuries. Yet if she did not give up her dreams of "social rebirth," she at least saw that they would have to be adjourned to an indefinite future: —

"And long the way appears which seemed so short

To the less practiced eye of sanguine youth;
And high the mountain-tops in cloudy air,
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth."

It cost her "a heavy effort," she owned, "to pass from vast illusions to complete disillusion."

But she again mastered her despair, and in the very midst of the Second Empire, in the midst of the densest materialism the world has seen since the Roman decadence, she founded anew her faith in the ideal, and this time on a larger and surer base. She gradually awoke to the perception that the "salvation of France was not to be through politics," and that the indefinite future progress of humanity was not so important as the immediate definite progress of the individual. She saw that what was most needed was "a new direction given to men's hearts and consciences." "They are the slaves of circumstance," she declares of the politicians of her day, "because they are the born slaves of themselves." And again: "Duty brings with it its own reward. Calm has been restored to my spirit, and faith has returned." "Everything passes away, — youth, passions, illusions, and the desire to live. One thing only remains, — the integrity of the heart. The heart grows not old, but, on the contrary, is fresher and stronger at sixty than at thirty, if only it is allowed to have its own way."

It was toward the beginning of the last period of her life, the period of maturity and insight, that George Sand became acquainted with Flaubert. They were drawn together by a certain native distinction of character, by a certain delicacy and disinterestedness they observed in each other, but especially by the fact that they were impenitent romanticists in the midst of a generation hostile to romanticism. "You will always remain twenty-five," she wrote to him, "in virtue of all kinds of ideas which have become antiquated, if we are to believe the senile young men of to-day."

Apart from these points of contact, it would be hard to imagine two persons in more radical disagreement than George Sand and Flaubert. She herself avows to him that "there surely never were two workmen as different as we are;" and Flaubert, wondering at the large and

easy improvisation of George Sand, replies, "You don't know what it is to spend a whole day with your head in your hands, racking your miserable brain in the search for an epithet." The letters they exchanged owe much of their interest to the way in which the traits of each writer are thus constantly thrown into relief by opposition and contrast. George Sand urges Flaubert to exercise his will, and Flaubert answers that he is as "fatalistic as a Turk." "You believe in life and love it," says Flaubert, "and life fills me with distrust." "It's strange how little faith I naturally have in happiness. I had in my very youth a complete presentiment of life. It was like a sickly kitchen smell escaping from a basement window." "Yes," replies George Sand, "life is a terrible mixture of pleasure and pain;" yet "we must suffer, weep, hope, *be*, — in short, we must exercise our will in every direction." "You at the first leap mount to heaven," he says elsewhere, "while I, poor devil, am glued to the earth as though by leaden soles." "In spite of your great sphinx eyes, you have always seen the world as through a golden mist," whereas "I am constantly dissecting; and when I have finally discovered the corruption in anything that is supposed to be pure, the gangrene in its fairest parts, then I raise my head and laugh." Flaubert talks of his need of "extraordinary and factitious environments." "You might leave me," says George Sand, "whole hours under a tree, or before two burning sticks, with the certainty that I should find something to interest me. I have learned so well how to live outside of myself. I was not so always. I too have been young and subject to indigestions, but all that is ended."

Finally Flaubert tells George Sand that the artist must not express his own feelings in what he writes. "Not put one's feelings into what one writes!" retorts George Sand. "I don't understand you at all, — oh no, not in the least."

As a matter of fact, Flaubert had observed that the greatest works of art are impersonal; and not being able to conceive of a region of impersonal human emotion, he decided to eliminate emotion altogether, and to arrive at least at the impersonality of the naturalist. "We must treat men," he says, "as though they were mastodons or crocodiles." And so he resolutely cut out from what he wrote the very thoughts and feelings he was most burning to utter. "It is odd," writes George Sand, "but there's a whole side of you which does n't appear in your books." It would be hard, indeed, to imagine a more curious contrast than that between the published work of Flaubert and the medley of interjections, ejaculations, slang, profanity, and obscenity we find in his letters.

Paradoxical as the statement is, Flaubert and other French men of letters of the middle of the century who have been reproached with impassibility are in reality about the most subjective, the most completely self-centred, writers in literature. The whole psychology of the school of art for art's sake is revealed in these letters of one of its chief representatives. The men who profess this doctrine have, for the most part, carried over to art habits of thought, and especially modes of sensibility, which derive from Catholicism. Just as we have found in George Sand the gospel of humanity, and in Renan the religion of science, so we find in Flaubert the fanaticism of art. He preaches abstinence, renunciation, and mortification of the flesh in the name of art. He excommunicates those who depart from artistic orthodoxy, and speaks of heretics and disbelievers in art with a ferocity worthy of a Spanish inquisitor.

Unfortunately, Flaubert was unable to attain to that pure artistic ecstasy, that "literary delirium," to which he aspired. If he was at variance with George Sand, he was hardly less at variance with himself. He tells us that his intellectual origins are all in Don Quixote, which he

had learned by heart before he knew how to read. There was going on within him, in fact, a warfare between mediæval reverie and modern positivism not unlike that which Cervantes has symbolized in his masterpiece. Born in the period of transition from an age of sentiment to an age of scientific analysis, Flaubert hung suspended between two worlds, and was unable to enjoy the full benefit of either. "I have contradictory ideals," he exclaimed, "and the consequence is hesitation, halting, impotence!" If he burst into tears under the stress of lyric emotion, his first impulse was to observe himself in a looking-glass. He became the founder of naturalism, which he abhorred; on the other hand, if he tried to launch out into some vast poetical subject, he found that his lyric sense had been eaten away by analysis. Like many another writer of the present century, he tried to hide his lack of inner vitality under intellectual accumulation. He tells us that he had read and annotated three hundred volumes as a partial preparation for writing *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. What predominated in him, however, was his catholic sensibility, and his consequent hatred of modern life. Indeed, we shall not understand Flaubert and one whole school of nineteenth-century artists, especially the so-called decadents, unless we see in them men whose souls are still steeped in mediæval reverie, and who are unable to acquiesce in our modern rectangular civilization founded on scientific analysis:—

"Tout est bien balayé sur vos chemins de fer,
Tout est grand, tout est beau, mais on meurt
dans votre air."

"I am a Catholic!" exclaims Flaubert. "I have in my heart something of the green ooze of the Norman cathedrals." And speaking of *Salamambo*: "Few persons will guess how melancholy a man must be to try to resuscitate ancient Carthage. That is the Theban desert to which my horror of modern life has driven me." This horror of modern life

grew upon Flaubert, until he came at last to live in a chronic state of indignation, in a white heat of fury at his contemporaries. "I have written it," he says of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, "in the hope of being able to spit into it some of the bile which is choking me."

"I should like to see you," writes George Sand, "less indignant at other people's stupidity." Flaubert, however, was unwilling to part with his indignation. It was pride and the sense of personal distinction, he is careful to tell us, which sustained him in his life of solitary devotion to art; he needed his indignation to assure himself that he really was superior to the people about him. "If it were not for my indignation," he confesses in one place, "I should fall flat." Unfortunately, we come to resemble what we habitually contemplate. "By dint of railing at idiots," writes Flaubert, "one runs the risk of becoming idiotic one's self." And he says of his two bourgeois, *Bouvard and Pécuchet*, "Their stupidity is my stupidity, and it's killing me."

George Sand takes Flaubert to task, with admirable tact, for thus tormenting himself with false theories of art. "Talent," she says, "imposes duties; and art for art's sake is an empty word." Beauty is not in itself a cause, but a result, the outcome of the harmony of all the parts either in the life of an individual or in that of a people. Beauty, we may add, is, in itself, only the element of illusion. The man who pursues it as a thing apart is trying to divorce form from substance, and will spend his life, Ixion-like, embracing phantoms. "O Art, Art," exclaims Flaubert, "bitter deception, nameless phantom, which gleams and lures us to our ruin!" He speaks elsewhere of the "chimera of style which is wearing him out soul and body." George Sand tells us that as she grew older she came more and more to put truth above beauty, and goodness before strength. "I have reflected

a great deal on what is *true*," she writes, "and in this search for truth the sentiment of my ego has gradually disappeared." Flaubert, on the contrary, in becoming a *chercheur d'exquis*, in consecrating his life to the quest for beauty, had succeeded only in intensifying the sentiment of his ego and in irritating his nerves. Attaching an almost religious importance to æsthetic sensation, he had been led to humor all the whims of a morbid sensibility. He had fallen into the state which the French describe by the untranslatable word *nostalgie*, the desire to jump out of one's skin, to be where one is not; he had become the victim of that artistic hyperæsthesia from which so many French writers since Rousseau have suffered. He complains in his old age: "My sensibility is sharper than a razor's edge; the creaking of a door, the face of a bourgeois, an absurd statement, set my heart to throbbing, and completely upset me."

We are possibly justified in inferring from the life of Flaubert, and that of others of his school, the futility of art when not subordinated to some principle higher than itself. "If any one prefer beauty to virtue," says Plato, "what is this but the real and utter dishonor of the soul?" Hardly anywhere else in literature will one find such accents of bitterness, such melancholy welling up unbidden from the very depths of the heart, as in the devotees of art for art's sake, — Flaubert, Leconte de Lisle, Théophile Gautier. George Sand expresses a natural surprise at the agitation in which Flaubert lives at Croisset, — "that delightful retreat where everything breathes comfort and tranquillity."

We need not suppose that George Sand was entirely right, and Flaubert entirely wrong, in the theory and practice of art. We can agree with Flaubert in thinking that composition with the great masters was accompanied by fewer throes and paroxysms, by less effort and anguish, than with him. On the other

hand, composition with the great masters was not a pure improvisation, as in the case of George Sand; they did not write, as we are to infer she did, in a half-somnambulistic condition. "I am a mere wind-harp," she tells Flaubert. "It is the *other* who plays upon my heart at will. . . . When I think of it I am filled with fright, and say to myself, I am nothing, nothing at all." "Genius," George Sand never tires of repeating, "comes from the heart," — a feminine theory of genius which offends less in the mouth of George Sand than when professed by men like Lamartine and Alfred de Musset. Yet it was a too unquestioning obedience to the promptings of the heart that kept George Sand from attaining perfection. "Life," she confesses, "carries me off my feet." She is swept away by her feelings and sentiments, her affections and sympathies; so that Flaubert might well write of her: "Madame Sand is too benign and angelical." It may be said, in justification of Flaubert's view, that the New Testament in one passage promises the kingdom of heaven to the violent. It is the lack of power of concentration, of fiery intensity, and at the same time the lack of that infinite painstaking in detail possessed by Flaubert, which removes George Sand from the first rank of artists. "I am not," she admits of herself, "the ideal artist." "I am too fond of sewing and scrubbing children; . . . and then, besides, I am not a lover of perfection. I feel perfection, but I cannot make it manifest."

The main event that came to disturb the tranquillity of George Sand in her old age was the Franco-Prussian war and the Commune. "I am sick with the sickness of my country and my race!" she exclaims, after the Commune. "I wish that I had died without learning that barbarism is still so alive and active in the world." And again: "I judged of others by myself; I had done a great deal toward mending my own character; I had quenched useless and dangerous ebulli-

tions ; I had sown grass and flowers upon my volcanoes, and I fancied that everybody was capable of self-enlightenment and self-restraint. And now I have been all at once awakened from my dream to find a generation divided between idiocy and delirium tremens." Flaubert, who, whatever his faults, was not a dupe of humanitarianism, declared, as early as 1848, that Leroux and the other Socialists were not modern men, — that they were still "up to their necks in the Middle Ages ;" and he saw in the Commune a manifestation of mediævalism. George Sand, too, taught by experience, was rapidly ridding herself, during the last years of her life, of what was still mediæval in her ways of thinking. This fact appears in her increasing distrust of absolute *a priori* formulæ. She was gradually attaining to the insight to which Emerson has given expression in his essay on Compensation, — the insight that no truth is true unless balanced by its counter-truth. "Don't you see," she says to one of her political friends, "that the Catholic priest is supremely intolerant because he rejects *absolutely* the opposite view?" "Down with the *priests* in power, whatever garb they may happen to wear. The Republic will take care of itself, if it is not imposed as a dogma." "The principles of '93," she says elsewhere, "have been our ruin ; the Reign of Terror and St. Bartholomew's Day are an expression of the same spirit."

With the disappearance of her last humanitarian hopes, the evolution of the character of George Sand may be said to be complete. "I *believe*," she writes to Alexandre Dumas fils, "henceforward without illusion, and that is the secret of all my little strength." This survival of faith is indeed the fact most worthy of note in a study of the inner life of George Sand. The great historical error of Christianity has been to confound faith with credulity ; and for the vast majority of modern men, faith has perished along with the creeds with which

it had been identified. It is the distinction of George Sand to have rescued repeatedly the precious principle of belief from the wreck of false ideals, and to have had a faith so robust as to outlive shock upon shock of disillusion. In her old age she arrived more and more at a faith free from illusion, — faith founded on the simple feeling, as she expresses it, that "the whole is greater and better than we are," and on the sentiment of the divine, entirely apart from any attempt to confine it in a formula.

"If man has drunk at the cup of eternal truth," she says, "he no longer takes sides too passionately for or against relative and ephemeral truth." Together with faith, there entered into the life of George Sand joy, certainty, tranquillity, the sense of conduct, and the belief in the freedom of the will, — good and desirable things all, which seem to be disappearing from the world with the disappearance of faith.

"I wish to see man as he is," she writes to Flaubert. "He is not good or bad : he is good and bad. But he is something else besides : being good and bad, he has an inner force which leads him to be very bad and a little good, or else very good and a little bad." "I have often wondered," she adds, "why your Education Sentimentale, in spite of its excellence of form, was so ill received by the public, and the reason, as it seems to me, is that its characters are passive, — that they do not act upon themselves." It is this power to act upon himself, precisely what is most human in man, that Flaubert neglected when he proposed to study men as he would mastodons or crocodiles.

The power which George Sand showed to act on herself is what gives her life its peculiar interest. She might justly say of herself, "I cannot forget that my personal victory over despair has been the work of my will, and of a new way of understanding life which is the exact opposite of the one I held formerly."

How different is the weary cry of Flaubert: "I am like a piece of clock-work. What I am doing to-day I shall be doing to-morrow; I did the same thing yesterday; I was exactly the same man ten years ago." Or compare the life of George Sand with that of Victor Hugo, who, as the ripe fruit of his meditations, yields nothing better than the apotheosis of Robespierre and Marat.

Taine remarks of Sainte-Beuve that he was the only French writer of the present century, besides George Sand, who showed this power of continuous development. George Sand, however, is superior to Sainte-Beuve in that her growth is symmetrical, instead of being the expansion of a single faculty. She grew toward her ideal as the plant grows toward the sun, and not like the modern specialist, mechanically in one direction. We find in Sainte-Beuve something of that undue confidence in intellectual machinery, of that abuse of the brain, which has followed in the trail of the scientific spirit. "Poor Sainte-Beuve," writes George Sand, "his intelligence has perhaps developed; but the intelligence does not suffice for the purposes of life, and it does not teach us how to die." "You have a better sense for total truth" (*le vrai total*), she tells another correspondent, "than Sainte-Beuve, Renan, and Littré. They have fallen into the German rut: therein lies their weakness." And Flaubert writes to George Sand: "What amazes and delights me is the strength of your whole personality, not that of the brain alone."

Thus, toward the end of her career, George Sand became increasingly free from that nineteenth-century intellectualism which so marred the work of the closing years of George Eliot. "I feel," she writes, "that I am coming to be less and less a Christian, and I perceive daily another light dawning beyond that horizon of life toward which I am advancing

with ever greater tranquillity." In spite of what George Sand says about not being a Christian, it would be easy enough to show that many of her faults and nearly all her virtues are a direct inheritance from Christianity, — the Christianity of St. Francis rather than that of St. Thomas Aquinas. A study of her character, indeed, derives its main interest from the fact that she was able to make what Taine calls "the painful transition from an hereditary faith to a personal conviction."

We are living in an age when the principle of choice, the sense of direction, is more important than ever before, and at the same time more difficult of attainment. We are under special obligation to those who, like George Sand, have been successful in thus carrying over what was most vital in the old belief, and in combining it with what is most advanced in modern thought. In this respect, George Sand takes rank with Emerson among the pioneers of the idealism of the future; and like Emerson, she remained true to the ideal without falling into morbid self-consciousness. She perceived no less plainly than Carlyle the degeneracy of the humanity of her day from loss of hold on the moral law, but she did not therefore have a vision of her contemporaries as a "lot of apes chattering on the shores of the Dead Sea." For this reason finally George Sand will be remembered not merely as a great literary artist; she will also remain in memory as one of the few who, in an age of great enlightenment and little light, have persevered in the cult of the ideal, in the exercise of *le sens contemplatif, où réside la foi invincible*, — "the contemplative sense wherein resides invincible faith." And the passages that bear most striking witness to her use of this well-nigh obsolete sense are contained in her correspondence.

Irving Babbitt.

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